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BY

ALEXANDER HAMILTON BULLOCK.

WITH A MEMOIR

BY GEORGE F. HOAR.

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MEMOIR
OF
ALEXANDER HAMILTON BULLOCK.

THE subject of this memoir, like many other of the eminent men of Massachusetts, never held any national office, and never was a candidate for any. The result of his life must be seen in the history of his native State, of the populous and wealthy community where his life was spent, and in the speeches contained in this volume, and many others of equal excellence. Yet he had a high reputation throughout the country. He was, at the time of his death, justly regarded as one of the most brilliant orators in America, and the subjects with which he dealt in his public addresses are of permanent and national importance and interest.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON BULLOCK was born in Royalston, Worcester County, Massachusetts, March 2, 1816. He was the son of Rufus Bullock and Sarah (Davis) Bullock. Rufus Bullock was born in Royalston, September 23, 1779, fourteen years after the incorporation of the town, was a school teacher in his youth, afterward a country merchant, until, in 1825, he engaged in manufacturing, by which he acquired a large and solid fortune. He represented Royalston

for five years in the Massachusetts House of Representatives; was twice Senator for Worcester County; was a member of the conventions for revising the Constitution in 1820 and 1853; was Presidential Elector in 1852 on the Whig ticket; was a Trustee of Amherst College, to which he presented a fine telescope; and left liberal bequests to three religious societies for the support of preaching, and to the town in aid of its common schools. He was a man of strict integrity and sound judgment, preserving the vigor and freshness of youth until his death at nearly fourscore, able to carry in his memory the details and accounts of a large and complicated business, so that it was said of him, "His mind was his office;" an interesting companion, patriotic and public-spirited, fond of reading, a deep student and reverent lover of the Bible, a cheerful and liberal supporter of the institutions of learning and religion, loving the old doctrines, but catholic, and tolerant of other men's opinions.

Alexander was fitted for college in his native town and at Leicester Academy. He entered Amherst College in 1832, and was graduated in 1836, the second scholar in his class, delivering the salutatory oration at Commencement. Professor Tyler, in his "History of Amherst College," says of him:—

"His tutor in mathematics has no recollection of particular accuracy or brilliancy in that department. But he excelled in the classics, *belles-lettres*, and rhetoric; and classmates and fellow-students saw the future Governor in his fine person, his courteous manners, his ambition and influence, and his decided bent for politics and public affairs."

Mr. Bullock entered Amherst only seven years after the graduation of the first class which passed through the full course of four years. The excellence of the training given at that early day is manifested by the number of eminent men who were his contemporaries. This is especially true in the department of oratory and elegant scholarship. The first scholar in his class was William Bradford Homer who died at twenty-four, only four years out of college, after a ministry of four months, but whose writings, edited by Dr. Park, show that he would have taken a high rank in his profession. The names of Rev. Richard S. Storrs, Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, Bishop Huntington, Horace Maynard, Galusha A. Grow, Dr. Roswell D. Hitchcock, and Ensign H. Kellogg are found on the catalogue in Governor Bullock's time.

He remained all his life a firm friend of his College. He was a member of the Board of Trustees from 1852 until his death; president of the Alumni in 1864, 1871, and 1881; and chairman of the financial committee of the Trustees for several years. He received the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws from Amherst in 1865 and from Harvard in 1866. In 1871 he founded the Bullock scholarship of the class of 1836. He delivered an address to the Society of the Alumni on retiring from the presidency in 1863, and an address at the semi-centennial celebration of the founding of the College, at which he presided in 1871, both which are said by the historian of the College to be "not more remarkable for classic elegance and grace than for love and devotion to Alma Mater."

After graduating, Mr. Bullock taught school at Royalston and at Kingston, Rhode Island. He then studied law at Harvard Law School, under Story and Greenleaf. Leaving the Law School in 1840, he spent a year in the office of Emory Washburn, at Worcester, and was admitted to the bar in 1841. In 1842 he served as aid on the military staff of Governor John Davis.

Mr. Bullock was a man of delicate taste and sensitive organization. He disliked personal controversy. While he possessed talents which would have rendered him a brilliant and persuasive advocate, the rough contests of the court house could never have been congenial to him. He was associated with Judge Thomas as junior counsel in one important capital trial, in which he is said to have made an eloquent opening argument. He had a considerable clientage for a young man, to whom he was a safe and trustworthy adviser. But he very soon established a large business as agent of important insurance companies, and withdrew himself altogether from the practice of law.

His taste and genius led him to the paths of literature and politics. It was hardly possible that a person of his parentage and education coming to manhood in 1840 in Worcester County should be anything else but a Whig. There were many things which tended to make that great political organization attractive to a cultivated and ingenuous youth, and to give it its strong and permanent hold on the people of Massachusetts. Its standard of personal character was very high. Its leading men every-

where in the State — Saltonstall, Reed, Lincoln, Briggs, Allen, Choate, Davis, Everett, and their associates — were men whose private and public honor was without a stain. Mr. Webster was at the fulness of his great intellectual power. The series of speeches and professional and political achievements which began with the oration at Plymouth in 1820 was still in progress, and moved the youth of the State almost to idolatry.

The Whig party possessed another advantage. Its political managers, who conducted its campaigns, made up its conventions, and largely directed its policy, were not its holders of office, or its seekers of office. It contained a large body of able and influential men who wielded the power of absolute disinterestedness. They were satisfied if they could contribute by counsel or labor to the well-being of the State by the advancement of their cherished political principles, and asked no other reward. It was deemed unbecoming for a candidate for office to take part in the canvass either before or after his nomination.

The essential difference between the two great parties that divided the country in 1840 was this: The Whigs were in favor of using wisely, but courageously, the great public forces of nation and State to accomplish public objects for which private or municipal powers were inadequate.

It may seem at first sight remarkable that the Democrats, who, with the exception of one term of four years, and brief fragments of two others, controlled the administration of the nation for sixty

years, should have endeavored to confine within their narrowest limits the powers they themselves wielded. The Democrat was a strict constructionist both in the nation and in the States,—even in the Democratic States. The explanation is to be found in the fact that the Slave Power controlled the Democratic party. The Slave Power saw that the national forces would in all probability one day be wielded by the Free States, which were growing so rapidly in numbers, wealth, and intelligence. It found its only security in pushing to an extreme the doctrine of State Rights as against the National Government, and in discouraging the promotion of education, manufactures, and railroads, even by State authority. The Whig demanded that the great powers of the Constitution should not lie unused. He wished to develop manufacture by national protection, to foster internal and external commerce by liberal grants for rivers and harbors, to endow railroads and canals and other public ways by grants of public lands and from the treasury, to create a sound currency, to establish a uniform system for the collection of debts and the relief of debtors by a national bankrupt law.

In the State, the Whig favored lending the State credit to railroads, the establishment at public charge of asylums for the blind and insane and deaf and dumb, gifts to colleges, and a liberal expenditure for schools. The strength of the Whig party was in the Free States; that of the Democratic party was in the South. The Massachusetts Whig was the successor of the Federalists, whose leaders had abolished

slavery here, and who had been overthrown by the Virginia dynasty. The Whig party, therefore, disliked slavery, and opposed the acquisition of new territory for its extension.

Mr. Bullock soon became one of the most popular and successful of the younger public speakers of the Commonwealth. His voice was finely modulated, pleasant, and musical. He was slightly above the medium height, of graceful person and carriage. He prepared his public addresses carefully, but always spoke without notes. Worcester contained at that time many men of great ability, among them John Davis, Levi Lincoln, Charles Allen, Emory Washburn, Ira M. Barton, Pliny Merrick, and Benjamin F. Thomas. But no public speaker was preferred to him on literary or social occasions, and no political audience went away satisfied, if he were present and had not spoken.

In 1844 Mr. Bullock married Elvira, daughter of Colonel A. G. Hazard, of Enfield, Connecticut, the founder of the celebrated company for the manufacture of gunpowder. Mrs. Bullock survives her husband. The children of this marriage were Augustus George; Isabel, who married Nelson S. Bartlett, of Boston; Fanny, who married Dr. William H. Workman, of Worcester.

March 1, 1842, Mr. Bullock became editor of the "National *Ægis*," a weekly Whig newspaper, published in Worcester. He retained this connection several years. This was a paper of remarkable ability, and especially excellent in the department of its literary selections, which was due to Mr. Bullock's

extensive reading and cultivated taste. It was worth more than many magazines. He was also editor of a campaign paper called "Old Massachusetts," issued from the "*Ægis*" office for three months before the Presidential election of 1844, and of a like paper called the "True Whig," issued from the same office for three months before the Presidential election of 1848.

Mr. Bullock represented Worcester in the Massachusetts House of Representatives in 1845, 1847, and 1848, and the county of Worcester in the Senate in 1849. He spoke not very frequently, and only on important questions, and usually with careful preparation. Mr. Hadley, in his valuable work "Massachusetts in the Rebellion," says:—

"The session of 1847 will be remembered as that in which Mr. Cushing, before the members were fairly in their seats, offered a resolution to pay twenty thousand dollars out of the treasury to the thousand, or more, volunteers for the war with Mexico. Mr. Cushing pressed the measure with great vehemence, and secured a favorable report from the committee to whom the subject was referred. Colonel Bullock, in behalf of a minority of the committee, opposed the resolve in a speech which the reports characterized as 'eloquent and masterly,' turning the scales of opinion against this most adroit debater, and winning for himself an honorable reputation throughout the State."

His eulogy on John Quincy Adams, in 1848, was especially impressive. He was the recognized leader of the House the last two years, serving as chairman of the Committee on the Judiciary in 1848.

He was Mayor of Worcester in 1859. His term

of office was rendered memorable in the history of the city by the establishment of the City Library, of whose board of trustees he was the first president.

He was appointed Commissioner of Insolvency for the County of Worcester by Governor Clifford in 1853. The jurisdiction of these officers was transferred to the Court of Insolvency by statute of 1856. Mr. Bullock was appointed Judge of that court for the County of Worcester in June, 1856, and held the office until he resigned it in 1858.

But a greater question than any question of State administration was destined to disturb the repose of the Whigs of Massachusetts. The annexation of Texas in 1844, and the events of the sixteen following years, brought about by the restless ambition of the same power, separated that great historic party into two divisions, which became more and more estranged from each other until the attack on Sumter united them again in one overpowering sentiment of patriotic devotion to their country in its time of peril. The time has come when the survivors of each of these divisions may understand and do justice to the other.

Mr. Bullock agreed with Webster, Everett, Choate, and the elders among the Whig leaders of Massachusetts, in the belief that if slavery were confined within the bounds fixed by the Constitution, the natural growth of the Free States would constantly diminish its power, and the interest of the Slave States would in the future put an end to its existence. They believed it desirable that the Whig organization, which embraced moderate men in both sections of the

country, should be maintained. They dreaded the formation of a sectional party; and they thought a party making opposition to slavery one of its distinctive and avowed doctrines would surely be sectional. They opposed the annexation of Texas, the war with Mexico, the acquisition of California, and the aggressions upon Kansas. But they also opposed the formation of a political party based on opposition to either of these things. Most of them agreed with Webster and Clay in their support of the Compromise measures of 1850, which they vainly thought would put the national discussion of slavery at rest forever. They believed the Southern menaces of disunion were real and earnest, and dreaded the civil war which would follow the attempt to carry out these threats, as certain to be the most terrible of evils, and in all probability to result in the destruction of the nation.

Two things must be conceded to these statesmen: *First*, that they were right in their estimate of the sincerity of the South in its threats, and the terrible nature of the war which followed them; *Second*, that to the postponement of the struggle, caused by the Compromise of 1850, was, in all probability, due the success of the North in the final conflict.

To Webster and Choate was denied the opportunity of testifying their devotion to their country when the civil war came, and of showing that it was no lack of patriotism or love of liberty that determined their action in the momentous period which preceded the war.

Mr. Bullock, like Mr. Everett, was more fortunate.

From the earliest breaking out of hostilities, there was no more zealous supporter of the Government. With the spring of 1861 began the most important and conspicuous portion of his public life. From 1860 until his death he was recognized by the community in which he dwelt as the most fitting exponent of its feeling on all occasions of public joy or sorrow. After the death of Edward Everett, on the 15th of January, 1865, he would undoubtedly have been regarded by many good judges as having succeeded to his place as the foremost orator of the Commonwealth.

The events of the year 1860 satisfied Mr. Bullock of the hopelessness of any further attempt to compromise the differences between Slavery and Freedom. The purpose of strenuous resistance to the further encroachments of the Slave Power, at whatever risk and whatever cost, which had been growing stronger and stronger in New England since 1856, had at length taken full possession of the great Middle States and of the Northwest. The convention which nominated Lincoln was controlled by a spirit determined to yield no further to threats of disunion.

The Democratic party had split in two. The delegations of eight Southern States had withdrawn from its national convention at Charleston. They had demanded of the followers of Douglas, who had been the leader in the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, what Yancey of Alabama termed "an advanced step in the vindication of Southern rights." Douglas and his supporters, while indifferent to Slavery, begged

in vain that their Southern associates should not "take a position which will be absolute ruin to us when we return to our constituents." The election of Lincoln by a minority of the voters of the country was rendered certain by this disunion. It became apparent that compromise and postponement of the issue between Slavery and Freedom were at an end.

The sentiment of Massachusetts, of course, was uncompromising in its support of the position of the national Republican party. Mr. Bullock was in full accord with that sentiment. He favored the election of Mr. Lincoln, and the nomination of John A. Andrew, the representative of the more radical anti-slavery men, as candidate for Governor. He was himself elected to the House of Representatives of Massachusetts from Ward 8 of the city of Worcester.

The Legislature met on the first Wednesday in January, 1861. The cloud of the approaching civil war was already visible to clear-sighted observers, by none more plainly seen than by the prophet's eye of John A. Andrew.

In his inaugural address Governor Andrew clearly indicates his belief that war was imminent. On the day of his inauguration he despatched confidential messengers to the governors of each of the New England States, to urge preparation, and to concert measures for joint action. January 16, General Order No. 4 was issued, requiring the commanders of all military companies "to examine with care their rolls, with a view of ascertaining whether there are men in their commands who from age, physical defects, business, or family causes may be unable or indis-

posed to respond at once to the orders of the Commander-in-Chief made in response to the call of the President of the United States, that they may be forthwith discharged; so that their places may be filled by men ready for any public exigency which may arise, whenever called upon."

Under the same inspiration the Legislature and the executive officers of the State set about preparing for the impending danger. But there were many persons still incredulous. Newspapers of wide circulation, conservative and timid citizens, disappointed politicians of all parties, threw ridicule on what they termed the foolish panic of the Governor. If Mr. Bullock, whose sympathies and affiliations had been for so many years with the political opponents of Andrew, and who might have been not unnaturally looked to as his rival and competitor for future honors, had seen fit to throw obstacles in the way of the courageous policy of the State administration, great embarrassment and public injury might have been the result. But Mr. Bullock zealously and ably supported the great War Governor. He was chairman of the Judiciary Committee, and, as such, the recognized leader of the House. With his friend and townsman, Attorney-General Dwight Foster, of whom Governor Andrew said he was "full of the fire and hard-working zeal of Massachusetts," he was the organ of the patriotism and energy of Worcester at the seat of Government.

Fort Sumter was fired upon on the 12th of April. The Sixth Massachusetts were attacked by an enraged mob, on their passage through Baltimore, on

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the 19th of April. The Legislature had adjourned, and later was reassembled in extra session on the 14th of May. Mr. Bullock was chairman, on the part of the House, of the special committee to whom the address of the Governor, with its accompanying documents, was referred. He reported the "Resolves concerning the present Crisis," which were adopted by the Legislature.

The State was foremost among the loyal States in the promptness with which she pressed her soldiers to the front, and Worcester County was behind no other. Mr. Bullock was fully penetrated with the spirit of the time, and his eloquent voice spoke the feeling which was in the hearts of the whole community. On Tuesday evening, April 16, there was a mass meeting of the citizens of Worcester to take action for the equipment of the volunteer militia of the city. Mr. Bullock made a stirring speech in which he declared: "Under no circumstances will there be a yielding to submission and disgrace. Better that the earth should engulf us than to yield our capital to the rebels who would seize it."

August 23, he presented the colors to the Twenty-first Regiment in an admirable speech. On the 14th of October a great war meeting filled Mechanics' Hall to overflowing in aid of the formation of the Twenty-fifth Regiment, which was called, distinctively, "the Worcester Regiment." At this meeting Mr. Bullock made a speech which we might well be content to send down to the most remote posterity as a most beautiful and adequate expression of the spirit of the time.

A few days later, on the departure of the Twenty-

fifth for the front, he presented to Colonel Sprague, an officer than whom no braver or abler left Massachusetts for the field, a horse, the gift of a few friends, in a speech of great eloquence and beauty. The value of these speeches was very great. He said, in his speech at the great war meeting of October 14 : “ All hearts are as one, palpitating with a common hope, melted together with an intensity of patriotism that comes only from the baptism of blood. The guns which were levelled at Fort Sumter, levelled all distinctions of party, and loyal men everywhere are brothers.”

But that this was to so great degree true, was due to the fact that representatives of the wealth and conservatism of the community were inspired by the same loyalty and patriotism which stirred the popular heart. Mr. Bullock was at that time one of the wealthy men of Worcester. “ Bring on your tax-bills and send out the regiment,” he cried ; and in the same speech, “ Every man or woman who has anything to spare owes it to the country, this month and next, to place a portion of it, at least, in the public stocks. If the Government is saved, these will be our best estate ; if the Government is lost, these will be worth more than anything else, for we can bequeath them to our descendants as memories of our fidelity. Every dollar invested for the Government will transcend in appreciation the annals of usury ; and even if it were lost, it will be riches to the losers, for it would be recoined in the wealth and treasure of the heart.”

The sound of the first gun fired upon Sumter was

heard by a people to whom the real sorrow and sacrifice of war had been unknown for eighty years. It was expected by most of those who enlisted or urged enlistment in the spring and summer of 1861, that a few months would end the struggle. That was the year of patriotic enthusiasm. The year 1862 and the two years which followed tested the greater quality of steadfastness in the endurance of a sacrifice of which the people of Massachusetts then fully appreciated the extent. There was hardly a family without its representative in the armies about Washington and Richmond.

Mr. Bullock was re-elected to the House of Representatives in the fall of 1861. When the Legislature organized in January, 1862, he was elected Speaker, receiving every vote cast. The duties of the Speaker of course were not consistent with that prominent share in controlling and discussing the business of the House which he had taken in the previous year. But he left the chair to advocate a bill for levying a special war tax of \$1,800,000, a tax more than double any single State tax ever known to the people of Massachusetts. He did not seek to disguise the magnitude of the expenditure which was to be demanded of the people by the State and National Governments. He declared that it was undoubtedly far in advance of any example of which we have historical information. But he exhibited with great clearness the reason for believing that the burden was one which a single generation could easily remove. The speech is a masterpiece of clear and comprehensive statement, calculated to remove

from the public mind all unreasonable apprehension of financial disturbance on the one hand, and to impress the necessity of severe retrenchment of all avoidable expenditure, on the other.

The Legislature cordially supported Andrew through the entire war; and in this support no man was more cordial than Mr. Bullock, as his re-election to the office of Speaker in 1863 by every vote but three, and in 1864 and 1865 by a unanimous vote, bears witness. He had opposed the resolutions which passed the Senate, and but for an adjournment would have passed the House, at the special session of May, 1861, instructing the Senators and requesting the Representatives in Congress "to use their utmost efforts to secure the repeal of any and all laws which deprive any class of loyal subjects of the Government from bearing arms for the common defence." This was meant to remove all obstacles to the enlistment of colored soldiers. Mr. Bullock avowed "his willingness to remove every vestige of disability from the colored citizens, and in a proper time he hoped to see it. This was not the time. Twenty-three sovereign States are a unit in this conflict. He who would now cast a firebrand among the ranks of the United North and West and the Border States will initiate a calamity the extent of which will be appalling and inconceivable."

But in the summer of 1862 he was ready to strike at slavery as alike the cause and the support of the Rebellion. On the 11th of July, 1862, while presenting a flag to the Thirty-fourth Regiment, he said: —

"We hail the assurances that come from the capital that the Government and the people begin to think alike. The Government is in earnest in the war. The Government is resolved that henceforth whatever obstacles stand in the way of the unity of this people, whether they be batteries of cannon or barricades of plantations, they must be, and they shall be, swept away. As slavery idealizes, vitalizes, intensifies, the armies of the South, so let freedom idealize, vitalize, intensify, the armies of the North. To renationalize the liberty of the Constitution, I understand to be one of the inevitable accompaniments of this war."

Mr. Sumner had from the beginning been urgent in his demand that the policy of emancipation should be adopted by the Administration. From the 21st of April, 1861, when he gave to Major Devens's battalion on their way through New York to the scene of action, the watchwords, "Massachusetts, the Constitution, and Freedom," from the fall of the same year when he made to the Republican Convention of Massachusetts the speech entitled "Emancipation our best Weapon," he had everywhere pressed this policy. He was impatient of the President's desire to conciliate the Border States.

In his great speech at the Cooper Institute, New York, November 27, 1861, on "The Rebellion, its Origin and Mainspring," he declared: "The enemy is before you; nay, he comes out in ostentatious challenge, and his name is Slavery. You can vindicate the Union only by his prostration."

In his eulogy on Baker, December 11, 1861, he denounced in the Senate "that fatal forbearance, through which the weakness of the Rebellion is changed into strength, and the strength of our armies is changed into weakness."

Andrew was in entire accord with Sumner, and urged the immediate enlistment of the negro into the armies of the United States. The President, for reasons now well known, delayed the proclamation of emancipation until events should demonstrate its military necessity to the large majority of the people of the North. Many persons believed that Lincoln meant to carry through the war solely for the restoration of the authority of the Union and the Constitution as they were when it began, leaving the condition of the colored race unaffected. They saw in this apparent difference between the President and Sumner and Andrew their opportunity to drive them and the opinion they represented from political power in Massachusetts. The strength and bitterness of this purpose can hardly be credited now. At a great Union meeting in New York a distinguished speaker said that, "in his opinion, the next man who walked up the scaffold after Jefferson Davis should be Charles Sumner."

The correspondent of a Boston newspaper declared : "If Sumner is re-elected it may not be convenient for him to pass through New York." Governor Claflin, then President of the Senate, declared, as early as 1861, writing to Mr. Sumner : —

"The truth is, there is a desperate effort under the surface to drive you from the Senate next winter ; and if nothing is done, it is feared by many that the Conservative force will get so strong as to drive both you and Andrew from your seats."

This feeling found abundant utterance in the press of Massachusetts during the gloomy summer and

autumn of 1862. A call was put forth for a People's Convention at Faneuil Hall, October 7, whose main object was to defeat the election of Mr. Sumner, to which many persons of great influence and undoubted loyalty, who had till then acted with the Republican party, gave their sanction. It was a period of dulness and gloom.

The advance upon Richmond by McClellan, almost every mile of which had been a separate battle-field, the retreat, the change of base, the pursuit by Lee, the desperate and doubtful battle of Antietam, had filled nearly every household in Massachusetts with mourning for its dead.

But the people did not falter. The friends of Mr. Sumner determined to make the issue at the Republican State Convention held at Worcester on the 10th of September. Of this convention Mr. Bullock was elected president. In his opening address he said he "had learned many things during the past year, one of which was that African slavery on this continent is so intimately connected with the war, that the two things can no longer be considered apart."

It was proposed to limit the resolutions of the convention to a simple pledge to support the President in putting down the Rebellion. This was met by the counter demand for an expression of opinion as to the policy of the war, and that it was "the duty of the people not only to sustain the general in the field, but the President in his seat, the Governor in his chair, and above all the legislator in his duty."

After an exciting debate and much dexterous

parliamentary management, the whole matter was referred to a committee appointed by the chair. President Bullock appointed a committee in which the supporters of Sumner were in the majority. They reported resolutions demanding the extermination of slavery, approving the course of Mr. Sumner and commending him for re-election. These resolutions were triumphantly carried, and doubtless represented the sentiment of the people of Massachusetts, on which they would have acted, no matter what convention or what official power had stood in the way.

But the Proclamation of Emancipation came on the 22d of September, placing the Administration in full accord with Sumner and Massachusetts. This act inspired with new confidence the loyalty of the Commonwealth. The language of determination and endurance was now mingled with that of hope and exultation.

Mr. Bullock was among the foremost to give expression to the general feeling. He presided over an immense meeting held in Mechanics' Hall on the 17th of October, which was addressed by Charles Sumner. On the 30th of the same month he addressed another great meeting in the same place, which was presided over by Mayor Aldrich, assisted by a hundred vice-presidents. His speech is described, by the author of "*Worcester in the War*," as "strong in thought and ablaze with patriotic fire."

He was elected Speaker again in January, 1863, receiving every vote cast except three for Caleb Cushing. The description which Hawthorne gives

of his friend, Franklin Pierce, may well be applied to him : —

“ He had all the natural gifts that adapted him for the post,—courtesy, firmness, quickness and accuracy of judgment, and a clearness of mental perception that brought its own regularity into the scene of confused and entangled debate ; and to these qualities he added whatever was to be attained by a laborious study of parliamentary rules.”

Mr. Sumner said of him that he would “ always be thought of as *the Speaker*. ”

The successes of the year 1863, although they did not end the Rebellion, and were followed by many alternations of victory and defeat, removed from the public mind, to a great degree, the fear of national destruction. Men felt they were engaged in a gigantic war, requiring gigantic efforts, but efforts to which the republic had demonstrated its capacity.

The ordinary occupations of life went on, and ordinary topics resumed their interest. Mr. Bullock delivered an address before the alumni of Amherst College, on the 8th of July, on the occasion of his relinquishing the chair as their presiding officer.

He was elected president of the Worcester Agricultural Society in the fall of 1863, and delivered the annual address before that society on “ Massachusetts the model productive State.”

In the year 1864 Mr. Bullock was again chosen Speaker by a unanimous vote. In taking the chair he made a graceful and eloquent address, in which he described the great change which had come over the public feeling within twelve months. “ When our predecessors met here a year ago the sky was

overcast. Ill fortune at home, and not altogether good omens abroad, impressed our hearts. It was a period in which men of timid counsels, men in sympathy with the public enemies, availed themselves of the general gloom, and added to the distraction and discouragement which always follow military reverses."

He was chosen by the Republicans of the State one of the delegates at large to the National Convention, held at Baltimore, in June, 1864, and acted as chairman of the delegation. When the time approached for the nomination of a governor, in the autumn, some persons, not inconsiderable in numbers, desired to bring him forward as a candidate. But his friend and neighbor, Judge Foster, announced to the convention that, "some weeks ago, by his own decisive action, the name of Colonel Bullock had been withdrawn," and moved the renomination of Governor Andrew by acclamation, which was carried.

Mr. Bullock was invited by the convention to address them, and delivered a speech of great vigor. His summing up of the difference between the two political parties shows a capacity for vigorous blows rarely equalled, and makes it apparent that his failure to engage in the angry conflicts of debate was not owing to any want of ability for defence or attack.

"And now, Mr. President and fellow-citizens, compare our work and that of our adversaries. Compare the platform of Baltimore with the platform of Chicago. I am not going to detain you with a recapitulation of the characteristics of either. For myself, I desire to go on appeal to the American

people with no other issue than that which is presented by these comparative and diverse systems of political ethics.

"The one breathes undying hostility to the public enemies,—the other inspires hostility only against its own Government; the one swears to sustain the Government in quelling the rebellion by force of arms,—the other conceals the fact that there is any rebellion existing at all; the one sustains the Government in the fixed and irreversible purpose, determination to accept no compromise and to offer no terms of peace not based upon the conquest or the unconditional surrender of the armies of treason,—the other abjectly invites any compromise whatsoever, however revolting to the manhood of the nation, and opens the ghastly doubt whether separation itself should not be accepted as the price of armistice and peace.

"The Baltimore Convention resolves that the national safety demands the utter and complete extirpation of slavery from the soil of the republic; the Chicago Convention, by its acquiescence, by its collateral issues, by its tone and temper, by all that it says, by all that it does not say, places Southern Slavery as the brightest sun in our coronet of empire, and would restore that dynasty, which before the war was a rule of unvarying humiliation, and which, if now replaced, would be a reign of intolerable despotism and disgrace.

"Your delegates at Baltimore offered their thanks and yours to the soldier of the flag, and took the oath to stand by him unto the end, to the last of their treasure and of their hearts; the delegates of Chicago offer their sympathy to the soldier in the one hand, and in the other hold forth to him a welcome to an infamy that would be traditional and perpetual hereafter."

From the time of the appointment of Charles Allen to the bench in 1858, and of the removal of Judge Thomas to Boston, Mr. Bullock was the chief speaker at all great public gatherings in Worcester, and con-

stantly in demand throughout the Commonwealth, on all great public occasions.

His beautiful eulogy on Everett, delivered in Faneuil Hall, January 18, 1865, is one of the best of these occasional productions. He gave a brief but admirable analysis of the services, of the power as an orator, of the man to whose place he was himself, so far as any man succeeded to it, to succeed. He showed also that he fully appreciated, what is not commonly appreciated, Mr. Everett's great diplomatic ability.

On the day following the death of Lincoln, April 15, 1865, Mr. Bullock presided over the vast assemblage which gathered in Mechanics' Hall. The feeling of the people found adequate expression on that day in religious services only. But in obedience to the proclamation of President Johnson, June 1st was devoted to funeral honors to the memory of Lincoln. Mr. Bullock was selected by the City Council to deliver the eulogy before the people of Worcester. His address, published in this volume, ranks among the very best delivered in the country, and will hold a high and permanent place in literature.

He also delivered an address before the Massachusetts Charitable Mechanics' Association at its tenth exhibition, on September 20, on the "Relation of the Mechanic Arts to Liberty and Social Progress."

Governor Andrew's work was finished. The Rebel capital and the Rebel armies had surrendered. The discussion of policies of war had given place to the discussion of policies of reconstruction. There was

left to those who were intrusted with administration in Massachusetts to welcome the veteran survivors and victors on their return, to build monuments to the fallen, to pay the debt, and to re-establish the economies that belong to peace.

In anticipation of the speedy ending of the war, Governor Andrew announced, in January, 1865, his purpose not to be a candidate for another re-election. Mr. Bullock was called upon to succeed him by the general voice of the Republicans of the State. He had no competitor in his own party. He was unanimously nominated at the State Convention held at Worcester on the 14th of September, 1865, and was elected on the 7th day of November, over General Couch, by a very large majority of votes.

Mr. Bullock's term of office as Governor was quiet and uneventful. He favored the three amendments to the Constitution of the United States. In his first inaugural address he declared his belief that the questions of slavery and secession had forever been put at rest, and favored the speedy restoration to the South of her local self-government, insisting that it should rest on the free choice of all the people, and that the rights of the freedmen should be secured by all possible guaranties.

He addressed himself at once to the task of bringing back the administration of the Commonwealth to its old ways.

He paid a tribute to the victorious soldiery in a passage of rare beauty and eloquence, which the soldiers delight to remember, and which has taken its place in the school books.

He received the Twenty-first and Twenty-fifth regiments on their return from the war with affecting and inspiring addresses of welcome.

A most trying and painful duty descended to him from his predecessor. Edward W. Green, the postmaster of the town of Malden, also intrusted by the authorities of that town with the sale of school books and the moneys received therefrom, being a defaulter in both trusts, had murdered the teller of the bank (a boy of about eighteen years of age), at midday, by shooting him through the head, and robbed him of about five thousand dollars. He was arrested, and made a full confession and was indicted. When arraigned before the Supreme Judicial Court at a term held by a single judge, after being informed of his rights and of the effect of his plea, and after advising with able and experienced counsel, he pleaded guilty of murder in the first degree. The presiding judge, who had previously consulted with all his associates on the proper course to be taken, with their approbation and concurrence, received the plea and sentenced the prisoner to be executed.

Murder in the first degree alone could be capitally punished under the law. The statute which defined the degrees of murder enacted also that the degree of murder should be for the jury. Upon this statute Governor Andrew doubted whether it was competent for the court, especially when held by a single judge, to enter judgment against a prisoner and award sentence of death upon his own plea of guilty of murder in the first degree; or whether they should not either render judgment of guilty of mur-

der in the second degree, or impanel a jury to determine the question.

He submitted this question to the Supreme Court under the provisions of the Constitution. The court replied that the provision in question applied only to the case of a plea of guilty, or of guilty of murder in the second degree, and did not affect proceedings under the statute which provides that "a person indicted for a capital crime may be arraigned before the court held by one justice, and if he pleads guilty, such court may award sentence against him according to law."

This opinion was afterwards reaffirmed on a writ of error in the same case. Governor Andrew's council declined to recommend a reprieve of sentence, but recommended a day for its execution, and again in the following year renewed their refusal. Governor Andrew still remained unwilling to issue his warrant for the execution; and Green, who had been sentenced April 25, 1864, was left in prison awaiting executive action on Governor Bullock's accession, in January, 1866. His duty was a very plain, though very painful one.

In discharging it he encountered much vituperation, and was compelled to resist the solicitations of some very excellent and influential citizens. But in a clear and masterly statement he pointed out to the Council, that to decline to execute the law for such reasons would be to invade the province of the Judiciary by the Executive, to decide a question belonging under the Constitution and law exclusively to the court, and would also put it in the power of the malefactor to escape punishment altogether, by

pleading guilty of the capital offence, the court having held that in such case no provision for a jury trial existed. The Council concurred with the Governor, and the law took its course.

Governor Bullock always favored leaving to the direct action of the people the decision of important questions when practicable. He vetoed an act annexing Roxbury to Boston because it did not provide for submitting the question to the people of the two cities. He favored leaving the question of sale of liquor to be determined by the option of the localities affected.

He was by nature averse to strife. Probably no man of his time, or of any time, so conspicuous in public life in Massachusetts, encountered less of personal controversy. But he knew well how to protect his own dignity when invaded, as was shown by an encounter with the House of Representatives during the session of 1868.

The Governor had, as authorized by the Constitution, permitted a bill in regard to the sale of intoxicating liquors which had been the subject of angry public discussion, to become a law, by retaining it more than five days without his signature. He had sent a message to the Legislature stating his reasons for his course, which the House, deeming the message a departure from official usage, and disturbed by the Governor's attitude, directed to be returned to him by its committee.

His courteous and quiet reply, made on the instant to the committee when it waited on him with the communication, showed the hand of steel beneath the

glove of silk. The discomfited committee retired to their equally discomfited principals.

Governor Bullock's administration, as has been already said, was an uneventful one. It was a time of progress and prosperity. The unnatural stimulant to business, caused by an inflated currency, had not yet begun to show its evil effects.

The South was resuming its ordinary occupations, and the supply of its wants made the workshops of Massachusetts busy. Succeeding to the great place which Andrew had left vacant after the stormy and exciting days whose labors and anxieties he had so fully shared, it is praise enough for him to say that he was able and ready to guide the people of the Commonwealth in their return to the paths of peace.

In addition to his performance of his proper official duties, he delivered, during the years 1866, 1867, and 1868, many public addresses, all showing his accustomed scholarship and beauty of finish.

Mr. Bullock was re-elected for the years 1867 and 1868. He declined re-election in the autumn of the latter year.

When Mr. Bullock laid down the office of Governor, in January, 1869, it seemed likely that a long career of brilliant national public service was before him. He was not yet fifty-three years old. He was in the full vigor of his faculties, both of body and mind. He was exempted from the necessity of labor for support of his household. He was in accord with the large majority of the people of his State on the great public questions of the immediate past and the immediate future. His reputation was without a

stain. He had an attractive and elegant manner. He had no enemies. He was, more than any other of the men conspicuous in his own party, a favorite with his political opponents. His extensive historical and literary studies had filled his mind with stores fitted for use and for ornament.

Above all, he possessed, beyond any of his living contemporaries, that rare gift of eloquence which always has been and always will be a passport to the favor of the people where speech is free.

But the honors he had enjoyed seemed to have filled the measure of his ambition. He visited Europe in 1869, and returned to devote himself to the duties, cares, and enjoyments of private citizenship. He was not an uninterested spectator of the great public events of the period of reconstruction, of the funding and payment of the public debt, of the return to specie payment, and the overcoming, by new and stricter administrative methods and an aroused and jealous public opinion, the tendency to waste and corruption which always follows a great war.

But he gave no encouragement to the suggestion made from influential quarters that he should be a candidate for public office. He was more than once requested to consent to be a candidate for Congress, but refused.

In 1874, when the writer had publicly signified his desire to withdraw from the representation of his district, Mr. Bullock wrote a published letter declining to be a candidate for a succession which was undoubtedly within his reach.

On the 5th of January, 1879, the writer was authorized by President Hayes to communicate to Governor Bullock the President's desire to appoint him to the English Mission, then vacant. The following is his reply:—

WORCESTER, Dec. 8, 1879.

MY DEAR SIR,—I received yesterday your favor of the 5th inst., in which you kindly inquire, in behalf of the President, whether I would undertake the Mission to England. I have felt at liberty to take to myself twenty-four hours to consider this question, and I now apprise you of the conclusion to which my reflection has with much reluctance brought me. I am compelled, by the situation of my family, to reply that it would be practically impossible for me to accept this appointment.

I particularly desire to express to the President my profound and grateful acknowledgment of the high distinction he has offered to confer upon me, and to assure him of my purpose in every way as a private citizen to uphold him in his wise and patriotic administration of the government.

Your communication has been, and will continue to be, treated by me as confidential.

I remain, with great respect and esteem,

Truly and faithfully yours,

ALEXANDER H. BULLOCK.

The Hon. GEO. F. HOAR, U. S. S.

During these years, however, he was in constant demand as an orator at college festivals, by literary societies and on public occasions of every kind. His contributions to this class of literature during the last twelve years of his life are of great variety and value.

The speech at the dedication of the Soldiers' Mon-

ument in Worcester ; the address on "Intellectual Leadership in American History," before the literary societies of Brown University ; the address on the Centennial Situation of Woman, delivered June 22, 1876, at Mt. Holyoke Seminary ; his speech in New York, November 20, 1880, at the unveiling of the statue of Alexander Hamilton,—are admirable examples of his power. They show that he was still growing.

The quality of his style of thought and expression is nowhere better exhibited than in the paper read before the Antiquarian Society April 27, 1881, entitled "Centennial of the Massachusetts Constitution."

After Governor Bullock's last return from Europe, in 1880, he was disposed to yield to the earnest desire of his townsmen that he should take a large share in the management of the business institutions which had become so great and important. The experience of some other communities of a kind from which we had not been altogether exempt had taught us that there is no safety for property but in the character and fidelity of those who are intrusted with its management.

Mr. Bullock was conspicuous for excellent judgment in the administration of business affairs. The community felt that any institution was safe which could secure his personal supervision. He undertook responsibilities of this kind which pledged him to a life of great labor and care. He was chosen president of the Worcester County Institution for Savings, director in the Worcester National Bank, president

of the State Mutual Life Assurance Company, and chairman of the Commissioners of the Sinking Fund of the City of Worcester, and of the Financial Committee of the Trustees of Amherst College.

Every man felt that the invested property of Worcester was more valuable by an appreciable percentage in consequence of his consent to give to it the aid of his sound judgment and the security of his integrity.

These hopes were doomed to be disappointed. Governor Bullock, as it has been since disclosed, had for some time been conscious of symptoms which had led him to apprehend that a sudden termination of his life was not improbable. He had put his affairs in order. He had suffered somewhat from indigestion, and had been careful as to diet and exercise, but made no other change in his daily habits.

On the 17th day of January, 1882, in the afternoon, he went down street and visited some of the offices where he was in the habit of calling. He was returning home, and had just passed the corner of Chestnut Street, on his way up Elm Street, when a young man who was walking beside him, saw him turn suddenly, drop his cane, and seize the railing of the fence as if for support. Almost immediately he threw himself backward, and was prevented from falling by the young man at his side, who asked if he was hurt. He made no answer, and neither spoke nor gave any sign of consciousness afterward.

He was taken into the house of Mr. C. W. Smith. Two physicians arrived almost instantly, but life was extinct.

His death caused a severe shock, not only in Massachusetts, but throughout the country. The "Worcester Spy," of next morning, says:—

"It was confidently hoped that in the full and rich maturity of his powers, unvexed by cares or ambition, he would continue for many years an ornament and honor to the city, serving his neighbors by his counsels, giving strength and credit to our financial institutions by his experience in affairs and the trust which his name justly inspired, and employing his leisure with those studies in which he delighted and which he made so fruitful in historical research, in wide suggestion, in eloquent warning and stimulus to high and heroic action.

"Leisure so employed was spent in the public service, and this was the life which he had planned for his declining years. But the end has come with startling suddenness. And though the shock is painful, we cannot doubt that for him it is better so. We shall miss his familiar figure in our streets; his absence will make a gap hard to fill in the direction of many local institutions. We shall lack an eloquent exponent of the popular emotion on occasions of public rejoicing or sorrow. His counsels will be wanting in public exigencies. But he has left behind him the memory of great trusts worthily discharged, of opportunities for usefulness well improved, of a private life honorable, beautiful, and without a stain."

There was nowhere, it is believed, a dissenting voice from this judgment. This memoir has been designed only as a sketch, necessarily imperfect, of the public life and character of its subject, and of those moral and intellectual qualities which made that life one of so great value in its generation. Mr. Bullock's refined and delicate nature found, as his

life advanced, its most congenial atmosphere within the walls of his home, and led him to shrink more and more from the rough strifes of politics. He delighted in days spent in literary pursuits in his library, and in evenings of hospitable welcome to neighbors, friends, and strangers. His strong domestic affections found most abundant satisfaction in his own family circle, "where," says a near neighbor and intimate friend, "his home life diffused all around it an influence and charm, and by its high example elevated the standard of the domestic and moral life of a whole community."

He was stainless, wise, patriotic, fit to be trusted with the administration of great interests, public or private. He was a lover of scholarship. He had the ear of the people during a time of great peril and trial. He never gave it dishonorable counsel, or uttered a word which would debase or degrade it.

The place of the orator in a free state will ever be dignified and honorable. There is no artist who can give greater or purer delight than this. A town, or city, or state is very human. In sorrow it must utter its cry of pain; in victory, its note of triumph. As great events pass, it must pronounce its judgment. Its constant purpose must be fixed and made more steadfast by public expression. It must give voice to its love, and its approbation, and its condemnation. It must register the high and low water mark of its tide, its rising and sinking in heat and cold.

This is the office which Governor Bullock, from

1860 until his death, performed for the community in which he dwelt. The camera of his delicate photography has preserved for future generations what passed in the soul of ours, in the times that tried the souls of men.

GEORGE F. HOAR.

ADDRESSES
OF
ALEXANDER H. BULLOCK.

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SPEECH AT A WAR MEETING,

TO AID AND ENCOURAGE THE FORMATION OF THE THIRD WORCESTER
COUNTY REGIMENT, AT MECHANICS' HALL, OCT. 14, 1861.

MR. MAYOR AND FELLOW-CITIZENS:

If I had much to say, or if this were any ordinary occasion, I should deem it expedient to conciliate you by apology. But the able and excellent remarks of our friend, the Senator,—himself the commander of regiments,—have rendered my duty absolutely a brief one, and the exercise of your patience comparatively easy.

The objects of the meeting appear to me half accomplished if we apprehend the magnitude of the national crisis. This presence is itself an illustration of the exigency which summons us. This attendance, these cheering countenances, we have seen here before, when the hall was lighted and its arches echoed for political success and party victories. But *this* bond and tie of unity, in which all hearts are as one, palpitating with a common hope, melted together with an intensity of patriotism that comes only from the baptism of blood,—this betokens another era and a new consecration. The contests, successes, defeats, and illuminations of the past are extinguished. The whole scene, all the thoughts and diversities of men, have been changed in an hour. The guns

which were levelled at Fort Sumter levelled all distinctions of party, and loyal men everywhere are brothers. We are struggling for national life. The nation itself is in arms to maintain its unity and government. Hitherto slumbering in our prosperity, we have at last been awakened by the shock of open rebellion to contemplate the value of the Government, and the necessity, at all hazards and by every conceivable sacrifice, of rescuing it from the perils which are threatening to engulf it.

The meeting is called of "all who are in favor of a vigorous prosecution of the war." I should like to see a meeting of all who are not in favor of a vigorous prosecution of the war. Some few such have been attempted in the State of Connecticut, but they were instantly squelched by an indignant people. And, sir, what citizen is not in favor of his own honor and his own existence? What citizen is base enough to covet for himself prematurely a grave so disgraceful that the worm which should prey upon his body would be purity itself in comparison with the heart of its victim? And yet such a man would be an angel of light in comparison with him who is willing that this Government should go down to an untimely and ignominious tomb, so long as an arm or a dollar is left to defend it. Any doubt about a vigorous prosecution of the war? Any doubt about preserving our capital, our Union, our liberty, the memories of the grand and solemn past, the glories of the present, the inheritance of our children? Any doubt about our raising another regiment from the city and county of Worcester, when the earth everywhere is trembling under men who are uniting their hands and measuring their tread for the conflict? Why, sir, at the expression of such hesitation, methinks the bones of old Jackson are already reinvesting themselves with the habiliments of life, and preparing to burst forth from his bed in his own dishonored Tennessee and walk forth for revenge among us. Are we hesitating when the living appeals of Lincoln and the dying testimony of Douglas are stirring up a

nation of volunteers in the West? The blood of the brave Lyon is crying out to us from the ground. Our own sons and brothers are already in the field, and from the command of the gallant Fremont, and Rosencranz, and Wool, and heroic young McClellan, they are calling to us for help. They can defend themselves as they are, but that is not enough. A quarter of a million more men are wanted to bear the flag into every inlet, and plant it upon every cape, from the mouth of the Chesapeake to the Mississippi; new regiments are wanted to penetrate to the haunts of the Union-loving people of Tennessee and North Carolina and Virginia, to carry our upholding sympathies to them at the point of the bayonet, and to extend over them the protection of the Government until they can uphold the flag on their own soil. By our aid they can and shortly will do it; without our help, timely and abundant, all may be lost.

If money is wanted, it must be had. And let us make the beginning to-night by pledging our faith to the Government and our confidence in its securities. Some of our banks have already done largely and well, and I honor their managers for the action. But we have yet to bring this subject to our own individual consciousness of duty. Every man or woman who has anything to spare owes it to the country, this month and next, to place a portion of it at least in the public stocks. If the Government is saved, these will be our best estate; if the Government be lost, these will be worth more than anything else, for we can bequeath them to our descendants as memorials of our fidelity! If we cast our eye over the lines into the dark and bloody Confederacy, we behold a people receiving only Confederate bonds for one of the richest crops of the world; and when they ask whether these are of any value, Mr. Stephens tells them, No, if they shall be conquered, but that they are in that case worth as much as anything else to them. And they are acting heroically up to the injunction. Are we doing so well? The man who at such a time as this withholds his surplus cash to shave a note or to pick up a

choice opportunity out of somebody's misfortune, and goes about the streets with a bowed head croaking and shivering in the wind, command to go to his closet on the approaching day of humiliation and fast, that he may take a lesson from the woman who wasted the precious ointment upon the feet of our divine Lord and Saviour. She was saved; he, if he persist, is already lost. Every dollar invested for the Government will transcend in appreciation the annals of usury; and even if it were lost it would be riches to the loser, for it would be recoined in the wealth and treasure of the heart. It behooves us all to spare something, to save something, for the public securities. As somebody has said, it will prove to be the silver bullet which will penetrate the heart of the rebellion.

And further than this, Mr. Mayor, and invoking your particular attention to the point, I have the confidence to say that if it be necessary that any money should be raised by the city of Worcester in order to secure the speedy enlistment of the new regiment under Upton and Sprague, *it must be had*. If I could see this matter reduced to a probable alternative trembling in the visible scales,—at the one end of the beam the question of sending out in thirty days a new regiment from the city and county of Worcester, and at the other end the question of an addition of thousands of dollars to the debt and taxes of the city,—I would strike the balance this instant, and as one citizen and one tax-payer say to you, *Bring on your tax bills and send out your regiment*. We have but just begun to drop the plummet to the depths of this question. It involves the issues of life and death. Whatever we may be called on to contribute, after all, it is only giving up a part for the preservation of the whole. And if all the treasure of the loyal States be necessary to carry this war against treason to its consummation, it must and it will be furnished; for the great stake, the Union, is worth the sacrifice. Ah, we should be a generation that ought to covet the forgetfulness of all future ages if we could be willing to save our treasure by

losing our Government, carrying to our graves, if it were possible, an influence which had cost us the loss of our own self-respect and the scorn and contempt of our children !

And as lives are necessary, they, too, must be freely offered. The soldier understands it. The feet of armies tread upon the margin of the dark valley of the shadow of death. And yet—such is the order of war, the experience of nations—the good and watchful providence of God brings most in safety away. Some must needs enter within the portals. But what is death, at the post of duty, in defence of our country, in the cause of liberty, with the flag of our country for a winding-sheet, and the assurance of a nation's gratitude? So slept the brave defender of Missouri, and awoke to immortal fame. So sleeps every true soldier who falls under his flag.

“ There is a tear for all that die,

A mourner o'er the humblest grave ;

But nations swell the funeral cry,

And freedom weeps above the brave.

“ For them is sorrow's purest sigh

O'er ocean's heaving bosom sent.

In vain their bones unburied lie ;

All earth becomes their monument.

“ A tomb is theirs on every page,

An epitaph on every tongue ;

The present hours, the future age,

.Nor them bewail, to them belong.

“ A theme to crowds that knew them not,

Lamented by admiring foes,

Who would not share their glorious lot ?

Who would not die the death they chose ?”

I conclude that a vigorous prosecution of the war is to us a political choice of duty and patriotism, but it is also our necessity. The suggestion of peace at the present stage of the conflict is an impossibility. A man might as well apply for life insurance on his death-bed. Who and where is he that would think of compromise with an enemy thundering

at the gates of the capital ? We may as well, once for all, bring our minds to a contemplation of the dread reality. We may no longer talk as we would if it were a question of averting war. We are in civil war by no fault or act or responsibility of ours. We are in civil war, and somebody must conquer, and somebody else must be conquered, before there can be a possibility of peace. The great historic crisis has been cast upon us,—so strange, so sad,—and we cannot avoid it nor run away from it. It is Union, the whole or none. It is the Government, saved or lost. It is the national unity, preserved or extinguished. The decrees of Providence, the converging lines of history, the Revolution, the Confederation, the Constitution, and seventy years of happiness and renown under it, Washington and Madison and Jackson, all have stamped the seal upon the issue, and it is—One Country, One Constitution, One Destiny. It is this or nothing. The republic of the United States or the republic of the Confederate States is to have the government of all this imperial domain. To this alternative has it come at last. So it appears to me now.

And what an alternative is that ! The movers of this rebellion have for years been at this work to thrust this Government from its sphere of light, and send it like a baleful meteor through untravelled paths of darkness, to transform gradually but surely the Constitution of the American Union, the creation of liberty, into the embodiment of some of the worst features of a feudal and barbarous age, with only the allurements of an outward prosperity to decorate and mystify the appalling sacrifice. Failing at the last moment to attain their objects through the ordinary machinery of popular elections, they have rushed precipitately to the accomplishment of their designs in another way, and have made open war upon the Government. And at the same time that they have been doing this, they have also organized a confederacy of their own, and promulgated a constitution of which the basis is the same exclusive and barbarous element which they had

aimed to incorporate into the government of this Union. You know what it is. And *that* constitution, founded upon *that* theory, they offer to us as the measure of their terms of peace. It is one of the marvellous disclosures of these times that these architects of treason appear to have hoped and expected that the monstrous doctrine of their confederacy should become the basis of a reconstruction of the American Union ; and that we, one after another, like lost and prodigal children found and restored again,— the great, free, and sovereign communities of the North and the West and the Centre,— would in due time be found knocking at the door of their confederacy, and asking permission to rest under the banner of the palmetto and the radiance of stars that never yet were lighted. Pitiable desperadoes ! Their history cannot be fully or justly written until science shall have reconstructed the classification of the human race. Such are the terms that are proposed. By accepting them we can have peace before another nightfall.

And have you not sometimes thought that there are those at the North,— the Lord knows them if they exist at all,— in Massachusetts or in Connecticut, who, as the measure of their terms of surrender and peace, would accept the humiliation and shame, and pass under the yoke ? They spend the livelong day in complaining about the war, and how easily it might have been avoided, and in hungering and thirsting after peace, when there are no parties to make a peace. Mark them well ! You will find them dissuading their neighbors from enlisting in defence of their country. Let such pass at an early day within the enemy's lines, and go at once to work at his guns ; then no longer will their countenances or their tongues deceive or betray our cause.

But let us, fellow-citizens, rather rally around the patriotic and resolute and incorruptible President, forgetful of all party lines which have hitherto divided us, remembering only that he is, by the free choice of the American people and in the hands of Providence, the impersonation of the last hope

of constitutional liberty in the centuries. Let us rather emblazon over our dwellings the counsel of the departed Douglas,— that no man can be a true Democrat who is not loyal to the Union. Let us rather throw open our hearts to the inspiring admonitions of the noble and eloquent Holt, and, with our lives and our fortunes in our hands, exclaim to the President, Use them freely, use them boldly, but use them successfully. Let us rather bestow our approving sympathies upon the enthusiastic commander of the West, who is organizing her imperial army to bear the standard of the Union along the Father of Waters, with a proclamation floating from the eagle of every regiment, which will make it no fault of his, nor of ours, nor of the Government, if every steamer from New Orleans to Cairo shall be crowded with two-legged contrabands, thick as bees in swarming time. Let us rather follow with our prayers and benedictions those who have gone out from our own midst, counting not their own lives dear to them if so be they may die under the stars and stripes, and leave a country and a government behind them. Let us rather, in patriotic competition with other communities of Massachusetts, and with all possible despatch, set about the enrolment of another regiment from the city and county of Worcester, who, under the gallant and popular officers designated by the Governor, and generously mingling the currents of Celtic and Teutonic and Yankee blood, shall bear the honor of the Government and the symbol of the Union to whatever field they may be ordered. Our cause is just, and time is fleeting. Make up the regiment, and the victory is won.

MASSACHUSETTS AND THE WAR TAX.

ADDRESS IN THE MASSACHUSETTS HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,
APRIL 10, 1862.

MR. SPEAKER,—During a period of three months marked by events in the country which in other ages would have furnished history for a generation, involving, frequently, painful alternations of hope and doubt,—at one time darkened by general depression, but of late become luminous by a series of achievements which promise the happiest results,—it has been our duty, throughout the whole, to attend patiently to the interests of our own Commonwealth. That duty, I need not say, has been discharged with an unusual degree of harmony among ourselves. One of the last of our public acts is now under consideration, and upon that we are all agreed, which is to levy the tax. All the other assurances of war have been spread out so long and so vividly, that our senses have become accustomed to the scenes passing around us. Without conditions we have urged the General Government to furnish appliances for the conflict; and upon the able, patriotic, and energetic Chief Magistrate of Massachusetts we have conferred full authority for every form of expenditure which the service might require. We have met the exigency without reservation. But now it is that another evidence of a state of war confronts us, and demands our recognition and action. The bills are coming in; the debt is to be provided for. The bills are many, and the debt will be large; but they are upon us, and must be met.

And here let me appeal to the Representatives, and through them to the people of the State, not to overlook one consideration which may well furnish a solace amid the public burdens. Since war has been forced upon us,—war of such dimensions that, in comparison with it, all our previous experience passes into an eclipse,—we ought to regard it as some compensation for the sacrifices required of us, that the conflict is removed from our own doors. In the commencement of the contest, and in one of his last public addresses, Mr. Douglas, whose untimely death I am sure we all deplore, justly exhorted the Government to act with such vigor that it should be a war in the cotton-fields of the South, and not in the cornfields of the North. That has been accomplished. And when the people of Massachusetts look about them, and contemplate their own condition,—their fields and marts and workshops comparatively undisturbed; the ordinary channel and current of their life, if impeded, not closed up; their institutions under free and full progress; their domestic tranquillity not molested,—and compare all this with the waste and desolation which have swept the field of operations in the States upon the border, certainly they cannot fail to appreciate the beneficent Providence which has tempered the severity of their burdens with a mercy of divine economy. The war produces embarrassments here; but there are States where it makes solitudes.

In our discussions concerning the public debt and taxation, whether here or in the country, I deem it of high importance that we should avoid all extremes of sensation. Some there are who speak of national bankruptcy; while others treat our unexampled expenditures as a light matter, not likely to produce any appreciable inconvenience to the people. Both classes of persons are, in my judgment, equally unsafe guides. The accumulation of debt, which is now unavoidable, is unprecedented in its magnitude; but it will be met, and we shall not become bankrupt.

We ought not to attempt any disguise of the magnitude of

the present expenditures. They are undoubtedly far in advance of any example of which we have historical information. War, at all times expensive, has been rendered doubly extravagant in our case, by the surprise and the exigency which demanded immediate outlays, without the benefit of that order and system which can only be realized when there is time for deliberation and preparation. Waste and fraud, also, have doubtless done their full share to swell the amount. At this moment no man in the country can have any exact idea of the rate at which we are massing the debt. There is a discrepancy between the Secretary of the Treasury and the gentlemen of the Ways and Means, and I doubt if any two of the latter would state the matter in the same figures. Averaging these authorities, we might find that our expenditure will amount to \$800,000,000 or \$900,000,000 by January next, and to \$1,200,000,000 by July following.¹ I see it stated by a member of the Senate, that we are expending at the rate of thirty dollars a head in a loyal population of 23,000,000, while England, at the height of her war with Napoleon, did not go beyond twenty dollars per head. I do not know how such statements in detail may correspond with the actual facts; but it is certain that the accumulation of our disbursements is without a parallel. The greatest stride that was ever made in the British debt was from 1803 to 1815, a period of twelve years, during which England conducted the battles of the nationalities of Europe, increasing her debt in that time a little more than \$1,500,000,000. And who of us all would not be willing to-day to close in advance the final account of the present war, by estimating the cost of the subjugation of the rebellion, and the recovery of the public liberties, from April, 1861, to April, 1863, to be no more, after the lapse of two years, than that of Great Britain at the expiration of twelve years? Such rapidity and extent of indebtedness as this would have baffled the powers of any

¹ Mr. Stevens, the Chairman of Ways and Means, has since stated the expenditures at a much higher rate.

European government recorded in the annals of time. If, at the commencement of this century, the British Ministry had promulgated its intention to expend a thousand five hundred millions in resisting for two years the arch foe of the peace and stability of the island, solemn and profound as was the sense of danger and of duty which pervaded the minds of Englishmen, I verily believe the keys of office would have fallen from the hands of administration in thirty days. The American people, and the American people alone, could be called upon to cope with the great problem which in the foreknowledge of God has been reserved for our time and our country. Believe not that we are to sustain these burdens, and not have care and thought engraved upon our faces. The day of severe fact is before us. Nevertheless, the analogies of our experience, the miracles of our history, the configuration of our land, richest of the earth and made for empire, the knit and compacted character of our people, built up on Teutonic foundations yet flexible with the capacities of all choicest nationalities, the gloom and despair of our fathers turned to hope and fruition before they slept, move us forward with inspiring belief that what would have discouraged other nations is in our case a practicality which a single generation can crown with performance.

We are entering, then, upon an era of national debt. Great wars always bequeath such a legacy to succeeding peace. This Government is running an account which cannot be liquidated in ten years, perhaps not in twenty; and it is right that it should be so. We are struggling for the patrimony of our children, and some portion of the cost will justly descend to them with the blessings of the purchase. I hear it sometimes said in the street that a public debt is a public good; but such remarks always appear to me as the impulse of unreflecting minds. It was never clear to my comprehension how a debt could be a benefit. In his opinions upon that subject, Hamilton in his youth possessed at least the wisdom of Burke in his age. And yet the history of

Great Britain, and of our country as well, has shown that a national debt, if it be a burden, is nothing more. We of this generation have been so long enabled to pay as we go along, that it is no wonder that the shadows of the present fiscal emergency darken the spirits of men whose life has been accustomed only to peace theories of finance. In this respect we are only reproducing the experience of those who have gone before us. It is now a hundred and seventy years since the first permanent English loan was made by Parliament, inaugurating that policy which has astonished half a dozen generations of statesmen by a debt constantly augmenting and yet not visibly obstructing the prosperity of the empire. The historian who better than others has analyzed the domestic and social condition of the people — Lord Macaulay — has portrayed the alarm which seized upon business men and publicists as often as any accession was made to the debt of England:—

“At every stage in the growth of that debt it has been seriously asserted by wise men that bankruptcy and ruin were at hand. At every stage in the growth of that debt the nation has set up the same cry of anguish and despair. Yet still the debt went on growing; and still bankruptcy and ruin were as remote as ever.”

This apprehension reached the acme of discouragement in 1815, when at the close of the last of the wars with France the funded debt of England amounted to four thousand millions of dollars.

“It was in truth a gigantic, a fabulous debt; and we can hardly wonder that the cry of despair should have been louder than ever. But again the cry was found to have been as unreasonable as ever. The beggared, the bankrupt society not only proved able to meet all its obligations, but, while meeting those obligations, grew richer and richer so fast that the growth could almost be discerned by the eye.”

The same writer gives his explanation of the fallacy of those who prophesied nothing but general destruction:—

"They erroneously imagined that there was an exact analogy between the case of an individual who is in debt to another individual, and the case of society which is in debt to a part of itself. They were under an error not less serious touching the resources of the country. They made no allowance for the effect produced by the incessant progress of every experimental science, and by the incessant efforts of every man to get on in life. They saw that the debt grew; and they forgot that other things grew as well as the debt."

And the noble historian affirms without fear of contradiction that England may in the next century be better able to bear a debt of eight thousand millions of dollars than she is at the present time to bear her existing load. It is quite possible that the love of the sparkle of antithesis, which marks the writings of the brilliant essayist and philosopher, may have beguiled him into a somewhat extreme presentation of substantial truths; but I think we must admit the soundness of the political economy which imparts strength to the silver nerves of his rhetoric. At all events, the views he has presented of the resources of the English nation as the solid basis for public debt, may be applied with redoubled and intensified force to the actual and prospective circumstances of our own country. With a land affluent beyond comparison in the minerals which control civilization and supply currency and the useful arts, wanting literally nothing in the means of subsistence, overstocked with the products of diversified agriculture, a workshop and a granary for the markets of the world, teeming with a population whose inventive genius and elastic industry as far exceed those of the older countries as our ratio of progress has distanced theirs, and, above all, vitalized by personal freedom, which is the parent of productive power,—the United States, and Massachusetts as a component part and for all her share, can bear and extinguish a debt of fifteen hundred millions with less suffering and less inconvenience than any other nation that has existed since the creation of man.

There is of course a limit to public credit. The extent to which we can safely pledge our own property and production and those of our children, cannot be very well defined. I suppose the point at which the debt of the country would cease to be secure and would begin to work national degeneracy, would be reached whenever the debt should become so large that the productive industry of the country could not pay the interest and gradually sink the principal without stopping the general growth and progress. I have no apprehensions that we are destined to reach that point. First, then, we must have sufficient revenues to meet the interest and reduce the principal. No State can exist and advance without adhering to this principle. It was inscribed upon the columnus of the administration of Washington. At the commencement of our life, Hamilton, who brought order out of chaos, wished to see it incorporated as a fundamental maxim in the financial system of the United States, that the creation of a debt should always be accompanied with the means of extinguishment. This he regarded as the true secret for rendering public credit immortal. Our present necessities absolutely devote us to this principle. So soon as our revenues shall be seen to meet this requisition, whatever be the modes of taxation from which those revenues are derived, our securities will be in high favor and feverish excitement will give way to general confidence ; and until we settle that point, bank officers may visit the Secretary of the Treasury, and he may return the visits, all in vain. How this is to be accomplished, it belongs to Congress to study and determine. Whatever system of taxation may be at first adopted, experience will doubtless suggest improvements which can only be ascertained by experiment. But for a stable credit, which shall leave men at liberty to pursue their business and labor to receive their rewards without the fear of disturbance, such measures of revenue must be as positively certain as they are unconditionally essential. And it is for the interest of every man, whether he be rich or poor, that

such taxes be at once established and maintained. Hesitation, doubt, uncertainty in this respect, has already produced many of our financial troubles. For nine months we have been illustrating the language of the Roman orator, whose statesmanlike philosophy, with slight diversion from its provincial and literal application, may be repeated with practical reference to our present necessities of taxation:—

“Nam in ceteris rebus, quum venit calamitas, tum detrimentum accipitur; at in vectigalibus, non solum adventus mali, sed etiam metus ipse, affert calamitatem.”

Second, this interest and sinking fund must be furnished without stopping the public growth. I do not believe we are to have that amount of debt which cannot be thus met. By the census of 1860 the value of real and personal property in the country is returned as somewhat over \$17,000,000,000, and it appears that the increase since 1860 has been very much more than one hundred per cent. A sum, therefore, measured by one tenth to one fifth of the surplus or profits of this period of ten years, would liquidate the probable expenditures of the war. The property of the people of the loyal States alone is nearly \$13,000,000,000. I am aware there is but little comfort to the tax-payer to be derived from this style of statement; and yet it ought to nerve our faith and hope, to know, as well as we know anything, that if the authority of the Federal Government be re-established, our power be again asserted at home and abroad, the sea again be made to murmur with the keels of our commerce, and the vast and complicated machinery of our internal production be again set to its music, the fractional part of our annual increase will take care of the whole national debt before the child born to-day shall arrive at the age of citizenship. The property of the country is indeed the basis upon which its liabilities are upheld; but not by that alone do I measure the certainty or time or facility of their payment. The property is the representative of production. And it is the production

of the people, it is their industry which moves on with such marvellous progression, it is the amazing vigor and versatility and self-development of their genius, which will bear a burden that would crush the pillars of any other government beside.

In all these considerations Massachusetts is a party largely in interest. Whatever measures of taxation are to go into effect for the relief of the public treasury, the people of this Commonwealth, as a loyal and paying community, will be large partakers. They are offering their sons on the altar of the Constitution, and they expect to contribute their money and their industry in the common expenditures. But there are some aspects of these financial relations, in which we of Massachusetts will appear prominently and conspicuously beyond the lot of other States. I have barely time to allude to the topic.

I think it just that we should not conceal the fact that the people of Massachusetts will be compelled, by the circumstances of their domestic condition, to pay an amount of the expenses of the war beyond their proportion of population. Any plan of internal taxation which is likely to be adopted will fall in a large degree upon the industry, upon the production and consumption, of the people; in all of which there is no State which in proportion to its numbers presents so great a variety and luxury of life to be subjected to tribute, as this Commonwealth. The burdens of the debt cannot in any considerable measure be laid upon the lands of the people. It is not public policy that they should be. In Great Britain, where this matter of taxation has been reduced to almost a science, I understand that land pays directly not much more than one sixth of the whole tax. The condition of the real estate of a country is one of the standards of its civilization, and the stability and uniformity of its value must be maintained by all practicable legislation. It is therefore directly upon personal property, as one of the instruments of production, it is upon production and consumption, it is upon

labor and enterprise, that the next twenty years of taxation will greatly depend.

In these respects Massachusetts is destined to become a prominent contributor. I find, by inspecting the statistics of the census of 1860, so far as I have seen them, that while Massachusetts returns one-seventeenth part of the real estate of the loyal States, she actually shows one-eighth part of the whole personal estate. In this particular no State is her equal, except imperial New York, and even that State is absolutely but a little in advance of us, while proportionately she is far behind us. For while New York shows considerably more than double the real property of Massachusetts, her personal is in excess of ours by a mere fraction, large and populous as New York is.¹ These are striking facts. They place us far in the van of other States in respect to our personal property; and personal property is peculiarly an exponent of our industrial power, one of the chief instruments of our production, the tools of our industry and enterprise; and these agencies of production and industry are to a great extent representatives of the proportion in which we shall be brought to bear the expenses of the war.

If now you ask whether Massachusetts will not be called upon to sustain burdens beyond anything she has experienced in the last forty years, I answer, certainly she will. If then it be asked whether she can bear the load, I answer, undoubtedly she can. I invoke the testimony of her history and experience. Her people in days gone by have illustrated both the ability and willingness to support government and liberty by every conceivable sacrifice. I cannot forget that within two years after the engagement which is commemorated by yonder shaft, a tax of £100,000 was laid upon the State, "when few had a competency and none could boast of abundance." I cannot overlook the fact that in 1780 the

	Real Estate.	Personal Property.
¹ New York	\$1,069,658,080.	\$320,806,558.
Massachusetts	475,413,165.	301,744,651.

debt of Massachusetts was \$5,000,000, or one-fourth part of the estimated valuation of her property. I cannot speak of the present war without being reminded that during the Revolution, and up to 1790, Massachusetts had actually paid towards the public expenses six and a half millions of dollars, and that this amount was afterward increased to ten millions by the incredible exertions of her small population. While I am discussing our present necessities, and the adequacy of our resources to meet them, a committee of the General Court of 1814 file in the area before me and report that, during the twenty-four years succeeding the adoption of the Constitution, the Federal treasury had received from Massachusetts alone thirty millions of dollars. And we are to remember that these amounts were paid when not only were our population and valuation comparatively small, but especially are we to remember that they were paid when the productive forces of the State were confined within the narrow limits of the old dispensation of her industry, which has since passed away and been succeeded by another and a better. Those great producers of the world, those great tax-payers of nations,—Arkwright and Crompton and Watt and Whitney, and their compeers in experimental science,—had not then waved their wand over the dead level of human employment. The field of our producing power presented at that period only the few original occupations of men, undistinguished and indiscriminating, plodding unconsciously towards that higher destiny of the division of labor which is blessing our day with a harvest of public wealth. Steam and water had not yet been tamed to fellowship with the click of the loom and the song of the spindle. Nevertheless, in all the simplicity of their pursuits, and in all the poverty of their resources, the men of that period responded at length to every public claim, redeemed at length every public levy, and transmitted to us the record of their sacrifices without the taint of repudiation, and without so much as the blemish of non-payment. The heritage which they bequeathed to us, and which for half a

century we have improved and embellished, this temple of our present Zion, ought now to fade away forever before our eyes, if with bold faith, if with exultant alacrity, we do not gather around it with all our hearts and devote all our resources to its defence.

I have thus spoken of Massachusetts in the past, her contributions to the common liberties, when her financial abilities were thus restricted. But how shall I speak of her present capacity to grapple with the exigent demands of this crisis? The glow of a new dispensation now pervades the domain of her art and labor and commerce. Under the impulse imparted by machinery and the useful arts, she has thrown off the identity of the past age, and mounted to an elevation of productive power and wealth that finds no parallel among American communities. Since the payment of the last national debt, such progress as before would have been the measure for ages has been concentrated into the space of a single generation. Within a period of thirty years the property of the State has been increased from \$208,000,000 to \$842,000,000, or more than fourfold.¹ This valuation is a standard measure of our industry, and the consideration of it in connection with the returns of our production will justly inspire the highest hope of the future. I have already said that the ability of the people to respond to taxation is to be estimated chiefly by their producing ability, and in this respect Massachusetts is in a condition to disregard all the croakings of the sad or the disaffected. Fortunately we can point to a well-established system of statistical returns of our industry, which has already furnished volumes of facts upon which the credit of our securities defies the scrutiny of the markets of the world.

The first of these volumes was issued nearly twenty-five years ago. When Mr. Webster was in London in 1839, certain English capitalists, who had been applied to for money upon Massachusetts bonds, the first ever issued in a

¹ State valuation returns.

foreign market, came to him for information touching the credit of this parvenu on the stock list. "I went to my trunk," said Mr. Webster, "and took out an abstract of the official returns of the amount of the productive labor of Massachusetts. I put this into the hands of one of these inquirers, and told him to take it home and study it. He did so, and in two days returned and invested \$200,000 in Massachusetts stock."

If to-day the State desired to raise five or ten millions upon six per cent stock at par, our last abstract of industry, published in 1855, would be the only agent we should need to negotiate the loan. With these returns in my hand, I plead our cause and our ability. If there be another community of a million and a quarter of inhabitants which can place a catalogue of its industry by the side of this, expressive of such versatility of talent and diversity of pursuit,—so blending utility with taste, and comfort with luxury,—so intermingling agriculture with what we term the useful arts, and stamping upon both the seal of a common interest and a common destiny,—so absolutely gigantic in some of its larger products, and in some of the smaller as delicate and attenuated as a woman's perceptions and a woman's fingers can make it,—so pervading the entire State, every town, village, hamlet, household,—I know not where it is to be found, certainly not on this hemisphere. Figures of speech are dwarfed by the figures of these statistics. They exhibit an annual specified production of labor in the State of three hundred millions of dollars; and it was the opinion of the Secretary who compiled them that more accurate returns would swell the list to three hundred and fifty millions, or more than a million of dollars for every working day in the year. I have no doubt that similar returns in 1860 would have exhibited an amount of productive labor in the State of **FOUR HUNDRED MILLIONS OF DOLLARS.** It has been said that after the adoption of the Constitution, General Washington, at a dinner table in the midst of a party of friends, Northern

and Southern, expatiated upon the great results he anticipated for the South under the new order of things, with her rich productions and profitable exchanges, and, turning to one of his Northern guests, exclaimed, "But what will the North do?" "We, sir," was the prompt reply, — "we will live by our wits." And the fulfilment of the prophetic reply has been consummated in our day, when a State that could be carved eight times out of the map of Virginia produces annually from her fields and workshops more than the ordinary value of the cotton crop of the United States, all counted from the ruins of Jamestown to the banks of the Sabine. It would have startled the Federal Convention of 1787 with a new sense of the grandeur of its work to have been told that, before all then born should pass to their sleep, the little Bay State, at that time without a spindle to respond to its waterfalls, should turn out in a year fifty millions in cotton and woollen fabrics; that in 1850 it should produce one-sixth part of the aggregate manufactures of the Confederacy. Cotesworth Pinckney would have been amazed if he had been told that his State should so soon yield a cotton crop of thirty or forty millions; but it would have been a greater shock to his nice sensibilities if he had been assured that Massachusetts would so soon give a boot and shoe crop of fifty millions. In a variety of phrase and comparison I might state the footings of the Massachusetts abstract by the side of the census returns of the United States in 1850, claiming for her one sixth of the iron works, two thirds of the fisheries, one sixth of the imports, and one tenth of the exports, one third of the whole ocean tonnage, and four fifths of the whale fisheries; that while commercial circles are agitated every day to the year's end from New Orleans round to New York, in Liverpool, in London, by the quotations of cotton, there were a couple of hundred dealers in our own provincial Boston, whose quiet sales of raw and manufactured leather amounted to sixty millions. I might extend these facts and illustrations to the consumption of the State, and might show that there is not

probably on the face of the earth a community of equal numbers whose consuming habits and capacity make so large and constant demand upon every branch of production that yields sustenance or comfort or luxury. But I forbear. These are the glimpses of more extended views that might readily be furnished, but they are sufficient to indicate the variety and extent of our productive forces. It all comes from the division of our labor, the organization of our industry, the separation of our employments, the application of experimental science and the useful arts. It is this which makes our little territory imperial. The abstract to which I have referred discloses a wonderful multiplicity of occupations in every quarter of the State, united by constant and copious admixture of interests. It reveals production and exchange and consumption under almost every conceivable style and denomination of labor. The Commonwealth presents a scene of life and energy, of action and achievement, that possess all the interest of martial drama. Not an army has come upon the field, marshalled its squadrons, and contested its issues, each man ranging under his banner and responding to his bugle, with more of method and subordination than is displayed by more than three hundred thousand men in Massachusetts as they come forth in the morning of every day, file off under their chosen pursuits, and lay down their trophies at nightfall upon the altars of home. Some three or four years since the Secretary of the State published a table of the numbers and occupations of all male persons in the Commonwealth over fifteen years of age; and I find that they number three hundred and thirty-four thousand, a third of a million, and are classified under one hundred and fifty different occupations. As the eye passes over these printed columns, and the imagination follows these men to their various posts of employment,—to the tranquil fields of agriculture, to the resounding workshops, to the busy marts of trade, to the mysterious and prolific sea,—to the ponderous machine that is measured by a hundred or a thousand horses, and the subtle

conceptions of genius that work their honest ten hours in iron, brass, and copper, and never tire,—to the fine fashioning of rude woods, and the textiles wrought from the raw fibres of every land,—in short, through the vast laboratory of mortal skill which is ever at its work transmuting air and water, the earth and all that can be enticed out of it, aye, and thought and reason itself, into productions for the market and supplies for mankind,—with what a comprehensive signification does our idea of the productive labor of Massachusetts become invested.

Such resources, capacities, developments,—such accumulations of stores, supplies, and wealth,—these sources and springs of our power,—are now brought to the test of consecration for the life of the Government. I can have no doubt that they will bear us securely, independently, triumphantly, through the struggle. They are now interrupted, but they cannot be destroyed. They will shortly, and with renewed vigor, again assert their supremacy over the competitions of other States, over the vicissitudes and adversities of human lot. They will bear us again to fortune. Soon again the Commonwealth will resound with the echoes of industry through all her borders, and spread the sails of her commerce, the pride of the seas.

The bill now under consideration especially invites our attention to the aspect of our local finances. It levies what I concede to be a large tax, \$1,800,000. The nearest approximation to this which we have before had in the present generation was in 1857, and that was only half the present amount. Some idea of the practical application of this bill upon the people of the cities and towns may be derived from a document sent in to the House by the Secretary on Saturday last, showing the aggregate of taxes assessed in the State in 1861; from which it appears that the total amount taxed for county, city, and town purposes, the last year, was \$7,300,000. Assuming the same amounts to be raised the present year by the several municipalities for local purposes,

it will be seen that this bill will add nearly twenty-five per cent more to the public taxes. The necessity for this is certainly to be regretted; but let the people consider that it is part and parcel of the necessities of the war. Of the amount proposed to be raised by this bill, \$700,000 is for the national tax assumed by the State, and nearly \$500,000 is for reimbursing to the towns their allowances to the families of volunteers. The people of Massachusetts need not be reminded that what amounts they expend in aid of the families of our brave volunteers will be recoinced to them in the wealth and treasure of the heart. I do not forget that the towns have incurred and will continue to incur still other expenditures on the war account, which will not be included in the reimbursements from the State treasury. The whole subject is prolific in suggestions of local economy to the people of every city and town in the Commonwealth. Severe and persistent retrenchment in municipal expenses is a paramount duty and necessity which will have to be learned in the next twelve months. I have requested the Secretary to furnish me with a statement of the aggregate tax which will be paid into the treasury by the fourteen cities in the State, upon the basis of this bill of \$1,800,000; and I find their proportion to be \$1,006,297. I submit whether the legislative authorities of these fourteen cities, whose appropriations for the year probably are yet to be made, cannot save a considerable proportion of this million by measures of local retrenchment; and the several towns might doubtless measurably follow the example. Such considerations are now suggested to the home authorities by every motive of local duty and public patriotism, and if not heeded this year, they are very likely to be enforced the next by the several constituencies.

I pass now for a moment to the general condition of the finances of the State, present and prospective. The war found many of the loyal States under very heavy liabilities. It found Massachusetts substantially without a debt. I do

not mean that we have not outstanding scrip to a large amount, at home and abroad; but its ultimate and certain extinguishment has been provided for by ways and means that will involve no necessity of much taxation. The condition of our public liabilities at the present time may be easily and satisfactorily stated. *First*, we have loaned the scrip of the State to certain railroad corporations to the amount of \$5,825,000; but for the whole of this amount the State holds securities, and these companies may be relied upon to pay the debt. From this estimate the Troy and Greenfield Railroad is not excepted, because, the State having given its confidence to the enterprise, I feel bound to believe that this confidence has not been misplaced. *Second*, we have issued upon the account of the Union Loan Fund of 1861, \$2,217,500, which may be under the law carried up to \$3,600,000; but this for the most part will be reimbursed to us by the General Government, a portion having already been refunded. *Third*, we have outstanding scrip, issued from time to time upon sundry accounts of State charities and for other purposes, amounting to \$1,589,000; and for these loans we have provided various extinguishment funds which will probably in the aggregate be nearly or quite sufficient to redeem the debts at their maturity. Under this triad classification, then, I find our public debt may be stated; and I find it also apparently provided for. Very likely there may be some deficiencies; and it is not by any means improbable that our expenditures for national purposes and coast defences may not altogether fall within the legitimate rule of reimbursement by the United States. But such deficiencies cannot in any sense be a serious burden upon the State.

With the amount which the present tax bill will supply, and with the added amounts of the annual revenue, we advance in good condition up to January next. At that time I estimate that the State will have to provide for reimbursing the towns on account of military expenses, \$2,500,000. Add to this, if you please, somewhat by conjecture, \$1,000,000

to cover all deficiencies before referred to, all local military claims, and unforeseen contingencies, and you have made up a debt of \$3,500,000. This amount can readily be raised within two or three years; while the ordinary revenue, increased by the measures of taxation proposed by the Finance Committee upon the funds of sundry corporations, will be amply sufficient to meet our current expenses, large as they are or are likely to be. It is not a forced conclusion, therefore, to say that the present and prospective financial condition of the State is, so far as can now be seen, free of embarrassment or apprehension. I advise every man who holds a dollar of Massachusetts scrip, to continue to hold it and cherish it. Our credit is second to that of no State in the world. As if to gild the very edges of our scrip, we have during the present session provided that both interest and principal shall be paid in coin. It has been stated with historic sanction, that when, long ago, the little province of Holland owed a debt of \$25,000,000, so just was her sense of national faith that the interest was always ready to the day, and whenever any portion of the principal was paid the public creditor received his money with tears. There is certainly no good reason why the credit of Massachusetts should not now awaken similar emotions, provided only the sensibilities of the public creditors remain the same.

Mr. Speaker, in these remarks I have confined myself to the financial relations of the war, and to our material ability to support the Government through this great crisis. The manner of conducting the war I have not discussed, because that rests in the discretion and conscience of those who have assumed the trust of guardians of our liberty. If through any fault of theirs the contest shall fall short of the sublime object which free and loyal men have at heart, the people will not be answerable. I cannot refrain from repeating in this connection the language of Mr. Burke, uttered under circumstances of national peril and when appalling fancies disturbed his mind:—

"The people [of Massachusetts] look up to that Government which they obey, that they may be protected. They have in all things reposed an enduring, but not an unreflecting confidence. That confidence demands a full return, and fixes a responsibility on the ministers entire and undivided. The people stand acquitted, if the war is not carried on in a manner suited to its objects. If the public honor is tarnished, if the public safety suffers any detriment, the ministers, not the people, are to answer it, and they alone. Its armies, its navies, are given to them without stint or restriction. Its treasures are poured out at their feet. Its constancy is ready to second all their efforts. They are not to fear a responsibility for acts of manly adventure. The responsibility which they are to dread is lest they should show themselves unequal to the expectations of a brave people. There is a responsibility which attaches on them, from which the whole legitimate power of this country cannot absolve them; there is a responsibility to conscience and to glory; a responsibility to the existing world, and to that posterity which men of their eminence cannot avoid, for glory or for shame; a responsibility to a tribunal at which not only ministers, but even nations themselves, must one day answer."

But I indulge in no such apprehensions. I have an undoubting faith in the honest man who is at the head of the Government, that he will be just to all parts of his country, and not forgetful of the principles upon which he was borne into office. The people of Massachusetts believe in no object worthy of exhausting their treasures and shedding their blood, less than the absolute and unconditional recovery of the authority of the Government, if that be possible. They believe that to be possible. And if, in the necessary train for the accomplishment of that purpose, any tradition or custom or relation or domestic institution stand as an obstacle, — whatever it may be, — let it be swept away. The national life is the principal; all other things are incidents. The war will terminate ingloriously for us if we reach any other than honorable peace; and honorable peace is to be conquered, not purchased or compromised.

It will come at last; the war cannot continue any very great length of time. And with peace, it is not difficult to foresee that humanity may assert her title to some share in the victory, though it be in the best of all the ways of human reform, by simple operation of natural causes rather than by prolonged violence. With peace, it is not difficult to foresee, as one of the consequences which may be evolved by Divine Providence out of this tragic epoch in the world's history, that Liberty — as we learn the word from the stately prose of Milton, from the serene benevolence of Washington, from the impetuous democracy of Jefferson — may vindicate her claim to the poet's numbers:—

“More great than ever now, and more august,
Now glorified, she from her fires does rise ;
Her widening paths on new foundations trust,
And opening into larger parts she flies.”

ADDRESS

BEFORE THE ALUMNI, AT AMHERST COLLEGE, JULY 8, 1863.

GENTLEMEN, ALUMNI OF AMHERST :

I COULD not salute my honorable successor in the chair,¹ without first felicitating you upon the occasion of your return to the scenes of our common attachment. Let us be happy in these reunited numbers. Having tasted the chalice of life, in whatever mixture of success and labor and care it has pleased Providence to pass the cup to our lips, we come back to these academic festivities to sweeten once more its brim with the dews of the fountain and the grove.

It is true we cannot bring before us our own Commencement day precisely as it was. Too many of our companions already sleep. Each class especially bears a memory of its own departed. I can speak for myself; hail, and farewell! Some of the teachers here are strange to us. Many of us recognize but few familiar faces among the people of the town, in which the manhood of our day has ripened into age, and the carnation of youth has given way to maturer beauty. Even these grounds and buildings have been so altered that we are almost compelled to inquire after the haunts of our boyhood.

And yet all has not changed. The same outward nature; the queenly Connecticut, with its valley, fairest of the intervals of America; yonder masses of morning and evening mist, converting here and there patches of the broad alluvion

¹ Hon. James Humphrey, of New York.

into silvery lakes, until such time as the panoramic curtain lifts before the sun and the *mirage* rolls away, like many a dream of our life ; the solemn configuration of this mountain range, upon which to the observant student no twilight nor moonlight has ever fallen and been forgotten ; Holyoke, and Tom, and Sugar Loaf ; the undimmed crown of an Amherst sunrise ; the benediction of an Amherst sunset ; this vast amphitheatre, with its divine garniture, vital with traditions and histories, peopled with a noble race, I have sometimes fancied bowing its mountain heads and turning partly thither the sparkling cincture of its river as if in recognition of this seat of learning as the divinity of all the scene ; — these, as we remember them, and as they have been since the morning of the creation, all these are still here, and they welcome us to-day as in the bygone times of our classic walks and contemplation. What returning and filial son, associating his *alma mater* with these inspiring memories of his youth, does not this morning respond to the rhapsody in which the sensitive poet upon a similar occasion gave vent to his emotions ?

Ah, happy hills ! ah, pleasing shade !
Ah, fields beloved in vain !
Where once my careless boyhood strayed,
A stranger yet to pain !
I feel the gales that from ye blow
A momentary bliss below,
As, waving fresh their gladsome wing,
My weary soul they seem to soothe,
And, redolent of joy and youth,
To breathe a second spring.

Each year as I revisit this institution I am more and more deeply impressed by the contrasts of its history. My thoughts run backward to the straits of tribulation through which the College was obliged to pass before she could assume a place in the community of letters ; to the conflict she was called to wage with principalities and powers, having no weapons for the unequal warfare, save justice, truth, and faith ; to her early but partial triumph ; to her protracted struggle with

poverty at home and prejudice abroad ; sending forth in the first years but small classes, with some such emotions as are shared by the depressed mother who commits her son to the cold charities of the world, trusting in God that he may achieve a condition better than her own. Passing then from that experience to the present time, I find the College handsomely endowed, the monuments of her Willistons and Hitchcocks and Searses and Walkers and Tappans, halls and temples of the school, rising from year to year on every slope ; her cabinets affluent with contributions from every clime, and I may as well say from every age of the world ; a learned and efficient corps of teachers who wear their robes proudly and well ; and a band of students thronging her avenues and corridors who do not look as if they intend ever to apologize for having been born. We may fondly believe that the institution has passed the epoch of heroic struggle, and that henceforth, sustained by economy here and liberality elsewhere, she shall multiply her departments and extend her influence until her chaplet shall wear a leaf plucked from every field of renown or virtue.

And the results are proportionate to the sacrifice and the struggle. These doors are open alike to the sons of fortune and favor and to those of ruder and less cultured surroundings ; and by the latter, quite as frequently at least as by the former, have the harvests of the world been reaped. We invite for our system and our College public observation and comparison. The nymph of modern learning is neither coy nor enshrouded in mystery ; she is full-robed, stands out in the view of mankind, and mingles in the events of life. Our Arethusa follows no hidden channel of private luxury or pride to the objects of her love ; but rather her waters flow on with open current in the presence of the age, — in which all people may lave, from which all high causes may catch the cheer and sparkle of progress, for the healing of the nations, — enriching the coming and departing generations. The ancient mythology yields to modern action, and myth-

history gives way to practical annals. The classic story which represents a perfect youth to have been lulled to perpetual sleep that he might be bathed in the eternal kisses of the moon—which called forth from the fine though capricious genius of Keats his “Endymion” and masterpiece—is reversed in our time and is reproduced only in its counterpart. The model youth no longer sleeps, whether for private luxury or public example; but, binding on the helmet of learning, and the breastplate of a virtuous purpose, and the whole panoply of the educated and practical man, he enters the arena in which all have an equal chance: he tills the land, he teaches school, he preaches the Word, he heals the sick, he acts the counsellor, he operates a machine, he writes books, he fights battles, he governs States, he is radical, he is conservative, he guides and tempers the practicalities of his public career by the sweet counsel of his private studies; and when called to make his fellowship with the dead, he leaves behind him the track of a hero and a man. And who shall say that for actors in all this social scene and social destiny, the institution here present has not largely and richly contributed? Cast your eyes around, and you behold the graduates of your College thickly scattered among all the high enterprises, the useful and the fine arts, the contemplative literatures, the beneficent humanities, the veiled and the unveiled glories of this and a better life. I hear of them afar teaching original languages, enlarging the boundaries of philosophical science among the mosques and mountains and palm-trees, placing our local signet upon the literary standard of the Orient, and sending back the trophies of their research to our alcoves and cabinets, where they repose to-day. I count them to you everywhere spoken of, acknowledged, and felt among the forces and combinations that mould and guide American States,—entering the halls of the national council with the mace before them,—dressed in ermine, dispensing law and justice with ability unsurpassed,—by their power and individuality having already placed the pulpit of this land

in advance of all others beside,—associating the type and impression of this school with the fairest structures and highest honors of our civil polity,—and, while I am speaking, leading regiments in the field and bearing forward the eagles of the Union to victory in the sublime civil strife that is upon us. Surely, my fellow-students, wherever they are, in large numbers, in peace or war, among the living or the dead, they have annals and garlands for us, to illustrate the institution whose name they bear. I feel prepared to say that Amherst has attained indemnity for the past and security for the future. Let us give her the filial all-hail. SALVE, MAGNA PARENTS !

Gentlemen, a little beyond the period usually allotted to a generation of men has elapsed since our first class went forth from these halls. In all this time the number of those who have graduated here is one thousand five hundred. This, so far, is certainly an auspicious result. At the expiration of two hundred years from the foundation of Harvard, five thousand four hundred had received her diploma. In numbers, therefore, and for her age in years, Amherst has a title to the name of a public benefactor. Such a title, thus earned, you will appreciate if you think for a moment of the imperishable nature of mental influences. Applied to the mind and culture of a nation, which so manifestly makes and marks its history and transmits its names from age to age, we readily apprehend the truth that it is not its commerce or fields or fleets that can crown it with the assurance of immortal fame; it is rather its genius, its mental essence, its conception of truth and beauty and freedom and glory, that is borne in the written and spoken word to the latest time. I am afraid Cicero is a little too didactic for these days of martial events, but he uttered a significant truth for nations and individuals in declaring that but for the "Iliad" the fame of Achilles would not have been handed down through the ages. And so it is the subtle and poetic MIND of Greece—surviving the oblivion which has overtaken achievements enough to

make a thousand histories since her day; received this hour as lovingly in the schools of America as when it first burst upon that early civilization in the East, above even her arms and works of outward grandeur—which possesses a charmed life that cannot decay. Descending from nations to individuals, and directing our attention to the leaders of mind who have appeared at intervals in the centuries, we readily recognize the fact that the intellectual creations of Plato and Tully, of Bacon and Shakespeare, of Milton and Burke, first awakening the kindred inspiration of scholars and thoughtful men, thence passing into the common understanding and common language of the world, acquire at last a range and circuit of power that can be measured by no finite or mortal standard. Such masters touch the responsive chord in the heart of the race; they stir into action the elements of human being as they exist in all countries and in all times; and thus they themselves become ubiquitous and immortal. They realize to us the wish of the Roman orator, that a man so accomplished as Hortensius might never die. Passing from these high examples to other gradations of cultivated intellect, to such positions as the greater number of educated men must be content to hold, we behold them also exercising the same exalted prerogative; in humbler sphere, it is true, but with like quality of effect,—upon the table-land instead of the mountain top, but with the same boundless horizon. A pebble dropped in mid ocean is felt on the farthest shore; and though this is a less striking manifestation of power than an earthquake which ingulfs a city or a navy, yet the same law of physical disturbance gives effect to both occurrences. Consider now the case of a thousand men trained in the development and discipline of liberal studies; follow them as they go into all states, all positions, all walks in life; behold some advancing till they become guides in statesmanship and administration, in whom large numbers, perhaps generations, place their trust; see others mounting to the serenest altitudes of a clergyman's empire, which comprises our entire social

condition, from "the proud man's contumely" to the pathos of a child; look yet further to the large multitude of others, whether solacing the heart of humanity by noble words and deeds, or dispensing instruction to a rising race, or speaking a new hope in the ear of labor, or revolutionizing the tables of mortality, or adding higher intelligence and higher honor to commerce,—in whatever calling and place, all and everywhere diffusing over the scene in which they move, and therefore diffusing over the fields of time, imperishable thoughts, ideals, forms of moral excellence, of purest truth, of sweetest art, of generous patriotism, of genuine philanthropy, of Divine Love,—all and everywhere quoted, some by a continent, some by a state, others by a town,—all and everywhere reproducing themselves in the next generation by the influence they have upon their own, so that after death their lives are renewed to the end of the world. Ah, my friends, this mental influence, whether of the individual educated man or of the college that sends him forth on his mission, *is* an eternity.

"On, like the comet's way through infinite space,
Stretches the long untravelled path of light,
Into the depth of ages ; we may trace,
Afar, the brightening glory of its flight,
Till the receding rays are lost to human sight."

Yes, companions, "lost to human sight;" not lost to the Omniscient Eye, not lost in the august reckoning in which institutions and persons will be called to account, not lost in the distribution of palms, not lost in the award of crowns and jewels.

Gentlemen, our anniversary comes to us for the third time amid general convulsion. Our reflections, which under other circumstances would have been mostly those of merely personal fellowship, are toned and shaded by the shifting scenes of the national drama. The groves and fountains and temples, all the grand old histories and dreamy mythologies, the stately Roman and the picture Greek, with which the returning alumnus would gladly associate the festive hours, are now to

us chiefly sources of inspiration in the support of our distressed country. If I were looking for the truest conceptions of loyalty and freedom, I could not pass by the colleges of New England. If by possibility there can be extenuation for him who, in the engrossments of mere gain or mere ambition, has learned the way to give one half of his heart to his country and the other to its enemies, no door of pardon for such a crime is open to him who goes from the privileges of liberal studies to the transcendent responsibilities of present action. From civilization in its dawn, communicated to us by yonder library; from the exalted sentiments of classic and heroic authors, among the most manly; from the lessons thundered in our ears by the great orators, dear to every enlightened student; from the old and the middle ages, that are swept by his memory; from the philosophy of the mind, and from the teachings of his holy religion,—one voice only at this moment emerges; it is the voice of the congregated past, it is the voice of the shades of the mighty dead,—
BE THOU TRUE, AND FAITHFUL, AND VALIANT FOR THE PUBLIC LIBERTIES. Let others, if they will, bow their heads before adverse reports when they come from the field; the patriot scholar, enlightened, inspired,—whether the tidings come from Fredericksburg or Gettysburg or Vicksburg,—fixes a steady gaze upon the triumph of his principles. Let others, if they will, disguise disloyalty with superstition, and give up all for lost when “the birds of wide-spread wing fly to the left, towards the darkening west,”—though now, thank Heaven, they all “fly to the right, towards the sun and the morning,”—the patriot student turns his Homer to better use; he invokes the spirit of the chivalric Hector,

“ And asks no omen but his country’s cause.”

And we may well take pride in being enabled to say, that from the origin of this Government to the present hour the educated men of the country have taken a lead in organizing and upholding republican liberty. I am not to repeat to you

the thrice-told tale of the Revolution, emblazoned by such graduates as Otis, and two Adamses, and Warren, and Hancock, and Witherspoon, of coequal fame. Sufficient unto us are the illustrations of our own day; and in this great struggle I call you to witness the conduct of our own gallant boys. Nearly or quite one hundred of our undergraduates, or more than one quarter of the whole number, have within the two past years enlisted in the military service. How many of the graduates of the College are in the war I know not, but the number is large. The youths of Amherst are not second to any senior institution in the numerical force or the intelligent patriotism or the irresistible valor with which they bear up the radiant flag. They are on every field. While you are trimming the lamp, they are lighting their camp fires; while you preach truth and freedom, they practise and defend it; while you are threading the academic walks, they are marching along the margin of the valley of the shadow of death. In exposure or sickness or battle they do not forget these scenes of their love; let us not forget them. If they shall fall, we will reclaim their ashes if we can; but if otherwise it must be, "the most precious tears are those with which heaven bedews the unburied head of a soldier."

In the autumn of 1861 it was my privilege, as the mouth-piece of the ladies of the city in which I reside, to present to the Twenty-first Massachusetts their colors. Borne through many appalling vicissitudes, riddled by shot and stained with blood at Roanoke, and Newbern, and in other hard-fought conflicts, they received their last and enduring baptism at Fredericksburg, and have now been assigned a place in one of the rooms of the State House, where they may henceforth be seen. He who received the standard from my hands, after commanding the regiment in some of the most sanguinary engagements of the war, and winning by his equal valor and discretion unfading laurels, honors us by his presence to-day, and affords me the opportunity of extending your greeting and mine to Colonel and Professor Clark. Another

fair son of Amherst, in the dew of his youth, buoyant with the enthusiasm of a Christian hero, was present upon the occasion to which I have alluded. Side by side with Clark, young Stearns¹ went to the crest of battle, and fell in the arms of victory. Recorded honors cluster over his grave, and the academic shades of Amherst in which his dust reposes have been consecrated for ever and ever to the country for whose government and liberty he laid down his life.

¹ Adjutant Stearns, son of the President of the College, and who fell in the battle at Newbern.

REMARKS

ON THE OCCASION OF THE RECEPTION OF THE TWENTY-FIRST MASSACHUSETTS REGIMENT BY THE CITIZENS OF WORCESTER, FEB. 3, 1861.

MR. MAYOR, OFFICERS AND MEN OF THE TWENTY-FIRST, AND FELLOW-CITIZENS:

On the 23d day of August, 1861, one of the sweetest and brightest of our skies, when the sun was descending behind the curtain of these Western hills, the Twenty-first Regiment was drawn up in line on yonder camp ground to receive its regimental colors and the public greeting of the vast assemblage which had convened to bid them hail and farewell. More than a thousand men, freshly from their homes in Worcester and Hampden and Franklin and Berkshire, stood expectant for the last word of our fraternal sympathy and the bugle-note of their departure. The ceremony was quickly over; they filed through our streets, and were lost to our sight until to-day.

But in the interval we have heard from them, Massachusetts has heard from them, the world has heard from them;—on the tedious voyage, on the long marches, amid the silent watches and camp fires, in the hospital, on the picket, in many a skirmish, in nine pitched battles,—Roanoke, Newbern, Camden, Bull Run 2d, Chantilly, South Mountain, Antietam, Fredericksburg, Knoxville,—wherever the flag has called them, wherever the enemy of their country could be found, wherever God has opened the portals of glory to welcome the soldier of liberty.

And now, fellow-citizens, follow these men from their camp in Worcester to Annapolis, to North Carolina, back to Virginia, to Maryland, to Tennessee, through four States in rebellion,—everywhere patient, enduring, triumphant; never despairing of their country, never dishonoring their State, never losing their flag; all and everywhere the same,—at the morning drum-beat, in the shock of battle, in the funeral procession to the bed of a comrade's rest;—remember that all but twenty-four have re-enlisted to see the end of the war and the end of its cause, and tell me if they do not make their history on their march and carry it with them, if their reward is not in all your hearts, and if their praise shall not be known and heard on earth till it shall merge in the reveille of the resurrection.

And now they return to us. But of all whom I had the honor to address two years and a half ago, only one-fourth part are here. In the history of the wars of Europe we read of the decimation of armies. This war, between men of the same race and of the same national fraternity, tells a sadder story than that. Of those who went forth from Worcester as members of the Twenty-first, ten officers have passed to their sleep. One hundred and sixty enlisted men have, while in service, transferred their names to the roster of another life. Three hundred men have fallen by wounds which proved not to be mortal. Forty men have been taken prisoners,—only forty, for these men prefer not to be captured. Count those disabled, discharged, worn out, then add the gallant present, and the tale of the Twenty-first is completed. But not without a word for those who sleep in death. Ye blessed men, of enviable lot! The dews of heaven shall keep ever verdant the turf that covers your ensanguined dust! Earth has no higher honor, music no tenderer dirge, freedom no loftier hallelujah, than those which accompany your names to immortality.

Of the officers to whose fate I referred, Adjutant Stearns fell at Newbern, Lieutenant Holbrook at Antietam; all the

others, save one killed by accident and one who died by disease,—Lieutenant-Colonel Rice, Captain Frazer, Captain Kelton, Lieutenant Bemis, Lieutenant Hill, Lieutenant Beckwith,—were killed in the slaughter of Chantilly, where, almost without any general commander at all, the Union boys of the ranks saved the capital from the hands of the enemy.

Adjutant Stearns is not more lastingly embalmed in the hearts of the regiment than in the heart of all patriotism and all piety. Late in the afternoon of the 20th of July, 1861, when the dismal tidings of the first Bull Run vibrated over the wires through the towns of Massachusetts, Clark and Stearns, the one a professor and the other a student in the College at Amherst, joined their hands and united their oaths over the disaster, and within six hours they turned the keys of their doors on the outside, and gave themselves to the bloody fortunes of the Union.

The living is here to speak for himself; I speak only for the dead. Stearns was in the dew of his youth, in the enthusiasm of the love of God, of his country, of human nature. He fell at Newbern, in the victory of your arms. No purer spirit has been added to the sublime oblation of war. In kindness, in justice to his father, my friend, and in tender respect for his own heroic sacrifice on the altar to which we all may come at last, I offer him the ineffectual tribute of my farewell.

“Blest youth! regardful of thy doom,
Aerial hands shall build thy tomb,
With shadowy trophies crown'd;
Whilst Honor, bathed in tears, shall rove,
To sigh thy name through every grove,
And call her heroes round.”

Lieutenant-Colonel Rice is well remembered in this county of Worcester. He was, I believe, an honorable mechanic in the town of Ashburnham. He long commanded as Colonel our old Ninth Regiment of the volunteer militia, and was one of those representative military men who served in time of peace to keep up the organization and preparation for the

time of war. And when the war blast came, without pride of rank, without hesitation, counting the cost, and knowing the venture, he stepped forth from his peaceful pursuits and gave up his life that his country might live.

Men of the Twenty-first! on the day in August, 1861, already alluded to, in behalf of the women who now fill these galleries, I handed to you your colors. I then said to you, "Reverence this flag in the hour of security, and honor it in the clustering battle." Brave men, you promised to do it, and you have kept your pledge. The thunders of Roanoke and Newbern, the horrors of Chantilly and Fredericksburg, the blazing glories of Antietam and Knoxville,—the soil of four States stained by your blood,—the evidence of Burnside and Reno and Magi and Clark and Hawkes,—the spirits of the unsheeted dead you have left in rude graves behind you, whispering in your ears to-day from the galleries of the sky,—your own presence here,—this color-bearer before me [Sergeant Plunkett], whose plucky soul still marches on custodian of the flag,—these streets, this hall, crowded to honor and bless the present and to revere the departed,—all, all bear a testimony as conspicuous and enduring as if lettered over the heavens from pole to anti-pole, that *you have kept your pledge*. No further proof is wanted, but one other proof remains. It is your own dear, tattered, blood-stained flag!

Brave men of the Twenty-first, behold your flag! It has conducted you through the storm and fire and smoke and blood of battle; cheer it now that it has left you and taken its place in history. Look upon it, ye men and women of Worcester,—behold it riddled with ball and bullet in seven memorable conflicts, beginning with Roanoke and ending with Antietam,—then look again, and behold the ghastly rents made by the shell at Fredericksburg, and see the stripes of red and white merged in crimson by the blood of the fallen brave! Look upon it, ye who gave it, and strew the paths of these brave boys with the beauty and fragrance of flowers! Look upon it, ye men of Worcester, who have done but little

and could have done more, and ye who have done much and could do no more,—look upon it, according to your conscience, with satisfaction or with repentance,—and resolve that henceforth the life of the Republic shall engross our hearts, our fortunes, and, if need be, our blood and our lives. Look upon it, Colonel Pickett and men of the Twenty-fifth, and behold what reward awaits you when the residue of your great re-enlistment shall come home and be received in this heart of Massachusetts. Look upon it, ye men of the Fifty-seventh, and behold what exalted honor is in store for those who go forth for Union and Liberty and Humanity.

And now, Mr. Mayor, men of the Twenty-first, and fellow-citizens, let us not forget our destiny and our dependence. For the approaching end, and for the result, already apparent, which shall thrill the heart of humanity to the end of time, not unto ourselves, but unto Thee, Almighty God of our fathers, shall be all the praise, forever and forevermore !

THE RELATIONS OF THE EDUCATED MAN WITH AMERICAN NATIONALITY.

ADDRESS BEFORE THE LITERARY SOCIETIES OF WILLIAMS COLLEGE,
AUG. 1, 1864.

WE have no choice of theme. If we seek a thesis for this hour in the circles of thought wont to be our privilege and our charm,—among the curiosities of literature or abstract speculation, or in the ages of men and events remote from our grasp, and yet hitherto all the more attractive for the dim twilight through which the scholar followed them up to the sources of their life and power,—it is in vain, and our heart comes back to this our own America, to this the day of her trial, and goes out into all the scene of her epic action. The train of our reflections is peremptory. Isolated by the decrees of Providence, shut out from the galleries of history to the necessity of vindicating our own, compelled to drop the tone of exultation and to hold glory and hope in abeyance, until — yeoman, student, and soldier alike — we fight our way back to our imperiality, our contemplations are shaped and controlled by our situation. And yet let not your speech or mine be of a lost Pleiad, or an expiring nation, or Capitoline ruins, or unbelief, or despair. You who are about to pass through the gateway of the school to a larger responsibility and action more grand, you who remain a little longer for preparation more ample, and those of us who have preceded you many years,—all of us,—all of us,—let our thought be hopeful, let our speech to others give the sound of a consciousness of national life to be continued and renewed, of victories

yet to be won, of a future that shall challenge nations to the prize, whether of fleets or armies or peace or humanity. That is the only omen for us. That is the only picture for a student,—in the darkest and most uncertain day, if government and prophecy and arms seem to fail, still let him gaze upon that picture and no other; *animum pictura pascit inani.*

We are here, then, to give the passing hour to THE RELATIONS OF THE EDUCATED MAN TO AMERICAN NATIONALITY. I might speak of the country, or national life, but I use rather NATIONALITY as comprehending the whole,—not as a rhapsody or sentimentality, but as comprising the inward sentiment and the outward form of all that which most interests us to-day.

1. In the first place, think how great a thing a nation is. Do not regard it as only the aggregate of individuals, but try to apprehend it as a power and a life, an agency, the agency and instrumentality among the providences of God and the designs of his glory. We are indeed a part of it, but only for a moment. We live not our lives merely, but we live a state of consciousness that runs back and prefigures among the eternities, blending with the ages past and bidding the next ones hail. Continental geography is its handmaid, but not its name, and would be nothing without it; the Mississippi and the St. Lawrence, from their frozen source, over all their majestic flow, till they mingle with the outer world, are obscure streams save as they waft the parental idea and promote the parental renown. These mountain ridges, gulfs, bays, which divide us and yet unite us, whose prodigal beauties and profitable commerce make a part of our boast, our literature, our song, might as well reclaim their primeval solitudes, if they respond to no common heart, no one sweet jurisdiction, no one protective flag. This mixture of races, source of our invigoration, elasticity, and stimulation beyond what has been seen on the globe,—let them dissolve and revert to the fogs of Great Britain, the factions of Germany, the snows of Swedeland and Norway, if for them

and for us we are to have no common chord, no national melody.

The organism of a nation ! It infolds and blesses races ; it perpetuates traditions, ideas, examples, principles ; it is full of the germs of the growth of cities, great industries and prosperities ; it vibrates to the step of thronging masses of men who march like an organized army to culture and power ; it is sealed to the purposes of God's creation by temples and schools, social æsthetics, the purities and the beatitudes on earth, the ties which connect generations, the life of poetry and art, the sacred custody of the ashes of the dead, the assurances of progress which shall encircle the next age with the fruit and shade of a better condition, the guardianship of worship which since the harp of the Orient was strung to the cadences of national success and woe has joined the comfort of patriotism to the solace of religion ; it is the sleepless sentinel of life and liberty and property to coming and going millions ; it is the schoolhouse of rising generations ; it is the august arbiter of justice ; it is the peaceful angel of our tastes and humanities ; it is GOVERNMENT, without which, in obeyed and felt majesty, there is no development for man, no mission for woman, no sleep for children. How sublime the life of a nation ! and how, according to modern experience and conception, it is the offspring of the continuity of the centuries. It is the treasury of histories. If it fall, the inspirations of vast annals perish with it ; for national life is the illuminated chain connecting all annals with the populations and welfares to come. It is a great loss to lose a country. In this stage of the world we cannot afford anywhere to begin anew. The preservation of the past — of the past realized, of our own past — is essential to the hopes of the future. There can be no such death as the death of the animating, the teaching, the inspiring history of a nation ; and yet, saddest of catastrophes, when a country dies, its annals lose their mission, its historic unities pass away, afloat on the viewless air ; men will continue to play with them as

antiquaries for their amusement, but with the loss of their home and abiding-place, their life and instruction are gone forever.

For the extinction of its historical lessons, traditions, exhilarations, it matters not much whether a nation perish outright, engulfed by an earthquake, undermined by rapid decay, or disappear by disintegration and new constructions. The greatest gap, the most ghastly chasm in the progressions of the race, comes of the rupture of historical connections. The moment national existence terminates, the philosophy of its examples becomes shadowy, fabulous, lost. When Sparta and Athens disappeared from the map like a dream, how surely and how quickly the pall of uncertainty dropped on the mighty power of their lesson. Mist and darkness, myth and fable, followed in their track. Read Herodotus and Plutarch and Grote, and compare them with all the writers, for the instructions of that day ; observe what doubt hangs over the whole scene,—as to who fought those battles and how, as to who wrote many of those orations and songs, as to who lived and led those states. The practical connection is lost ; and for most of the good that comes to the consummation of man and the glory of God, with the departure of Greece from the list of nations living her lessons and traditions departed also. If you doubt this, which I assert as a sad truth, try it among your earliest efforts of public oratory ; draw your historical parallels from Greece, or Rome, or the Italy of somewhat later date but now gone to the shades, and then take your illustrations from England or America ; and while your auditory will yawn and sleep over the former, they will give to the latter open ears, rapt and suffused eyes. Washington went to Philadelphia in 1787 to preside over the Constitutional Convention, carrying a synopsis of the ancient republics, his own preparation and study ; but there is no evidence that in all the long session he ever unrolled his manuscript. And so it is and will be. When you extinguish a nationality, you commit to forgetfulness the guides of civ-

ilization ; you quench the lights of a common literature ; the luminaries which have conducted generations of men to accumulative fame become obscured ; the masters of thought are jostled out of their living sanction and lie evermore in the haze which increases as it gathers over a lost people.

If you were to break up the union of Great Britain, the worst of all calamities would be that you would dissolve the spell of names which have flamed in all the heavens ; a hundred years would not elapse before Chatham and Burke and Pitt and Canning, and their great copeers, would cease to be felt as living authorities, would have no home-bound charm, no awful sanction of empire or country, and would speak to the hereafter with voices scarcely more audible than those which echo from her dark-aged abbeys. If you break up the union of America, that lettered glory of the Revolutionary period which has stimulated three generations, that learning and eloquence of the constructive period which followed, that valor of fathers and sons which has sheeted so many a State and sea with flame, that honor of our neutrality and dignity of our diplomacy, that wealth of record and biography and legend, that continuous victory of peace which has set our stars as signets on every mountain, valley, or ocean, that renown of the wise men, that wisdom of Franklin and Jefferson and Hamilton and Madison and Adams and Webster, in which we live each day and rise to heroic purpose, — before this class now graduating should go to its sleep, these, with all their associate values and attractions, would pass away from gaze and love, and the image of Washington, the great and venerable, would be veiled forever and forever.

“The great historical hour” menacing such a catastrophe is upon us. The mission of some of you begins while the great shadow is passing over us. Never had the heart of youth such fascination before it for a solemn study and a happy self-sacrifice and a radiant life. The classic spirits of ancient and modern days combine to light your path and to

inspire your conduct. That rich legacy which the early Quincy, dying on shipboard under our Eastern projecting headland, in the first hour of his country's agony, bequeathed to the infant son, who, almost a century later, and only last week, took the elegiac honors of Harvard,— how fit an inheritance for every boy of the free North in this day of fate :—

“I give to my son, when he shall arrive to the age of fifteen years, Algernon Sidney’s Works, John Locke’s Works, Lord Bacon’s Works, Gordon’s Tacitus, Cato’s Letters. May the spirit of Liberty rest upon him !”

2. In the next place, as you step forth to action, consider American nationality in its UNITY and in its DIVERSITY.

And first, its UNITY. Never before has any nation exhibited such apparent unity and design in the relations of Providence and historic development. Recall the growth and consolidation of other empires, and observe over what broad fields of time they range, and with how little of rounded completion or connection. The historical threads which connect the past with the present of England or France run in confusion of inextricable maze over a thousand years ; and it has seemed to me that there is more of ingenuity than good sense in the modern theory which attempts to trace through all these convolutions any appreciable current of unifying processes, as if one of the stages had a palpable connection of logic or sequence with a remote century preceding or following. At all events, the periods are too long, there is too much mystery and monkery and darkness over them all, too many petty squabbles and great strifes without sufficient cause or intelligible result, too much that seems accidental, too many reversals of policies and epochs, to make it easy for you or me to take in the idea of the rational, logical, distinct growth of a national unity from Alfred or Charlemagne until now. More conspicuous and inferential,—in part, perhaps, because more recent,—certainly more striking and impressive, is the

idea of causation and unity running through our national life. There appears to be a marvellous beauty of design from our beginning. God kept America unknown to Europe until old things should have passed away and all things become new. This nationality was not to be vexed by the old schoolmen, their alchemy and astrology, their pursuit after the philosopher's stone, their outlawry of the arts and inventions which elevate the race, their cruelties and impracticabilities. The generations devoted to "trimming the lamps of ancient sepulchres" were to go to their burial before the Western nationality should be born. A new leader was to appear, and a new philosophy, to usher in the eras of which we were to become at once partakers and ultimately the masters. Bacon, rising in full-orbed splendor, and America, mounting in the horizon,—these were to be contemporaneous occurrences. The one was to furnish the world with instructions and examples as much more magical in their effect than anything preceding, as the vitalized English of John Bunyan surpasses the Latin mockeries of St. Peter's and the Vatican; the other was to accompany the new dispensation on its mission and conduct it to its divine results. And it has sometimes seemed to me, as one of the coincidences of history which imply a Providence, that the same year (1620) which witnessed the conclusion of one of Bacon's great works, which more than any other of them all and great was destined to turn the current of the human mind to the achievement of that social progress of which we more than any people are sharing the benefits, was also witness of the establishment on the shores of this continent of a new political power in the earth,—another nationality,—whose destiny it has been to apply and expand his lessons with results that cast all the experience of former time into an eclipse. If that original founder of our opening era could have foreseen how his instructions would, ere the lapse of two centuries, spread their roots over a country then reposing in the sleep of unawakened nature, his prescient genius would have anticipated the lyric prophecy of Bishop

Berkeley, uttered a century later at Newport,—our talisman, our watchword of America,—

“ There shall be sung another golden age,
The rise of EMPIRE AND OF ARTS.”

And so our nationality started, out of the unities of Providence, to accept and develop the new and wise philosophy which was to apply social progress to the welfare and freedom of mankind. And so it has proceeded and succeeded. It has made the age of industry an age of power; has crossed all mountains and all seas; has borne our influence to the Ganges and the Amazon and the Andes; has made California and Columbia and Australia to glow in our diadem; has established the electric current from the Atlantic to the Pacific; has furnished ships and steam-engines for the Sultan and the Czar; has taught the world to build iron-clads, and to destroy them; has consecrated genius and art to a million-handed machinery, which draws out the treasures of the earth and moulds them into all the conceptions of a grand civil economy. What an epic of national unity is this of our art and power! And how it mantles on the cheek of American life and American nationality! Who of you does not love to gaze in the fires of ancient mythology, and recall the olden chivalry of the sea? But this our epic breathes a loftier and more heroic romance. It furnishes no commercial Argonauts to feel their lazy way over the Euxine for a golden fleece, but it beats music to a thousand steam-engines traversing three temperatures of its inland Nile; it keeps the waters of five Mediterraneans murmuring with its argosies; it has founded States on both sides of its imperial mountain, and laves them with waters from the same springs that flow to either ocean; it has thrown open Japan, and is at work upon the temper of the Celestial Empire; it has strewn the shores of the Polar seas with the graves of its maritime martyrs; and, since some of you commenced your studies, it has discovered and opened the golden gate at Panama, and interpreted the dream which oppressed Columbus in his dying hour.

Take a further glance at the unity of our historic stages. You will begin with the early discoveries, settlements, colonizations. You see the Puritans rearing the ensign of a religious organism in New England; the real and shabby gentlemen starting on a speculation in Virginia; the French, of all religions and of none, encamping in the West; the Huguenots, of a Christian chivalry, planting a hope in the farther South; — and you behold them extending and expanding over a hundred years towards a common centre of colonial power. Then comes the next and more appreciable era, — the colonial period, — full of individualities, and yet of commonality and unity. The story is too familiar for repetition: how for fifty years and more these peoples, religions, interests, races, from their various sources and quadrangular settlements, gradually, but with all the prestige of destiny, were constantly drawing nearer and nearer to a centralization of colonies; how the parentage of England guided and protected them, and while it thought of their limitation, acted all the while for their exaltation, — impressing the colonists into European wars, but thus educating them for another war which was to come, — giving us the Washington and adjunct heroes that no other discipline could have made. And then comes another stage in the historic continuity, — the Revolutionary period, — about which, as this hour is short and is no part of the Fourth of July, I will not say one word. Once more, and we reach the historical crystallization in which under a constitutional Union the free provinces became one, — as the individualities of Greece endeavored not quite effectually to be when Philip and Alexander threatened them like a dark gathering cloud, — as the provincial individualities of Italy at times have tried all in vain to become. The work was accomplished; the States became a unit; the drama was vindicated: —

“The four first acts already past,
A fifth shall close the drama with the day.”

And so, ever since, this miracle of the world has gone for-

ward. In seventy years the Alleghanies have receded to the Father of Waters, the Rocky Mountains have bowed before the spirit of the Union as it advanced to the great serene Pacific; a broad, active, violent nationality, free, impetuous, resistless, conscious of the power of unity and therefore ambitious, has brought us—I need not say how, for it is too familiar—to the situation of the homogeneous republic.

And thus your democratic nationality, whether you consider it as a birth under the new philosophy of Bacon, or a growth under four eras of logical development since, stands before you isolated from all the analogies of history,—a colossal product out of the cycles of Providence,—an essential flower out of the germinations of the conflicts and fatigues of the race,—a grand national personality, moving easily, naturally, consciously, to its destiny,—a unity in its origin, and knitted to closer unity by the absolutism of its own situation and the lapse of its time and its strifes. It has recognized at all times its members and its parts, but has acted at all times as a whole. Its vitality, instinct, hope, are all its own; and these, combining with its fleets and armies, with the thunders of its ordnance and the vespers of its religion, have never ceased to give that challenge which virtue and independence offer to every foreign interloper or intruder,—whether the continental jailer of France or the great Insular hypocrite,—to every traitor leader, whether moving under the standard of the Palmetto, or the Pelican filthy and odious. Against them all we have an inheritance to defend.

Think next, and briefly, of this nationality in its DIVERSITY. All leading nations are heterogeneous. The identity of a nation is always more or less disturbed by a variety of subject races, alien populations, and discordant tongues. France is not without this element, and the British Empire is alive with its perturbations. Her drum-beat around the globe strikes the ear of every religion, her crown has to be adapted

to every form of law, and the pavement of her court is tessellated with memorials of every species of humankind. We encounter this element here, but it masters itself under the influence of that spirit of personal liberty which welds all classes and races. Other and greater causes of diversity are a part of our peril. You have thought — and I hardly ought to remind you — how great a trouble it has been, that these States were all separate in their origin, and have been so over the whole range of their history, some of them two hundred and forty years ; that in all this time provincial idiosyncrasies have become indurated, the pride of local annals and the passion of a local attachment have grown to be a first nature, — counties, boroughs, towns, being the only thing known to many, and the individual State being the idea consecrate of even great and cultured men ; that over all this period, save only the space of two short foreign wars, these millions of people in their daily thought and life, whether they were establishing their schools or building their churches, or mustering their militia or cultivating their arts, or paying their taxes or burying their dead, have felt chiefly the visible, gentle, guiding hand of the home-provincial government as a tutelary divinity, but have seen the overshadowing national parentage only afar ; that even in war the State flag holds its place, and asserts its speciality, and vaunts its particular renown, while the national bugle gives the only peal to the strife. All these details, and many more, belong to the fact which stands imperishable, strikes its roots farther back and lower down than the Constitution, and drops its fruit, sometimes bitter and sometimes sweet, over the whole plane of our historic union, — the fact that the State is older than the nation, that it attracts to itself the first thoughts, the tenderest memories, the most palpable allegiance. We think we can forget this fact now when all the tribes are in arms for a common cause ; but it is not quite forgotten yet, when comparisons or jealousies pass now, even now, between the West and the East, whilst the sons of both die side by side,

in the same trenches. Our fathers could not escape it while they were passing through the first terrible baptism. At that early day *Statism* was the bane of nationality; it reared its crest among the conscript fathers of the Continental Congress, as John Adams and others have told us too well. And how it broke out in the presence of the sorrowful countenance of Washington in the Constitutional Convention, one State declaring itself ready to appeal to a foreign sword for its rights, and how the adjustment came at last only from the counsels of Madison and Franklin, the journals and traditions apprise us too sadly; and how it has under one form or another continued since to vex the whole and humiliate the North, our memories are laden to repletion and our hearts to aching. These diversities have taken their affinities and have crystallized at length around two forms,—State rights and chattel slavery,—the latter gradually drawing to itself the former, and now confronting the unit of our power for the last time. To reconcile these diversities with a conceded nationalism, concession and compromise have levied their tribute on the ingenuity of statesmen, and more than once have dropped the plummet to the depths of human degradation. The test will be applied again. We have now reached the ultimate struggle between unity and diversity in our system of national life. The choice is before us. COMPROMISE, which between right and wrong means the surrender of the right, if assented to in the superlative degree to our shame, might possibly yet herald the old Union back, and set our nationality moving again in the sphere of its weakness, and crown slavery with the national jewels, and place the architects of treason on their accustomed tripods in the Senate Chamber, and confer upon the free millions a brief term of peace, in which to contemplate America arched with the graves of their sons to accomplish such a result. Rather than that, please God! welcome any other fortune which war may bring in its sad, long train.

Some of you pass into the activities of life while the heavens over us thus frown. The love of peace is natural;

and peace is greatly needed. But you do not doubt that peace must have virtue and honor, or confusion and war are better. You will not forget a lesson of your classics, that humiliating compromises and corrupt coalitions have sometimes marked a nation in the later stages of its degeneracy. I feel sure that you will be brought to this trial. Two or three times during the war, signs have appeared in the sky. I do not know how much of exact authenticity may be attached to recent nebulous movements and nebulous characters ; but when Mr. Jefferson Davis sends his vicegerent to seek diplomacy at Washington, and the arch-traitor of New York proposes in Congress an armistice and a mission to Richmond, and from the rookery of unclean birds on the Canadian cliff beyond the cataract a new brood starts forth to shriek and decoy, we may well enough suppose that there is some meaning in it all. These seeming questions of amateur diplomatists, whether cunning or foolish, we may safely trust to the sagacity and intuition of the President of the United States ; and all else let us meanwhile confide to Grant and Sherman. And yet, these tests of seductive and delusive compromise, meaning either a dissolution of this Confederacy, or the restoration of the old masters to intensified despotism, are likely to try you. I pray leave to remind you of one of the parallels of history ; for you will quite surely see in such demonstrations, when they occur, the presence of men of your own section and men of States in rebellion. You will not forget that Octavius was marching to encounter Antony and Lepidus at the very moment when a meeting for a coalition between them had already been concerted. The show of war went on, while the preparations had already been conceived to apportion the provinces and the honors ; the illustration is apparent and the analogy needs no explanation. They met and accommodated on an island of the Rhenus, as the modern conspirators would meet and accommodate on the Potomac or the Rappahannock. The last of the terms of compromise agreed upon by the Triumvirate was the proscription and death of certain prominent friends ;

it was difficult, but each at length consented to the sacrifice of some of the best of his adherents, as our compromisorial ambassadors would consent to impale the liberties of their country and apply the attainer of proscription to the representative men, if not the representative States, that have stood by the just cause. It behooves you to mark the fate of a scholar who hesitated and vacillated,—who believed in Rome and her liberty, but thought too much and too long of the honors of office. The head of Cicero was fixed upon the rostra between the two hands,—“a sad spectacle to the city, which drew tears from every eye.”

And now permit me to recall you to the common duty of maintaining the unity of this empire. The difficulties are grave and many. They are enhanced by the philosophy of our system, which is freighted with fraternal loves and fraternal antagonisms; by a long history and a large experience which have taught us too frequently a discordance of attachments and of policies, but mainly, and as a whole, the necessity of one life, one hope, one glory. Above and around all these civil diversities stands the majestic edifice of American nationality, raised by the valor and wisdom of our fathers, and connecting these provincialities and dependencies with one supreme whole, more powerful, more free, more happy, than the separate fragments could hope to be if living to the end of time; and it is to the subordination of provincial independencies that the grandeur of American citizenship all over the globe owes its existence. In the name of that right to NATIONAL UNITY we accept the necessity of the hour; and, perceiving the nucleus around which all these elements of diversity and mischief have gathered at last, we will direct our policies of peace and of war to the end that it shall be removed forever from all connection with the government which it has contaminated and the nationality which it has put on the peril of its life. Nearly two years ago this policy was pronounced by the President. Prior to that event the national spirit faltered and relucted. But the appearance of

the first Proclamation of Freedom, while it chained the thrones of Europe to their neutrality, electrified and saved the heart of America. Her nationality at once beat to the instincts of courage and hope, and

“ Suddenly embued with holy grace,
Like the transition of some watery cloud
In passing o'er the moon's resplendent disc,
Glowed with new life.”

The firm President adheres to it, with no retracing steps. To the astonished vision of the wretched cabal of the Clifton House, his purpose, his promulgation, shines forth in all the radiance of the rainbow, which sways only to take the rays of the sun and lives among those eternal thunders.

“ Any proposition which embraces the restoration of peace, the integrity of the whole Union, and the abandonment of Slavery ! ” Be this our ritual and our liturgy. Do you tell me we cannot succeed under it ? I tell you we cannot succeed under any other. Let us take the decree and with the old colors wrap it to our heart. Better this Nationality should wander among the spirits of the lost republics, and go through the ages to rustic music with the uncomplaining shade of John Brown, with not another victory on earth, if only it may die here within the pale of the favor of God,— rather than it should sell its liberty, its honor, and its conscience to a rebel in arms or to an enemy wearing the garb of a friend nearer home.

3. It remains that I speak of the special duty of the educated man, as a controlling popular agency, to enlighten and preserve the national spirit. Has not Washington said that, “in proportion as the Union rests on public opinion, that opinion must be enlightened” ? Under the laws which govern that opinion, your instrumentality begins early, and increases as the sphere of your life enlarges. Wilberforce wrote for the public press at the same time that “ he excelled all the other boys in his scholarship ; ” and at twenty-seven he said his mind was oppressed with “ the great scenes of

bondage," and that "God had set before him the reformation of his country." The very boys in Rome were obliged to learn the twelve tables by heart, *carmen necessarium*. The sons of the universities, all who think, speak, write,—to them a free and intelligent people offer the attentive ear and the confiding mind.

In the complicated action of society we are directed largely by our positive knowledge, yet perhaps in a greater degree by our confidence in others. Faith,—shall I say?—more frequently than philosophy, governs the conduct of states. Our venerable religion lives upon so simple a fact as that. The analogy extends and pervades all life. Thus it becomes a law of our social progress, that the leaders of the general mind wield their influence by a twofold rule of efficacy. The first is that by which electric thought, sentiment, inspiration, proceeding from those who constitute the intellectual advance guard, descend through the medium of print and speech to the current of mind below,—"brightening and purifying through the air of common life." The other rule is that which impels men, on their instinct and experience, to accept others as their guides, their standards. This is of more extended application among a free people than a favorite theory of public flattery is willing to proclaim. That is a public opinion in health and vigor which, while it thinks for itself, also follows the light of its lawgivers, scholars, statesmen. Such a public opinion moves with power. Greatly has this appeared in those countries of such popular organization that educated mind has come into immediate contact with the rank and file of the state. On the one hand, this faith in others, and on the other, this frequent direct intercourse of elevated minds with the common understanding, gave to the gallant little republic of Athens her seal of renown. Receiving in trust the lessons of her noble lawgiver, and bringing her ear to the voices of those who in public speech expounded them, she became great as she was free, and ascended rapidly the pathway of fame. For a century and a half her proud

and lofty head never drooped. And in the gradual withdrawal of her trust in the exalted genius and patriotic spirit which remained steadfast longer than she, we must date the decline and decay from which at last the wisdom of her Phocion and the startling notes of her Demosthenes sought in vain to arouse her.

Ours is a government of Grecian model. This heritage has come to us out of the master spirits who commanded the confidence of the people in the early days. The Revolutionary period first dawned in their souls. Adams, Lee, Witherspoon, others, trained in the conflicts of the university, strengthened on all the fields of professional labor, moulded, directed, organized, the reason and the passions of the colonists to their final determination. In the constitutional period which followed, Madison in Virginia, Hamilton in New York, Ames in Massachusetts, known as masters of the collected wisdom of ages, were taken in confidence as pilots on a stormy sea. Always has it been so here. Americans — no people more — respect the closets and alcoves and galleries; and those whom they behold coming out of them, with modesty but heroism, with learning but not pedantry, with dead languages but living sympathies, with bosoms heaving not with the dry cough of damp and mould but with sentiments generous enough for nations and humanity, — scholars, orators, thinkers, men, soldiers, — all such they clasp with hooks of steel, and perish never but in their embrace. These are the men who do more than their own thinking, wherever assigned, — often quite as effectually in private as on the grander public stage. Cicero at Tusculum exercised the finest influence of his life; Everett in his retirement furnishes inspiration for loyal millions at home and in the field.

Never in any country, as in ours, has the educated mind been such a “bright, particular star.” Never in any country, as in ours, has the heart of a people turned to liberalized and lettered men. I have alluded to the epoch of the Revolution which was guided by them, to the epoch of the Constitution

which rested so chiefly upon them. But after that, when parties formed, and the Republic divided altogether and intensely under two, Jefferson did the thinking of the one, and Hamilton of the other, as no men before by only intellectual efficiency controlled a people having a government. Of Jefferson — so vital to-day is this country with the authority of his learning, his philosophy, and his politics, all now reflected from his nine printed volumes and a thousand traditions beside — I need speak no more ; but of Hamilton, one word. You know how he commenced, coming out of Columbia College, almost without a beard, and firing New York to arms before his name was known. That prescient intuition, that great judgment, that clear reason, that cultured soul, went onward and upward, counselled Washington for twenty years and till he passed away ; and when Hamilton died, a young man still, in thirteen States men wrote and spoke and wept as if they had lost faith in their understanding. He was out of office when he fell, sixty years ago, the finest genius of all American generations thus far, second perhaps to Edwards as a dialectician, but first of publicists. The tidings of his untimely death in its rapid spread cast a pallor over half a people who leaned upon his intellect and believed in his conclusions. The command of an intellectual leadership had been terminated. He was scholar and student to the last. Tradition has said that, when preparing the Treasury papers which placed his fame by the side of Necker and Pitt, his early studies were still his guide,— that he held in one hand his coffee for a stimulant, and in the other the old thumbed Euclid for the trimmer of the celestial light.

I am speaking of the power of educated mind in a country like ours. Pass to a generation later, and think how two others ruled their period, and educated our nationality, through a term of thirty years, down to the brink on which we stand and shrink at this moment.

A scholar of the South, student of history, in utmost mastery of the mental processes, darting his thought like the

flash of the lightning into the mind of all that geographical section, espousing theories never to abandon them, and impressing them upon the large school of his admirers with a clear, frosty, crispy logic,—Calhoun has brought half the geography of this Union to confront us in arms. Lesser luminaries have reflected his light; but the source, the power, is his. For myself, I never read his published works without yielding an unwilling admiration to the charm of the fascination. Their influence on the mind and heart of millions in the South has been supreme. This war is HIS war.

Turn now to another luminary in the constellation of the North,—our own Webster. From the same discipline of studies, of more learning, of equal logic, of larger comprehensiveness, less demonstrative but more convincing, not forgetful of the members of his country but thoughtful rather of the whole, regarding this Union not as a compact of fragments but as a nation of parts transmuted and transfused into one nationality, he too has been the teacher of a people. Perceiving in him such a consummation of qualities as comes only of the triad union of learning and statesmanship and jurisprudence, and that only in the intervals of ages,—as here and there a solemn cathedral stands apart, rich with the spoils of time,—the people of the North have taken a large part of their education in public law and civil study from his lips. In his own language applied to another, they have received his statement as argument, and his inference as demonstration. They have been convinced, and have believed and assented, because it has been gratifying, delightful, to think and feel and believe in unison with an intellect of so evident superiority. He has been our instructor for the Union. As to the relations of the citizen with the government he has taught a generation of the Republic, though received chiefly by a generation of the North. Those instructions have flowed through the general mind upon such a current of deep nationality and pellucid order and beauty of language,—the highest style of poetry playing all the

while among the oaken branches of his immortal Saxon,—that they affect the mental habitudes of our time long after his eyes have been sealed, and are mirrored forth from all our minds, as the Northern skies from the forest lakes.

There can be but one Hamilton, Calhoun, or Webster. But thousands have formed their character within the same halls and groves as these our leaders, have brought their mind into subjection to the same stern studies and severe technicalities of the schools, have cast their thought and expression in the same mould of those languages which hold the rich mines of the world, have wrestled the faculties with mathematical struggles, have opened their imagination to the ennobling impulses and stimulations, and have crowned the whole with the choral harmonies of the Christian faith. These make the scholars and the men. Their prudent counsels, their winged words, will be immortal. Practised in the gymnasium of exact science, plucking riches from the illuminated halls of the classic ages, chaining their thought to the medium of a precise language in which words are things, reaching out over years of mental labor to apprehend the mutual relations of all knowledge, mounting to the sublime theorems engraved in the heavens, and coming back to toil and study and struggle among men,—thus informed, furnished, liberalized, exercised, invigorated,—these are they who are wanted for an intellectual heroism fitted for the shocks of this present time.

Gentlemen, I cannot see far enough to define the boundaries of the educated man's influence. But I have thought that we could bring to these revisited halls a united testimony to the imperious necessity, in the present aspect of our public affairs, of the aid which is to be found in the authority and influence of literary character. The whole boundless continent is ours, and belongs to us and our flag. In its azure and starry glories it is—it is a fit object of the scholar's homage, worthy of his life and his death. Ours is a nobler heritage than ever cast its shadows upon the *Ægean* or *Adriatic*. In the hearts of

its youth let this Union be enshrined forever. Convened upon this occasion of our fellowship, let us pledge ourselves to its preservation. It is on the perilous ridge of battle. When others shake their heads or smother their speech, let us in preference adopt the grand words of the Grecian orator, whom you love so well, in the great oration which survives the ruins of Grecian art : "No man ever saw me smile at the success of the Lacedæmonians, or sorrow over that of the Athenians." This American nationality ! Let the marvels of its divine origin, the patriotic interpositions that have preserved it, become endeared to us like classic song. Let us prove true to it in our own brief time, and invest its future, to us all unknown, with the ideal forms of life and hope and beauty. Let us this evening — our last wish, our last prayer — invoke around it the triune divinities that have watched over it thus far, — Religion, Liberty, and Law, — and, under the providence of God, may it be preserved in its integrity and its grandeur for us and for the generations that shall come after.

SPEECH

BEFORE THE REPUBLICAN STATE CONVENTION AT WORCESTER, SEPT. 15, 1864.

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN OF THE CONVENTION :

YOUR kindness embarrasses me. I could not do justice to my own sensibilities, and at the same time give expression to them in a public manner with decorum and propriety, and in a way adequate to your kindness. First of all, gentlemen, permit me to congratulate you, as many a time within the last two weeks I have felicitated myself, that here in Massachusetts we are in harmony among ourselves. Speaking merely in a local or personal sense, this would be, at the best, of only transient account, and therefore of secondary importance. But since we are a part of the grand national confederacy of this Union, whose independent existence hangs suspended at this moment not only from the point of the bayonet but upon the wisdom of counsel as well, I hail it as among the best portents of this hour, that here, at the present moment as in times past, our Union is perfect as our cause is just.

What though there be some slight discrepancies between the counsels of Richmond and the Clifton House and Chicago, and a little straggling along their whole line,—what though there be some slight divergences of opinion among them as to whether the loyal armies should ignominiously surrender before an armistice or afterward,—what though they slightly differ among themselves as to whether their candidate should

stand upon an open, undisguised peace platform, or on a piece of framework and joinery over which the palmetto shall float at the top and the Union jack at half-mast below. Let them adjust all these questions among themselves. Be it our duty, as I understand that it has been your pleasure and mine this morning, to close up our ranks here, to resist the foe at every stage and in every degree, to snuff the scent of treason everywhere and at all times, whether it shall be palpable and visible like a cloud, or spread like an impalpable poison in the shadowy forms of speech all the way from the wigwam (which they have counterfeited) round to New York. I rejoice, Mr. President and fellow-citizens, that if we ever had any differences, of which I have had no knowledge, we have assembled here to-day not to revive but to bury them in the depth of paramount patriotism and a common interest. In the overwhelming exigency that is upon us, union among ourselves is the highest of all duties, in the most solemn of all causes; and to this sublime account of nationality, to this august reckoning of the friendships of loyal men, I desire in the most cordial manner to unite with you in welcoming to our standard, to our association, to our attestation, the influence, the name, and the patriotism of Edward Everett.

Gentlemen of the Convention, honored some three months ago by the Union Republicans of Massachusetts as one of their delegates to the convention at Baltimore, and by my colleagues there as their chairman, for myself, and in their behalf, I can stand here now and look you in the face, and proudly challenge your approval of our doings.

I call upon my colleagues, many of whom are present, to bear me witness that no convention ever assembled on this continent, of the same popular characteristics or organization, more free from official or personal influences, or more clearly reflecting the heart and the judgment of the American people. No assembly ever convened upon this continent under a more impressive sense of public accountability and responsibility,

and none certainly ever manifested greater indications of harmony and of enthusiasm. Sir, history records no such harmony except in connection with the dark hours of impending national fate. It was grateful to our hearts as Massachusetts men to mingle our chorus and yours with the voices that came up to us from twenty six or seven States of this Union, in that city whose streets had been stained by the blood of our own citizens,—in that city, sir, whose gates having been closed had also been opened, never again to be closed, by Massachusetts arms.

It was especially grateful to our hearts as your delegates that we sat by the side of the delegation from the State of Maryland, whose votes in every instance were recorded in unison with ours. You will not think it strange, my friends, that I thought of the 19th of April, 1861, and that it seemed to me and my colleagues upon that occasion, in the language of the poet of nature, that the “whirligig of time had brought round its revenge.” It was one of those revenges which sometimes follow in the train of war, and which bless the coming and the departing generations of mankind with the glory and the immortality of freedom; because, my friends, while your delegates were deliberating there in quest of the best methods and the best men that should conduct this Union to a triumph over all its present troubles, Maryland, nay, the city of Baltimore herself, was at that moment deliberating at Annapolis over that universal emancipation which, awaiting only the verdict of her people a few weeks hence, has been consummated by the people of that Commonwealth. I said to a citizen of Baltimore, a native of Massachusetts, but a long time a resident of that adopted State, “Sir, the blood of Massachusetts has wet your pavements not in vain.” And his reply to me was, “Tell the people of Massachusetts”—and I now give the message to you, men of Lowell and men of Lawrence—“tell the people of Massachusetts that those monuments to the early martyrs of the war for the restoration of the Constitution and the Union,

to be erected by the joint enterprise and liberality of the Commonwealth and of the people of her cities, will, in all the future ages of this Republic, bear the same radiant inscription with the monuments of the capital city of Maryland."

And now, Mr. President and fellow-citizens, compare our work with that of our adversaries. Compare the platform of Baltimore with the platform of Chicago. I am not going to detain you with a recapitulation of the characteristics of either. For myself, I desire to go on appeal to the American people, with no other issue than that which is presented by these comparative and diverse systems of political ethics. The one breathes undying hostility to the public enemies,—the other inspires hostility only against its own Government; the one swears to sustain the Government in quelling the rebellion by force,—the other conceals the fact that there is any rebellion existing at all; the one sustains the Government in its fixed and irreversible determination to accept no compromise and to offer no terms of peace not based upon the conquest or the unconditional surrender of the armies of treason,—the other abjectly invites any compromise whatsoever, however revolting to the manhood of the nation, and opens the ghastly doubt whether separation itself should not be accepted as the price of armistice and of peace. The Baltimore Convention resolves that the national safety demands the utter and complete extirpation of slavery from the soil of the Republic; the Chicago Convention by its acquiescence, by its collateral issues, by its tone and temper, by all that it says, by all that it does not say, places Southern slavery as the brightest gem in our coronet of empire, and would restore that dynasty which before the war was a rule of unvarying humiliation, and which, if now replaced, would be a reign of intolerable despotism and disgrace. Your delegates at Baltimore offered their thanks and yours to the soldier of the flag, and took the oath to stand by him unto the end, to the last of their treasure and of their hearts; the delegates of Chicago offer

their sympathy to the soldier in the one hand, and in the other hold forth to him a welcome to an infamy that would be traditional and perpetual hereafter.

No wonder, fellow-citizens, that the people of the United States are rising to an appreciation of the differences between these diverse systems of political ethics. Witness the result in Vermont, witness the result in Maine; stand ready to witness all those that will follow. No wonder that the brave men in arms repudiate with scorn a system and a creed which would place a stigma upon the name of every Union warrior living, and would consign the name of the dying to the execration and the contempt of his children to the remotest posterity! Sir, in the language of the lamented Douglas,—the last public words ever addressed by him to mortal ears, spoken to his fellow-citizens in the wigwam in Chicago, in which Abraham Lincoln was originally nominated to the Presidency, and which, as I have before remarked, these gentlemen have ridiculously counterfeited,—in the language of the lamented Douglas, “There are but two parties in this controversy; every man must be for the United States or against it; there can be but two sides,—patriots or traitors.”

And though we have not the pleasure and the honor to listen to the power of his living lips, let us rise to the lofty appreciation and apprehension of the language of the great commoner of the West,—his dying testimony. None in this country but patriots or traitors! Republicans of Massachusetts, your name is a good one; but the course of our adversaries is rapidly making it obsolete, for it is not so much henceforth a Republican, or a Democratic, as it is a Union party, and a party for disunion of this confederacy. It is henceforth a party for the Government of this country or a party against that Government. . . . And so, Mr. President, as there are many things to be done, and but a little time before us, only one word more.

We endeavored to consummate your wishes by selecting an

instrumentality at Baltimore which would carry out the purpose of the people of this Republic. And here I desire to say that, in my apprehension, if the convention had been postponed to July or to August or to September or to October, it would have been all the same, there would not have been the difference of a vote whatsoever, for Abraham Lincoln was in the hearts of this people. I do not stand here in behalf of your delegation to discuss the question whether there may be or may not have been undoubted errors in his administration. I only know that, if there had not been, he were not subject to the condition of mortal lot.

This much, however, I do know, that President Lincoln ascended to the responsibilities of his momentous trust at a juncture of public affairs which has no parallel in the annals of popular government. It is familiar to you all. The events of that administration, sufficient in their number, in their magnitude, in their consequences, to constitute a century of record for other countries and for other ages, beginning with his mildness, and his familiarity, and his kindness toward those who assumed the sword of the Rebellion against the Government, culminating at last in war, the bloodiest of the foulest of recorded time, are too many, too vast, to leave it capable for the mind of any man to make a calm survey and to form an unqualified judgment upon the history of that administration. That, my friends, will be the testimony of History in years to come, when her muse shall become the calm mistress of the record.

But we may now here, as at Baltimore we did, poise and rest our mind even amid the turmoil and the conflict of civil administration, even among the reverberations that come to us from all quarters of the field, and form a generally satisfactory judgment in regard to the character and the quality and the policy of the President of the United States; and that judgment is (as I believe you will indorse the judgment of the convention to which I refer) that, as a whole and as a summary of the whole, Abraham Lincoln, according to the

estimation of every candid, fair, intelligent, and loyal man in the United States, has pursued for his object and purpose only the salvation of this Government.

I do not pause here, fellow-citizens, to discuss with you those questions of diversity and difference between us which may have existed in times past, within the last twenty-four months, as to whether he was too rapid or too slow. It is enough for me to know that Abraham Lincoln has always lived up to the exigencies of the times and the necessity of the country as it appeared to an impartial mind. Sir, I offer to you no written speech, but I like sometimes to have an authority by my side; and in the language of one of the greatest and most philosophic masters of thought in the whole range of English mind, Edmund Burke, "A man full of warm, speculative benevolence may wish society otherwise constituted than he finds it, but a good patriot and a good politician always considers how he shall make the most of the existing material of his country. A disposition to preserve, an ability to improve, taken together, would be my standard of a statesman." "A statesman," says Mr. Burke, "never losing sight of principle, is to be governed by circumstances, and judging contrary to the exigencies of the moment he may ruin his country forever." Therefore, adopting that as my basis of predication, I say, sir, that I pause not here to raise or decide the question already raised between those who thought, eighteen months ago, that Abraham Lincoln had been too slow or too rapid in the policy which he had enunciated. I pause not here to settle the question between those who, during the first eighteen months of his administration, would have held him back to a more laggard policy, or those who would have thrust him forward to a more rapid policy, toward the espousal of that theory which, in the judgment of all, only qualifying it as to the question of time, was the final fate and destiny of this empire. But I do say, sir, in regard to the President of the United States, that it is sufficient to me that whenever he has taken a step or a stride forward, the Lord

has seemed to irradiate and illuminate the path before him. It is sufficient for me, and for you, that he has struck the epoch bell of the ages at just and exactly such times as the people of this country and of other countries were most ready to receive the sound, and to echo it in their hearts. It is sufficient for me, and for you, fellow-citizens, that whether, according to your estimation or mine, the proclamation of freedom came early or came late, when it came at all it found the people of the North as it could not have found them before,—ready to stand by it and to die for it.

It is sufficient for me, and for you, that the policy enunciated in two proclamations, while it has sealed the issues here at home, has a power abroad at this moment, in the presence of which there is no crowned head in Europe that dares appeal to its subjects or to the tribunal of the moral sentiment of mankind against the cause of the Union in this country. And so in his prosecution of this war. I see him ascending to his office without the education or the instincts of a soldier; I behold him trying every expedient, after every preceding expedient had failed, as every wise man would do. I behold him adopting one policy when another policy had proved abortive. I behold him taking one commander after another, until at last, under the favor of Almighty God, he has found two who are the right ones.

I behold him determined from the outset that your flag and mine should float over every inch of the territory of this Republic. And I behold him at length determined, in good and ample time, that that flag should float through all the zones of this empire over no creature of God in manacles. And therefore I say, in accordance with the spirit and with the declaration of that Baltimore Convention, that in Abraham Lincoln I behold the ablest, the wisest, the most acceptable, and the most efficient man among all the millions of his countrymen that could have been selected for this imperial crisis of the Republic. Ah, Mr. President, you know too

well,—for your familiarity has been with the legislative department of the Government of the United States, while ours has been here at home, in humbler but not less trustworthy capacity, with the heart and judgment of the people in their primary relations,—you know too well, sir, as we do, that when our hearts have failed and we have approached the verge of despair, when our arms have seemed reticent of their thunders and seemed to be unequal to their mission of victory, all that was left to us was the buoyant and hopeful spirit of the President of the United States.

And, sir, for these reasons, and many others which time will not permit me to detail, I believe, as I have before remarked, that this same Abraham Lincoln has a deep place in the hearts of the people of this country; and I believe that, whether you had called your convention one month or two months later, there was but one thunder voice which would have demanded that nomination, and which will respond by his election. Sir, I remembered while you were deliberating this morning so wisely and so well in arranging the affairs of this Commonwealth,—I remembered that a great and departed statesman of Massachusetts had given to us a key to the appreciation by the people of this country of the qualities and the characteristics and the statesmanship of Abraham Lincoln. I transcribed it while you were here. Pardon me while I read it.

“I believe,” said Mr. Webster, in speaking of President Taylor, “that, associated with the highest admiration of those military qualities possessed by him, there was spread throughout the community a high degree of confidence and faith in his integrity and honor and uprightness as a man. I believe he was especially regarded as both a firm and mild man in the exercise of authority; and I have observed, more than once, in this and in other popular governments, that the prevalent motive with the masses of mankind for conferring high power on individuals is often a confidence in their mildness, their paternal, protecting, and safe character. The people naturally feel safe when they feel themselves to be

under the control and protection of sober counsels, of impartial minds, of a general paternal superintendence."

This is the language of Mr. Webster in regard to a departed President. I adopt it as better than any which I can command or frame upon this occasion, as expressive of the estimation in which I believe this convention holds the characteristics and qualities of the President of the United States.

And now, sir, to detain the convention no longer, for I have already spoken longer than I intended, I desire to remind you that but a few weeks will elapse before the Ides of November will be upon us. They may disappoint you, but if they should, it will be by the universality and the magnitude of the majorities for the loyal arms of this country.

Under the administration of Abraham Lincoln the storm of war will cease, and its desolation will be succeeded by the graceful bloom of peace; and under his administration and under the councils which he will call and gather around him, be assured, my friends, it will be a peace of honor, of virtue, of independence, and of freedom. It will be a peace which shall leave to all the generations that shall come after us a great and an irresistible Republic, because it will be a Republic that is regenerated and free.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

A EULOGY BEFORE THE CITY COUNCIL AND CITIZENS OF WORCESTER,
JUNE 1, 1865.

IT would be a painful suppression of one of the finest of human instincts, and an unbecoming disregard of the official proclamation of the Chief Magistrate, if this city were not among the foremost to accord its voice to the funeral cry of the nation. Never before, in high joy or deep grief, has the normal simplicity of America given way to such pageant grandeur. The great fountains of public sorrow have been broken up, and a whole people have turned out to herald their President returning in silence to the dust of the prairie. I look back over forty centuries for the like of this. My eye discerns no fit resemblance in anything which the conceits of heathen mythology have transmitted,—not in that mythical sympathy of the Tiber for Marcellus, fortunate recipient of such honor,—nor in the many memorial Italian marbles and temples,—nor in all the tasteful pomp which has conducted French kings to their imperial sleep, and has made their capital a vast lettered monument to its one great departed,—nor in the drum-beat, and cathedral service, and royal guard, which have escorted English monarchs from the palace to the Abbey. The earliest and latest age alone meet now in comparison of mournful pageantry. The Orient and the West, the third of Hebrew patriarchs and the sixteenth President, four thousand years apart, are pictured before us to-day in the same spectacle and lesson of a nation following a just and true ruler to his tomb.

I do not suppose that in all the intervening period, fretted and gilded as it has been with art and culture, anything like the passage of the herald corpse of Jacob from his death-bed to the field and cave of his fathers, in public turn-out, and general lamentation, and sincerity of grief, has occurred before until now. To the two thousand dependants of that deceased, to all those sent forth by his premier son, the most munificent of the line of Egyptian kings ordered all the public men of his country to report for additional escort on the long and patient and solemn march. Chariots and horsemen, men and maidens, the grim visages of age and the dusky beauty of youth, in lengthened procession, with palms and music and benediction, in behalf of that early world paid the last tribute to a great and just benefactor, to a builder of empire. Measuring the days by their solemn tramp and their halts for local condolence, the swarthy column moved on over two hundred miles, and laid their treasured hero in the august depository of the first and second of his line.

That Oriental retinue of bereavement and sublimity has been matched and eclipsed within this last lunar month. Dying without the consciousness but amid all the pathos of his Eastern exemplar and progenitor, the foremost man of this Western world has been carried to his rural rest beyond the mountains and near the great river. Awhile he lay in state at the capital where he fell, that all classes might gather about, to learn the lessons of historical providence and witness the presence of God. His dust, garnered beneath richest canopies, preceded by raven waving plumes, and flanked by reverse arms of the flower youth of the land, has been borne on triumphal route through the chief cities of a continent. The Monumental City opened her gates in love, which four years before would have closed them against him, if she had known his coming. Independence Hall struck its bell, and the dismal undulations spread through half a million of hearts as he passed by. The great emporium of the

North, which had made a jest of much of his life in office, bowed as a unit, like a stricken child, and paid such honors to his passing shade as nowhere have been witnessed on the earth. Still onward and westward, a thousand miles yet to go, surrounded by vast throngs, all and everywhere reverential, all and everywhere casting choicest flowers upon the pathway of the dead,—as if twenty millions had assembled to make ovation before the corporeal symbol of a benefactor,—your President was taken to his last abode, where he shall rest till the dead shall rise at the call of the archangel.

The first shock of our calamity, the deep sensation of horror which pervaded all our hearts when the “couriers of the air” told us at midnight how suddenly and in what manner President Lincoln had a few hours before been snatched away, has now subsided, and we naturally pause and deliberate upon those qualities of character and service which, in the apparent judgment of this country, have already assigned him a place only second in the long lineage of its magistrates. However simple this analysis may seem, it falls entirely outside the common range of our study of public men and events, and does not belong to the usual analogies of biography or history. It would be scarcely more irrational to compare the developments and stages through which we have just passed with any or all the unlike periods before, than to measure him who has been the central figure in these civic and martial achievements by the personalities of the past. He will be known and judged by the next age, not indeed without regard to his abstract quality, but more conspicuously and vividly as the one man who, in the unfolding of the panorama of these four years, everywhere appears in front and in chief. Under the limitations of a single Presidential term he must pass to his place among critics and annalists; but that Presidential term was enough to have encircled an historic generation in other ages, and to have circumscribed the life-long renown of other statesmen. Safely then may we trust him to that judgment which shall

fall upon his own brief career of rule. Never any man, without public thought or remembrance of his youth or early life or disciplinary training, has mounted so quickly to the empyrean of fame. Think, for example, in what manner we usually estimate Napoleon or Washington. Their distinction dates from the beginning. The genius of Napoleon is nearly the same to us whether we remember him as a child playing with a cannon, or as a youth in the Academy, or at twenty-eight dazzling the nations with his unprecedented victories. Washington the youth is familiar to our schoolboys, appears great in the French war, only greater in the Revolutionary and Constitutional period which followed. But here is a plain man, since April opened, gone into the alcoves of all generations to come and of every race, as to all of his life save the last five years unknown to half his countrymen and to the whole world beside. Such and so exceptional is our country and our time, such and so exceptional is Abraham Lincoln.

And yet he had a childhood and a youth. In that which I call the first stage of his life, ending when he settled down as a lawyer in Springfield, I think we may see that fitting, that preparation, that nascent destination, which was the providential prelude to the ultimate work. Cast into a sparsely inhabited wild at eight years, fulfilling the measure of maternal ambition when at ten he could read the sacred volume, exercising his first conscious power in writing to his mother's travelling preacher to come and preach over her grave, writing letters for the neighbors, attending the first school in that country clad in buckskin, only too happy at length when he could count as his property a copy of Bunyan and Aesop, a life of Washington and Clay, behold him whose death forty-five years later brought autograph letters from every crowned head of Europe. His library might have been larger, but could it have been better? To his apprehension of the Divine Word, learned when that was the only volume in the cabin, we may owe the Cromwell-like second Inaugural,

which was only half appreciated by his countrymen until the praise of it came from the other side of the water. Did a man ever reflect better the light of youthful studies, than the President reflected *Æsop* and *Bunyan*? No books are more likely to be remembered than they; Cowper said that his child-readings of the "Pilgrim's Progress" would abide with him till memory should perish. And I confess it is to me a grateful fancy, in looking back for the formative influences in the life of Lincoln, to perceive in these two masterpieces of inventive and natural conception such sources of thought and impression as would be best calculated to produce that combination, which he so remarkably illustrated, and which was not unqaurantine for our time, the Puritan and the Hoosier. Then we are to remember that in this school of Western life, with books so few but so good, he acquired what Mr. Burke would call "the rustic, manly, home-bred sense of this country,"—to have polished whose ingenuous roughness would have cost us half the power he has had during this war over the mass of his citizens. They have liked him all the better, that his wisdom and speech were elementary and enabled him to speak directly to their hearts. They have liked him so much the more, that he did not pretend to be learned, while they knew him to be original and wise. Paucity of opportunities in youth favored modesty in high position. How many members of Parliament, asked an English journal, would imitate the modest honesty of the President and acknowledge that they had never read all parts of Shakespeare? But he understood and remembered all that he had read.

And now, before he opens his office of law, we catch a glimpse of the young man of nineteen floating as supercargo on a flatboat to New Orleans. It was his last act of rusticity and adventure. He was now unconsciously completing that democratic type of character which in its subsequent expansion and use has contributed so largely to save the union of these States. It was indeed a typical enterprise, for that

voyage represented the unity of interest and welfare which connects the Northwest with the Gulf, and all the States together from the Crescent round to Malabar. Upon his return he would enter the gates of productive life, how eventful he then knew not, nor any one of you. Suppose that in one of those transition hours, as he was borne lazily on the great currents and by the solemn forests, his unlettered mind rapt in the rhapsodies of the Prophets, or the dreams of Bunyan, or the wit of *Æsop*, or the grandeur of Washington, the angel of this dedicated youth had raised the curtain and revealed to him, that before he should pass the ordinary prime of life he should be elevated to the highest trust of this empire, lifted on the shoulders of the people in ecstasy at the thought his own words had kindled of making it all free,— that under his presiding the issues of life and death to this Union should be unrolled on every field of a continental war,— that he himself should sit in control over larger armies than Europe, north or south, had ever seen,— that his hand should touch the electric wire which should awake four millions of the children of men to liberty and immortality,— that the Government of his country should at last be sealed in his own blood to eternal security and glory, and that he, almost yet young, should return to sleep with his fathers, leaving to both hemispheres a name that shall be hailed with that of Washington, whose history he was even then reading, till time shall be no more! He would have fallen prostrate before the vision! And yet, under the beneficence of our institutions, if this was to happen at all it was as likely to happen to him as to any other, and he lived to behold it, and died in an untimely hour at fifty-seven!

Upon the second period, that which I call the brawn in his life, these exercises will not permit me long to dwell. It bears the journals of twenty years, from the raising of the attorney's sign in '37 till he gave himself without reclamation to his country at the opening of '58. They tell us he was an able lawyer, and I can believe that; but he must have been

elementary, not learned. They give us good accounts of his professional successes, but other and greater scenes make us forget them. The jurisprudence of the West in his day has entitled few men to enduring distinction. We know, however, that he distinguished himself in his own cases, and that he was a favorite sought to manage the causes of the clients of others. In the legislature of his State he measured lances with the rising Douglas, and there for the first time caught the gleam of his own future. Once he went into Congress, and left it without great distinction,—but that should not be counted largely against him. Yet it was then that he became considerably known in the country. At that time I met him in the streets of Worcester. Congress had just adjourned when our Whig State Convention assembled here in 1848. As the chosen head of the city committee of the party with which he acted, I had called a public meeting in yonder hall for the evening preceding the convention, and had invited several gentlemen of note to make addresses. None of them came. But as the sun was descending I was told that Abraham Lincoln, member of Congress from Illinois, was stopping at one of the hotels in town. I had heard of him before, and at once called upon him and made known my wish that he would address the meeting in the evening, to which he readily assented. I further suggested to him that as the party in whose cause we were then united was largely in the minority here, and as there was an unusual bitterness in the antagonistic politics of this community, he should practise much discretion, and leave our side as well in its prospects as he could. His benignant eye caught my meaning and his gentle spirit responded approval. His address was one of the best it has ever been my fortune to hear, and left not one root of bitterness behind. Some of you will remember all this, but not so distinctly as I do. I never saw him afterwards. The next day the convention came; the genius-eloquence of Choate, of blessed memory, was applauded to the echo, and the stately rhetoric of Winthrop received its reward; but the member

from Illinois, though he remained in town surrounded by associate Congressmen, was that day and in that body unknown and unheard. But where are they all now, and where is he? — in the benedictions of his countrymen, in the gratitude of an enfranchised race, in the love of mankind!

In 1858, only seven years ago, Mr. Lincoln was selected by the Republicans of Illinois as the competitor of Mr. Douglas for a seat in the Senate of the United States. Thus opened the third and last period of his life. How strong he was at that time in the Empire State of the West is well shown by his having received every vote in a ballot of twelve hundred chosen delegates in a State convention. That was the hour of his consecration, of his sacramental vow, in the service of the country. Then and there he became the representative man. And now, after reading for the second time his discussions with his eminent rival in that canvass, I can declare my conviction that to the clear analysis which he constantly presented of the purposes and the teachings of the founders of this Government, to the reverence with which he impressed the people for the humane and benevolent intent of the Constitution, to the exalted moral reasons upon which he predicated the new coming era, we are more largely indebted, than to any other person, for the firm purpose and high resolve which, two years later, united and inflamed the free States against the further encroachments of slavery in this country. You will consider the honorable courage of the man in the positions he then took. The laws, the traditions, the systems, of Illinois, her Southern geography and settlement, the memories and prejudices of her people, were all against the theories and humanities which he determined in the fear only of God to proclaim. But his soul was ablaze with the enthusiasm of a Christian statesmanship, and he went forth in the panoply of immortal truth, which neither the timidity of friends could strip from him nor the darts of opponents could penetrate. He sounded at the opening the bugle note of omen which rang through the land: “A house

divided against itself cannot stand. I believe this Government cannot permanently endure half slave and half free. I do not expect the Union to be dissolved. I do not expect the house to fall, but I do expect it will cease to be divided. It will become all one thing or all the other." Many elsewhere, some there, hesitated over the high doctrine; large numbers of Republicans in the North were not unwilling to see Mr. Douglas successful as a reward for his brave contest with Buchanan. I confess that I felt so myself. But the newly invested champion looked over the fleeting hour and the mere question of a senatorial chair; he saw farther than times or localities, and pierced beyond the veil which too often shuts off administrations from the vision of the beatitudes and the ages; he knew the importance that the banner of a new party, which bore the name of Freedom, should carry radiant inscriptions, and over all the State, from her frozen springs to her Egyptian heats, he upheld

"Th' imperial ensign, which, full high advanced,
Shone like a meteor streaming to the wind."

By this unwavering fidelity to his convictions, his hour having not yet come, under the overruling of Providence he accomplished both more and less than he set out for,—he made his rival Senator, himself President, and his country Free. As I look backward over the events of that year which he so largely controlled,—as I follow him sixty times to the hustings and hear him in language not one word of which, so far as I can judge, he would wish to blot, urging those lessons which the nation must then have received or have passed beneath the yoke of perpetual humiliation,—as I see him rising, from the autumn of '58 to the spring of '60, to an ascendancy over all others as the advocate of the primal principles of a free republic, and so recognized across the whole northern belt, from the great plains to the Atlantic frontier,—I not only count him most fortunate of men in the height to which all these things soon after conducted him and us, but I conclude that if he had gone then to the sleep in which he now

reposes, he would have been embalmed statesman-father of a new dispensation. The year 1858 had established him.

“ The boundless prairies learned his name,
His words the mountain echoes knew ;
The Northern breezes swept his fame
From icy lake to warm bayou.”

Our greatest Olympiad opened in 1860. I need not sketch the preceding or attendant circumstances of the convention and the nomination. Our first choice was another, and Massachusetts followed the fine arts of New York to give it success. They have a better and larger way at the West. While the men of the East were ciphering at the hotels in Chicago, the men of the Mississippi, the Ohio, and the Wabash were packing the wigwam and filling the square with a myriad of large hearts and brazen throats ready to sound another and a loftier chant. Their candidate took the votes, and the voice of all rose to the sky like a chorus of nature. It was the echo of the voice of God.

Fortunate, providential selection! Any other apparently would have shipwrecked the Ark of the Covenant. If you consider how inevitable are the jealousies of the West towards the East,—to which we must always submit, and which we must always palliate, since we cannot prevent or remove them,—if, especially, you reflect what a bond of fate that Father of Waters is to us all, and how we must keep peace and conciliation with those river gods if we expect unity, prosperity, and glory,—if you freshly remember how, since this war began, the people of the West, though their sons were dying in the same trenches and in the same hospitals with ours, have thought and said that we were reaping the greater benefits of the sacrifice,—you will agree with me that none but a Western President could have kept our armies, our voters, and our hearts united amid the afflictions and reverses that have rolled their thunders and their floods over us. And so the hand of our fathers’ God interposed against our calculations five years ago at the City of the Lakes.

Our departed hero accepted the nomination in written words which are a model for practical religion and modern statesmanship. In language which shows that the Spirit of the Most High was upon him, he wrapped the resolutions around his heart, and in terms which should have won every citizen from Key West to Richmond, he gave himself to the issue now so triumphant and so sad. It was an issue worthy of the best days of any nation. As he received it from the convention that framed it, and as he stated it in his letter of acceptance, it was a system of policy and statesmanship which Daniel Webster, even on that memorable 7th of March, would have rejoiced to acknowledge,—which Henry Clay, in any of his later and brilliant years, would have gladly made resound as out of a trumpet from the borders of Virginia through the length of Kentucky to the River. It was a broad and generous platform, such as Jefferson would have decorated with an hundred theses of his philosophy, such as Washington would have stood upon and invoked the blessings of the Almighty. And I have the honor to say here—to be sure it is now after the fulfilment of the declarations and the prophecies—that if Abraham Lincoln had not felt warranted to justify and stand upon the resolutions, then the North American Republic was not deserving of salvation. But he thought, as we thought, that there was a divinity in the impending struggle, and we entered upon it together, all of us rejoicing to have such a leader, and he only too willing to stake his life on the support of such friends and on such a sublime restoration and reconstruction of nationality.

He was chosen; the men in the South of our country had decided that he should be chosen, and that the precipitation of their designs should attend with equal promptness the humanity and patriotism of the North. The work of secession began at the instant, and before the President elect had reached the capital, so many of the slave States had already declared themselves out of the Union as to make it certain that nearly all the others intended to follow. Though

Buchanan had remained in office four months since the election, let the curtain drop over all that he did and over all that he neglected to do, and let us behold the new President approaching the frowning scene which confronted him.

Such work was his as no man had ever put hand to. A nation was dissolving, and half its territory was bristling with the arms of revolt. In the loyal sections there was universal despondency, and among those upon whom he must rely there was every variety of counsel, from that which would permit the wayward sisters to depart in peace, to that which would thrust the arm of the Government in the moment of its greatest weakness against the thick bosses of a rebellion of thirty years' preparation. The czar, the emperor, the king, would marshal and march out his army and crush insurgency before the next moon ; but the constitutional republic had no army. Foreign nations caught at the defect in a moment as fatal to our existence, and adapted their own policy to the expectation of seeing the North American Union disappear like a dream. In the general gloom which shut down over the whole horizon good men everywhere were ready to exclaim, HAIL, HOLY LIGHT,—if only it might come from any quarter. What kind of statesmanship or learning or experience could make a magistrate equal to such a work ? Diplomacy could not save the flag then, eloquence could not start a throb beneath the ribs of that death, an arm of flesh could not hold a charm over the ingulping waters and the dismantling ship. History, civilization, nay, almost the mercies of Heaven, we thought, were baffled in that day. Again, then, I ask, what kind of a President was needed, and would prove best appointed ? You know how, for many months, before this man had got rightly into the work, and before we could properly measure him, some of you sighed for a Jackson and others for a Webster to take the helm ; yet we now all believe that we have had the man raised up by God for this particular epoch, that few could have accomplished this mission at all, and none so well.

For he came to it devout, wise, patient, forecasting, and rich with insight. I read his Inaugural as a key to his whole policy for this strange time, and there I discern the dawn of the lustre of his qualities for administration, which blended a certain Roman firmness with a Christian mediatorial talent. His wisdom began in this, that he knew he could not foresee all that might happen, and so he would gather the arms of his countrymen around him, and would keep step with the majestic marches of Providence. Never doubting that our jurisdiction would be recovered, always believing the conflict would be long and varied, he promised just enough to keep the element of hope uppermost in the country, and not too much to unfit the masses for their own great part. Clay or Webster in his chair might have restored the old Union a little sooner, with the loss of the moral sense of the world and with the cost of another revolt hereafter; Jackson might have struck quicker and heavier blows, but an untimely blow then might have shivered this Union like glass. Our man had that tact and knowledge of men which only his training could have imparted. He knew his own West, and kept his hand constantly on her pulse; he was in sympathy with the conscience of the East, and honored her culture and power; and by his cultivation of the one and the other he kept them both in harmonious action to the end. The ancient countries affected delight and amusement at the sight of this son of the prairies succeeding to the work of kings, and putting his hand to an undertaking which comprised the destinies of a hemisphere. They could not understand that the question he had to deal with could receive little aid from statecraft or the previous education of a public man. They could not believe that new men are best for great crises; that for such a ruler and for such a period Bunyan is a better master than all the Georges, and *Æsop* a keener teacher than both the Walpoles; that in a trial of the national spirit and the national forces involving the issue of death at once or life perpetual to a nation, the study of Washington is higher than the schools;

that in such an emergency a single Cromwell is greater than a dozen earls out of Eton and Oxford. They forgot the consolations of their own history,—that Marlborough had never read Xenophon or later martial historians, but somehow managed to triumph over veteran armies of France; that Wellington was counted dull in his early life, and rose to victory and fame only by the buffet of trial,—and they did not stop to consider that Lincoln might ascend as conspicuously, and bring with him a Grant, a Sherman, a Sheridan, as quickly and as triumphantly. All history, all examples, all instructions, are at fault in revolutions; and our enemies at home and abroad were making mockery of the mysteries of providential interpositions all along the century processions of mankind, when they hesitated about our success, because our chief had no title save that which the Almighty had given him, no signet save that of the cabin, no learning save that to which the evening torch and the celestial orbs had lighted him. But he disappointed them all, passed beyond the boundaries they had set for him within four years,—the shortest space ever illustrated by such distinction,—triumphed over a civil war of imperial proportions, and left a name to be recorded and repeated in the courts of St. Louis, St. James, and St. Peter, among the inscriptions of a thousand years past and to come. So simple and rudimental in his origin and preparation, not learned by the side of the masters, and not ignorant of himself, he came to a supremacy over the grandest epic of all countries, and gave triumphant direction to the greatest war of human annals. It will be the task of the historian and biographer to classify and present these high themes hereafter, but a few words ought to be said about them now over his new-made grave.

Having neither the taste nor the education of a soldier, he so practised his intuitions as to become master of the field of war. If you consider how extended and complicated the objective field soon became, and how in consultation and oversight he was its director, it must occur to you, in reading

his correspondence with the commanders, that his perceptions were clear and his judgment elementary and profound. How many toilsome and anxious hours he passed in the War Department, and how well he understood all that was transpiring and all that ought to transpire, is made apparent in the letters he himself wrote to General McClellan during the fifteen months of his command. Read them and re-read them, and you will agree that they evince, in a remarkable degree for a civilian, the military sense. Having committed to that officer an army of the flower of the land, he followed it with an interest alike parental and patriotic, studying the map of its marches and its hopes, breasting back while he could the impatience of the country, at all times suggesting his advice kindly to its chief, and finally, in those dark days which have made the name of the Chickahominy historical, transmitting a series of despatches from his own pen which could not have been better if he had possessed the genius of a soldier. He saw through the objective and the consequential of campaigns quite as clearly and quite as far as most of the generals who wore his stars. Under the pressure of military repulses he rose large as the occasion, and when his commanders were changing their base he held hopefully to his own. When retreat and disintegration had destroyed the last chance of entering Richmond that season, and his chieftain called many times again for reinforcements, he telegraphed back a volume of present history and future destiny in a few short, sharp, kind, hopeful words: "If we had a million of men we could not get them to you in time. We have not the men. If you are not strong enough to face the enemy, . . . save the army at all events, even if you fall back to Fort Monroe. *We still have strength enough in the country, AND WILL BRING IT OUT.*" He had a large power of patience, which this war required. The people of the North demanded a change of generals after each misfortune, but he saw difficulties they could not see, and tried one after the other long and tolerantly till he

found the right one. That is the highest proof of administrative talent, in war, which disregards a clamor, rejects instrumentalities only after they have been exhausted, and feels its way along the rounds of failure till it finds the choice that can sound the awful charge of victory. And though his arch-rival at Richmond had the consummate education and prestige of a soldier, the murmurs which swelled from his councils and his fields against him had double the volume of those which rose to the ears of your President from the fretful loyalty of the North ; and I venture the prediction, that if that history can ever be fully written, as ours will be, in military comprehension and appreciation, in that gift of insight which is the product of nature quite as much as of art or the academy, which reduces the involutions of armies and campaigns to simplicity and analysis, even in this, all this, which belongs to arms, our plain civilian will be proved to have outwitted the other, educated soldier though he was.

Then I cannot help thinking that, as a part of the military questions he had to treat, there were such grave matters of what I may call legislative jurisprudence as had not been thought of before. To weaken the rebellion by the destruction of its civil rights, and this alike for purposes of punishment to treason and of strength to loyalty,—this, under our Constitution, which never contemplated such a crisis as the present, and under the mutual relations of national and State sovereignty, the delicacy of which had not been apprehended until now, required a statesmanship scarcely less than judicial. Would Heaven that our own Webster could have lived for this, to have sat as premier by the side of Lincoln, to have illustrated with unprecedented effect his colossal gifts ! It was a great thought — of withdrawing from half a people the rights of a national citizenship and of indefeasible republican immunities. The Congress and the President did not altogether agree. This is not the time to decide between them. Congress spoke the policy of prompt and final deliverance

from the hateful aristocracy whose alleged rights, if not utterly extinguished in war, might prove a clog to freedom and nationality in peace. The President endeavored to blend and reconcile the supposed elements of the discordant rights of rebels under the Constitution and of loyalty in war. I only allude to the subject to call your attention to the depth of the matter which underlay the military policy of the Administration, and to solicit your attention to the message of President Lincoln, July, 1862, in which, while he deferred in modesty to the representatives of the people, he stood upon his own responsibility, and displayed in bold relief the abilities of a technical lawyer and a constitutional jurist. There has been no better passage in his life by which he could have illustrated his capacity for the comprehensive field of an interstate and national war.

And then I reckon it another striking feature of his military administration, that under all circumstances he took accountability and censure to himself. We may acknowledge, once for all, that there was a modest, conscious power in that; for no empirical experimentalist would have trusted himself to such a test, and the man must be well grounded in the popular confidence who can bear it. Point me to any one person in the British Administration who was willing to stand out solitary and responsible when the people criticised the campaigns of their generals in the peninsula of Spain or the Crimea. Rather than that, the responsibility could only be found distributed among the unknown and mystical impersonalities of the Cabinet and the Privy Council. Your President, on the other hand, sought no shelter from criticism. In the first year of the war, when Congress passed a vote of censure upon one of his Department Secretaries, he sent them a message assuming the responsibility to himself; Jackson would have done the same, but no other man since his day. In the second year, when another Secretary of War was arraigned by large numbers of the people for having enforced the failure of McClellan in the Peninsula by withholding

reinforcements, Mr. Lincoln came gallantly to the response and claimed that the attack should be pointed against his own breast; and his despatches to that General, since published, show that he could well afford to receive the attack. He wrote his own messages, generally directed his commanders, not regularly consulted his Cabinet, and, I believe, frequently overruled them when he did. He felt that he was personally accountable to the people for the triumphant defence of the Union. He, and no other, before his election, and in his Inaugural, had drawn the outlines within which the glory of his country might be found, and now like a wise man he relied on his own prayerful study and on his own keen instincts for ability to fill out the outlines with the colors that shall give eternal beauty to the picture of united America. In this I admire equally his magnanimity and his courage. Fortunate for us, that he was willing to take such responsibility. Many and many a time, when cypress instead of laurel bound the eagles of the army, happy and hopeful were we all if only we might believe that Mr. Lincoln had ordered the risk and the shock; we cared little for his ministers, but we trusted unsuspectingly in him; when our reproaches rose almost to mutiny in the North, if only he would say, *in me, in me vertite tela*, from that moment as by a charm the tumult subsided. It is a great relief in the discouragements and troubles of war, to rest upon the one man who is above all the others; it is a greater thing if that man can justify and warrant such a rest and solace. In this power of impressment is a good part of a ruler's greatness. And thus we trace to him even the brilliant conduct of others; for since he willed it, they performed it. It is the eulogy of Lincoln to say that much which others performed he suggested, and was willing to be held responsible for it. Said the ablest of Englishmen, "The minister who does those things is a great man; but the king who desires that they should be done is a far greater."

How can I within the limits of these remarks speak fitly

or sufficiently of the part he bore in the cause of emancipation? Think what height and depth stood in the way,—how history and Providence only shed darkness over his approaches,—how the free States were rent by conflicting opinions,—how he had to institute a new policy, which, if it might succeed, would invest the Government with immortal life, but if it should fail, would wreck the nation and shroud his own name in ignominy forevermore. It was a necessity which he had not anticipated. It took fifteen months of war to discover the strength of the rebellion and the weakness of the Government; and when the alternative came at length, it presented sombre and frightful proportions. To destroy slavery he had not been elected, nor for that had he called the people to arms; the only duty for him, and that which he judged most pleasing to God, was to save this Union from dissolution. You remember how, after our flag had begun to trail in defeat, voices here and there raised this issue upon him in terms alike beseeching and threatening. Still what could he do better or more than balance the conflict of magisterial ethics, study the contradictory omens of the sky, feel the heart of his country, and search after the will of the last arbiter? Undoubtedly, he thought the necessity of emancipation might come, probably it would come; but it would come as a question of arms and must be supported by public opinion. That was the day of all which tried him as a statesman.

In the presence of such a question, large enough to occupy the thoughts and agitations of a generation, behold the unambitious practical statesmanship of Abraham Lincoln. No age has been blessed with a better. We are constantly looking back through the coloring medium of distance to the brilliant lights of the past, and desponding over the present and the future. But the statesmen of one age are unfitted for the requirements of another. Peel was as great for his time as Chatham or Bolingbroke for theirs. From the magnificent success of our late President we have learned the right defi-

nition of a wise ruler. If it be his labor to initiate a measure that shall stand out among the beneficent acts that mark historical periods, it is his still more painful and vexatious work to commend it to public approval; he has to enlighten the ignorance of some, and to convince the intelligence of others; he has to combat honest prejudices, and modify interested opposition; if he would move with strength and certainty towards the success which is ahead, he has to halt in his steps, and clip his propositions, and qualify his words, and emasculate his theories; if he would be strong to place his country among the positions his genius has pictured for her, he must apparently enfeeble his policy to conciliate one class and clog it with burdens to satisfy another. The modern statesman must combine patient temper, persevering will, and sound knowledge of men; he must discern the present tone and probable direction of public opinion; he must distinguish between intelligent and unintelligent censure, and he must know how much of public outcry can safely be disregarded, as well as that amount which he cannot afford to withstand.

Such statesmanlike qualities Mr. Lincoln illustrated in those many months of hesitation, anxiety, seeming then almost inability to act, which ushered in that day on which he emerged from his closet, bearing in his own arms the effulgent guidon of EMANCIPATION. I religiously believe that he was right, all along, from the stammering beginning to the clarion-like finality. You goaded him too soon, too often, and too long: he was the while in consultation with the counsellors around him, with his little learning and his large reflection, with all of history he had read, with the fathers and the prophets. While editors and orators stirred strife and commotion in the country and in the Senate Chamber over his long withholding of the decree, he continued impassive in his purpose, and remembered that one of the instructive characters in his favorite Bunyan was "a grave and beautiful damsel named Discretion." And so I conceive

that he was right upon this question in that which some of us thought his dalliance with the States of the border, right also when he countermanded Fremont's military order of freedom, right again when he recalled the similar rescript of Hunter, right as well in his letter to Mr. Greeley, and right at last when the angels announced the hour and he sent forth the Decree of Emancipation triumphant and irrevocable while the earth shall stand. Then he said: "I have done this after a very full deliberation, and under a very heavy and solemn sense of responsibility. I can only trust in God I have made no mistake. It is now for the country and the world to pass judgment."

Yes, yes, that judgment his country and the world have already passed. His returning armies share their laurels with him and pay their resounding fusillade over the turf which covers their father and their friend! But higher honors await him! A nation rescued from the tyranny whose roots have spread over two centuries, never relenting, never appeased, a race delivered from thraldom and elevated to the hopes of civilization and Christianity, shall walk to the beat of peaceful marches about his tomb till the resurrection! And wherever Freedom shall have a home, or America a name, or Washington a praise, over the whole globe, mankind shall revere the memory of him who sealed the baptism of emancipation with his own blood!

And I desire for myself to express the opinion that no monument that may be erected to commemorate his name can rise so high or endure so long as that whose foundations shall be laid in those immutable and universal rights of man for which he gave his life. As the emancipation of four millions became the necessity of his policy for the preservation of the Union, so let us extend to the emancipated race all the rights of citizenship, if we would make our safety certain and final. If, under a democratic government, universal suffrage is worth anything in the North, then is universal suffrage a paramount necessity in the South. Is it republican, demo-

eratic, or safe, to exclude from the polls a majority of the loyal population of the Southern States? Your sons have been maimed and slain in vain if the aristocracy which was the cause and support of the war shall not be shorn of every distinction, if the oligarchy shall not have its roots plucked to their uttermost fibre out of the land.

I do not forget to-day that probably one half of all those who now help to extend the funeral train have, at one time or another in four years, pronounced their complaint that Mr. Lincoln was too much the follower, not sufficiently the leader, of public opinion. The stern tribunal of history adjusts all such accounts as that. The immortal Washington opened his mission at Cambridge under the same necessities of limitation that have bounded the horizon of Lincoln. He entered the war in advance of the issue, and had to await the developments of events which made separation and independence the sublime ultimatum. I concede that the late President waited on public opinion; and when you reflect how abnormal and stupendous was the cause he had to manage, I will thank you to tell me if waiting on public opinion was not waiting on Providence itself. Tell me if the success or loss of the whole, to us and to distant generations, did not depend on the spirit of the people. Public sentiment is the arbiter of republican destinies. But public sentiment,—what is it here with us but the product, not precisely the average quantity, but the result and the product of the intuitions, instincts, sagacities, and reflections of the millions of America,—the crystallization of the myriad forces of democracy,—to be ascertained by the President only after incessant labor and study and retrospection; then, when with satisfactory certainty ascertained, to be not only consulted but to be received and accepted as in the nature of inspiration and decree to the magistrate. He who keeps pace with this requisition is neither quite a leader nor quite a follower, but a representative, administrator, and executor,—all and everything which a democratic constitution will ask for or can permit. Mr.

Lincoln understood and adopted this construction of statesmanship better than I can analyze it. He sought neither to lead public opinion nor consented to follow it. No man could, with greater force or justice than he, repeat the remark which Edmund Burke made in his own justification to his constituents,—that he did not follow public opinion, but only went out to meet it on the way. This alone gave your President his power. I do not forget that there are occasions in which the statesman, like the leader in the field, may organize and direct the strategic movements of public action. But in the march of civilization issues ripen, events come, and men advance to the conflict. A man, an accident, a trifle, hastens or retards the battle, but the single man does not make the revolution nor quell the storm. In the significant epochs of history or final clash of arms, the statesman can discern the occasions, the opportunities, and the necessities of the hour, but his greatness and glory are largely the product of the times. An English journalist has just said of the lamented Mr. Cobden, that "his limitations as a statesman constituted his greatness as a representative thinker." I like the expression and the philosophy of it. I could coin no better phrase with which to define the wise statesmanship of Mr. Cobden's friend on this side of the water. SEEKING NOT TO TRANSCEND HIS LIMITATIONS AS A STATESMAN, HE MADE HIMSELF THE REPRESENTATIVE THINKER OF HIS COUNTRY AND HIS TIME. That is his glory to-day, and can never become his weakness or his shame. Of course such an understanding of the policy and the duty of a national magistrate subjects him, as Mr. Lincoln for a time was subjected, to the imputation of over-cautious timidity; but a just posterity, nay, the sagacious present generation, will expunge the criticism and open to him the pathway to justice. So, if I remember correctly, the policy of Fabius was by some called cowardice, or at least timidity, in his day; but I believe it prepared the way for the avenging armies of Scipio. So, as I have read, the venerated Washington was characterized and criticised in his time

also ; but I have the impression that Yorktown and the Constitution and eight years of magisterial glory constituted his vindication. So, as I have observed, Lincoln was summoned to submit to the same test of fame ; and so we all see this day that his name ascends henceforth among the stars.

His speech, though not uniform, was not unworthy of his action. Consider how opposite are the requisitions in this respect which empires make upon their rulers, and take the two leading powers of the East and the West for the illustration. The Czar of Russia,— blessed be his fortunes evermore for that early and timely friendship which he bestowed upon our country and our President, when the cabinets on either shore of the fitful and vengeful Channel offered us only the scowling welcome of intimidation and hypocrisy,— to whom, some day, in the alternations of our internationalities, the shade of assassinated innocence shall stalk in terror and retribution over all the seas they arrogate,— that Czar of Russia, all the way from Peter or Catherine to the latest Alexander, wields dominion with action and without words. That is the condition of his rule, nor is it our business or our pleasure to find fault with it there. The genius of America is another. Here the President is the selected agent of the people, and must respond whenever they call for his reasons. No President before Lincoln ever had so many and such calls. They came from Congress, from every State, from associations, from delegations, from individual men, from spontaneous assemblages under a hundred moon-lights on the lawn around the executive mansion. He had a word for them all. True it is, he had still that greatest gift of a magistrate,— the power of reticence, the masterly talent of suppression, whenever the occasion required it. He let them off with his joke and his Western wit whenever that was all they ought to have. In this sometimes, and too frequently, he reduced the dignity of his office ; but it was the relief-valve which he had received from his Maker. Yet, beside all this, so many were his necessities of public speaking,

that no one of his predecessors had been tried in that way so often. He spoke good things from the windows of the White House, as he had spoken them before on the prairies. They shall be handed over to you and to your children, and you shall say that I do not praise them too highly. You shall find some shade and beauty beneath their pine and oaken leaves. You shall say that he spoke and wrote with much of the simplicity, quaintness, and power of Franklin, and the elemental mastery of our tongue. Many were his occasional speeches, and one of them at least will be imperishable for its felicity and brevity. Lord Macaulay assures us that Barrister Somers, in a speech of five minutes in the Court of King's Bench, established the enduring fame of an orator. Mr. Lincoln, by a speech of only that duration at Gettysburg, divided the honors of the day with the transcendent Everett, and inscribed his name on the tombstone of every soldier whose ashes there await the rising of the quick and the dead. His state papers are more lasting than these. His messages to Congress have already passed into the national literature; they were read at the time in the courts of France and England; and though they may have been obliterated or obscured there by royal art, they will reappear for luminous and prophetic reading when Europe and America shall settle their accounts.

In these state papers posterity will recognize a style of power that is not more unique in its form than in its produced effect. It is in sympathy with the national characteristics and with the traditional choice of the people. His mind was acute, logical, and subtle; and that they appreciate. In the time of her casuistry and refinement the public teachers of Greece found no heartier reception than wit and reason find now in America from Maine to Nevada. Mr. Lincoln had studied the first and second sight of his countrymen, till he could address them with a direction that seldom failed. Then he secured their favor, and I may say pleased their senses, by a geniality and humor which smoothed their asper-

ities, conquered their prejudices, and attracted their hearts to him and his cause. Even in the winter of their discontent, when arms were unsuccessful and taxes were high, he led them, as through the gorgeousness and serenity of an Indian summer, to new campaigns and heavier burdens and coming victories. From '62 to '64 such was the power of his written and spoken words. In statement and argument he struck deeper and richer veins than his supposed education would have suggested. I think we are quite apt to be in error as to this whole matter of education. When and where did Hamilton acquire his? — for he left college a boy, before his time, and saw no schools afterwards save the camp, the cabinet, and the bar; yet he proved the finest intellect of his time. Inform me, if you can, whence came the education of Lincoln, who never trod the floors of a college. I only know that we do not know what may have been his study in a lazy, unlimited, unconditioned Western life. I do know, what he stated when last he was in New England five years ago, on the eve and in the expectation of his honors, that, after he had tried the study of the law and had found himself cornered, he went into retirement for some months, and studied Euclid till he understood it from root to outermost branch. And so doubtless he went through more than we know of the struggle and ecstasy of educating himself. However that may have been, and whenever or wherever he may have acquired the power, you and I know that he could reason with a straightforwardness and incisiveness which Harvard or Princeton might be proud to honor. This is not the extravaganza of eulogy; peruse, as I have perused, his written and spoken addresses, from Illinois in '58 to his last and singular Inaugural, and you shall say the same. I will not particularize out of them all, save one. Take up and read critically his published letter to Erastus Corning and his committee, covering the whole question of the suspension of the *habeas corpus* and the subjection of the civil to military law, and it shall be your impartial judgment that in a broad statement

of public safety and historical law it is not unworthy of Hamilton, in purity and legitimacy of style it is scarcely inferior to the papers of the same master, and in just comprehensiveness and ingenuous patriotism it would reflect credit upon the tender heart and robust nationalism of Washington. I admired it when it first appeared, and now after a second and third reading I think it to be the best of all his papers.

The moral and humane qualities of the good President set off and gilded his term. Did you ever know a potentate whose rule bore such blazonry of events, civic and martial, and whose daily life was so simple, plain, and temperate? I believe that not Sir Matthew Hale kept sterner vigil over private and official hours, over the shrine of the domestic sanctuary. Success was his aim and duty his guide, and he saw little time for display or amusement or ostentation. In four years of labor, which would have broken like a reed any man of less iron cast, he not once got time to revisit the State and city of his love, seldom left the capital unless to visit the tents, hospitals, or graves of his soldiers, and once only came so far as the North to consult on the national safety with a retired chieftain. He gave attentive ear to humblest men and women, was as faithful in small acts of kindness as in great acts of justice, as amiable in little things in private as in high matters of state.

His magnanimity became proverbial. His soul was no nursery for a brood of resentments. He conferred the bars and stars and eagles of war generously upon those who had not given him a vote or a sympathy, if only they were true to the flag. He bared his own breast to the brunt of many an assault aimed at Cameron or Stanton or McClellan, allowed them the honors, and took to himself the swarming reproaches. In a serenade on the evening after his second election, when the impassioned majority would have dishonored the name of his rival, he spoke for him grand words of charity and justice. A specific instance of his truthful mag-

nanimity I must unfold to you, as it has been related to me upon the best of authority. On a certain morning many months before Chief Justice Taney died, his immediate decease was pronounced in Washington as certain. In anticipation of the supposed impending death our senior Senator called upon Mr. Lincoln and discussed with him the importance of appointing Mr. Chase to fill the expected vacancy. The President at length gave the assurance. But the Chief Justice renewed his lease of life, and many months lapsed away. Meanwhile, between Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Chase, in the council of administration, divergences arose. At length in July, '64, the latter laid the key of the exchequer upon the President's table. He accepted the resignation without hesitation. Then came Senators to his room to urge the re-appointment or restoration of Mr. Chase to the Treasury,—for that juncture reflected dark shadows over our finances. "No, no," said Mr. Lincoln, "for between him and me there is an incompatibility for the same council. But this, you will bear in mind, would not prevent me from honoring Mr. Chase in any other high sphere of the Government." Half a year afterwards the Chief Justice died, but not before Mr. Chase had sprinkled along his travels in New England sharp and disparaging words of criticism upon the President. And yet the same President, faithful to his promise and his duty, forgetful of wrong and injustice to himself, conferred upon his late secretary the appointment, and placed the jurisprudence of the United States and the rights of human nature under perpetual obligations to his magnanimity.

He believed in God. You know how he left his home for Washington in February, '61, in his parting words requesting that his neighbors would array in his support the mysterious power of the legions of prayer; and after he had assumed his high trust at the capital he cultivated that religious life which is the best guaranty of a nation's triumph. While war, according to its prescriptive laws, opened all the avenues of inconsideration and levity to others, he drew his consola-

tions and refreshed his courage at the never-failing fountains of Divine mercy. It was this, added to his humorous and sunny views, which bore him upward and onward through such a *régime* of four years as never had been allotted to a head that wore a crown. And therefore all the people believed in him. More distinctly than any other President since Washington he irradiated the official pathway at all times and in all places with the conspicuous publicity of Christian ethics. When Canning in Parliament opposed the humanity of slavery abolition, he declared in classic words that it was impracticable to apply to politics those pure abstract principles which are indispensable to the excellence of private ethics. That was English, and almost worthy of a court whose official philanthropy is now proved to have been another name for the ambition of commercial and political ascendency. Accordingly Great Britain could not conceal surprise at the novelty of Mr. Lincoln's theory of Christian ethics as a rule for official conduct; and the difference between us will have to be postponed to the adjustments which are yet to come of American and European ideas.

Your President was kind and tender to a fault. This led him into some mistakes, but his magnanimity corrected them. So he yielded somewhat to the rebel Campbell at Richmond, and gave what might have proved a fatal order to Weitzel, but revoked it on the last day of his life when he discovered his error. I suspect that if he had lived for the reconstruction, he would have made several such mistakes; but I know that he would have rectified and retrieved them. I do not think he would have executed the traitor who set up as his rival for history. Yet, after all, as the morning of victory opened on his sight, and as the hour of his own translation drew nigh, I love to recur to the benignity of his purposes towards the most wicked of men. In his last consultation with his Cabinet, a few hours before his departure, his heart melted before the appalling claims of JUSTICE. I think, however, he only meant to say,—

“ I shall temper so
Justice with mercy, as may illustrate most
Them fully satisfied, and thee appease.”

Nay, more, I catch the language of his last Inaugural for his eulogy,—“WITH MALICE TOWARD NONE, WITH CHARITY FOR ALL.” Lofty words! He knew not what those men had in preparation for him, and the Lord in his infinite mercy was preparing him to go at their bidding, whispering as he ascended, “Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do !”

As you look backward along the galleries of history, you are surprised when you think how few are found whose fame has outlived their period or country, how few have passed into the constellations of immortal light. Those only are privileged with that imperishable distinction whose record gleams forth above the wreck of contemporary annals, whose labors place an entire nation, or many generations, or all mankind, under the remembrance of debt and obligation. To that judgment, ubiquitous and everlasting, Washington passed sixty-five years ago. From that day to ours, out of the long list of American Presidents, however marked their own talent or their own period, no one of them all before has, in the full sense of universal humanity and fame, given special dignity, or unlimited praise, or immortal renown, to America through time and space. But such has been the mission of Abraham Lincoln. However we should have estimated him four years ago as to the limitation of his previous life, or his natural parts, or his acquired culture, now that the four years have passed it has become apparent that Almighty God had selected him for world-wide honor and benignity.

I appropriate to him the language of our own fellow-citizen and historian, Mr. Motley, which he applied to William of Orange:—

“ No man was ever more devoted to a high purpose: no man had ever more right to imagine himself, or less inclination to pronounce himself, intrusted with a divine mission.

There was nothing of the charlatan in his character. His nature was true and steadfast. No narrow-minded usurper was ever more loyal to his own aggrandizement than this large-hearted man to the cause of oppressed humanity. Yet it was inevitable that baser minds should fail to recognize his purity. It was natural for grovelling natures to search in the gross soil of self-interest for the sustaining roots of the tree beneath whose branches a nation found its shelter. What could they comprehend of living fountains or of heavenly dews?"

But his untimely hour had come. You remember the fatal evening only too well already, and I do not desire to disturb your sensibilities by anything more than this allusion to it. In our poetry and art and annals, that 14th of April shall henceforth be known and remembered as the *noche triste*,—the sorrowful night. The just and good magistrate then went away out of our sight.

The flag on spire, pinnacle, and cottage had scarcely been restored from its depression of mourning, nor the muffled drum had ceased to beat, when the rival of the dead, the representative cause of our sorrows, was overtaken by retribution. He enjoys this evening his reflections upon history and providence and judgment in the hospitality of the noblest fortress of the Union, on a bed around which the shade of the murdered President would fain marshal "angels and ministers of grace" to protect him. Who in all the earth cares now what shall become of him? But whenever or wherever or however his time shall terminate, between him and the vile dust to which he shall descend there is only the brief hour of the life of a criminal, to be succeeded by the reproaches of his contemporary countrymen, North and South, the heavy-pressing judgments of all posterity and of the eternal God. No matter when or where or how Jefferson Davis shall die, his death cannot be less ignominious than that of the assassin who performed his purpose, and all generations shall welcome him to the immortality of the representative Traitor of the race!

But another guerdon awaits our President. He sought to save, not to destroy. He labored to uphold the pillars of the Temple whose grace and beauty, if magistrates prove faithful, can never decay. He studied policy and wisdom day and night in a civil war which cost him his life, that his country might live, and fought treason on every line and in every trench over half the States, that democratic government in America might shine forth to cheer and animate and guide mankind to the remotest bounds of the world and of time.

He ransomed four millions of his own countrymen from the thraldom of two hundred years, and died under the blow of slavery in the ecstasy of the sight. No matter when or where or how death should come to him,—for ABRAHAM LINCOLN has completed the work which GEORGE WASHINGTON began,—to HIS victories, great and unapproachable, he has added such triumphs as war never contemplated before, to the broad field of HIS civic glory he has imparted a still broader radiance; and he now goes from our presence into the presence of other ages, garlanded with the double honor of RESTORER and LIBERATOR!

A COMMEMORATIVE ADDRESS

DELIVERED AT ROYALSTON, MASS., AUG. 23, 1865, AT THE HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE INCORPORATION OF THE TOWN.

NATIVES AND RELATIVES OF ROYALSTON,—

FRIENDS AND FELLOW-CITIZENS :

UNDER this spacious awning, on this church lawn and training-field of the fathers, we have assembled to commemorate the birthday of our native town. After the lapse of a century from its first chartered existence, when the men who made the beginning have so long rested from their labors that the same mould of time has gathered over their names and over their dust, and their heroic courage and Christian endurance have been partially forgotten for the want of annals, and this rolling territory has passed out of its forest infancy into the maturity of cultured fields, ample dwellings, and an elevated social life, we meet, not so much for the recital of a scanty history, as to indulge in the emotions of the anniversary, and to bid the next generation hail! And yet, whatever the contrast may be of the past with the present, this hour witnesses the homage of a people plain like their ancestors, among whom the conventionalities of civilization have introduced but little of artificial rule, or thought, or custom of life,—around whom the hills and valleys still echo the ancient simplicity. Our home and birthplace offers no boast of the early or later days. Our town has only moved without *éclat* in the paths of an hundred years of allegiance to Christ and the State,—has without pretence to fame responded to every requisition of peace and war,—has con-

stantly kept its step, sometimes feebly, but at all times according to its ability, in the marches of public growth and enterprise, until in the grand results of this day it appears in the sisterhood of the municipalities, asking no higher renown than to be credited with having been in every emergency honest, truthful, and faithful. The just man can rest upon such a foundation; the just town can erect its centennial banner upon a ground so simple and broad as that. With such claim to historical justice and historical participation this ancient municipality now calls us all back under the shade of her roof-tree; and we are proudly satisfied to celebrate the day.

I have alluded to the paucity of our annals. The records of the town are considerably meagre, inexplicit, and unsatisfactory. Many reasons might possibly be assigned for this; but that which seems to be most conclusive is also most creditable to this community. The town and the church have from the beginning been exempt from those civil and ecclesiastical controversies which have left upon the records of most other communities of New England full and voluminous materials for history. I find nothing of that sort in your public chest. The life and action of these generations here have been so peaceful and so regular that the clerk has had little to enter upon his book. I apprehend that scarcely an ancient town of the State can present a parallel with this. Such has been the uniformity, the harmony, the serenity, of this smooth current of population, from the commencement until now, that the present occasion is furnished with little that is eventful and with nothing that is dramatic. A town far away from the sea, and therefore without the inspiring excitement of ocean commerce,—a precinct that bears no vestiges of the aborigines, and is in this respect so unlike the more southerly towns, which had half a century of life crowded with Indian traditions, that I cannot find that those original lords ever lighted a pipe or a fire here,—a church without a schism in a century,—a ministry that never knew

how to quarrel,—a people that have walked the paths of unambitious duty,—these make our record uninteresting for the public address. But these also make our claim to the highest distinction of municipal fame. This equable progress of four generations, without anything that is startling in savage or civilized adventure, has made our history comparatively tame; but it is the tameness of beneficence, of a people who have been content without observation to pour the ceaseless tributaries of a small and distant town into the swelling volume of the growth, the power, and the renown of the State.

And yet, simple and unpretending as is the connection of this town with the origin and development of the whole of America, the founders of these local habitations were allies and partakers in the great scheme of the settlement of a new world. In accordance with the law of colonization their names share the radiance of the sun from the east. They moved under the star of empire to glorious co-operation in the possession of the noblest inheritance of the race. The municipalities of Massachusetts have an honor altogether their own as a part of the instrumentalities which have borne the standard of Christian republicanism to the western limits of the continent. Our own ancestors had a share in that blessed lineage, and in that dark and bloody experience of a century and a half, of which this age enjoys the marvellous fruition. The divine beauty of the present has come to us out of the inappreciable sufferings of the past. The angel choirs which have accompanied the divinity of modern liberty, which sang amid the sighing pines around Geneva, and chanted as escort to a representative state and a representative church in the first settlement of this ancient colony, and sweetened those first years of want and famine and pestilential terrors, have passed over these fields in their coming. All the days of the Puritans, all the scenes of their pilgrimage,—Plymouth out of Leyden, Massachusetts Bay out of Plymouth, all the towns of Worcester North out of Massachusetts Bay,—from the landing on the rock to the

war of King Philip, thence to the French wars, and onward to the Revolution, and the Constitution and all the glories under it,—over the long track, everywhere, it is a unity, a connection, one providence, one succession, one agency, in which they who lighted their camp fires in the face of Indians in Lancaster and Brookfield and they who cleared fields in the presence of wild beasts in Templeton and Royalston were pursuing a common destiny for the success of a republican church and an American liberty. And so we have a part to-day with the founders of the New England polity, whose mark is over the whole continent. There was a natural order in the settlement of these towns. English colonization in America wisely adopted the seaboard as its base and extended its operations to the interior. In this order of the possession and clearing of the country our own town came late, being more remote than any other in the county from the seminal sources of the State. Some of the towns in the southerly part of the county were occupied by the Anglo-American a hundred years earlier than this. Indeed, of the entire territory of Worcester County, as the same was disposed of by grants and charters, our own town is the junior of all by many years; for although our neighbors, Templeton and Athol, were both incorporated on the same day, only about three years before us, and Winchendon preceded us by only a single year of its charter, yet, as to all those towns, grants of lands and settlements had been made much earlier, varying from twenty to thirty years. The wave of occupation seemed to pause immediately below our border for some years. This being frontier territory, an outside row was left for a long time unplanted. Nor was this fact without its advantages; for though our late coming into the family of charters has cut us off from some of the excitements of early traditions, which I greatly appreciate as stimulations to public character, it gave to the early settlers here the benefits of the maturity of the possessions surrounding them. So that while the first occupants of

Athol were obliged to maintain a garrison against the Indians who had kept a seat there to a late day, the triumph and success which followed were appropriated to the security of the first comers in Royal-shire. But the special advantage of coming after our sisters of the county is better illustrated by the fact that the novitiate of colonization, the interim between settlement and municipality, was thus made so brief that between the first planting and the first fruit there was scarcely an appreciable space of time; for while it occurred in other parts of this county that thirty and forty years elapsed after settlement before municipal incorporation, that intervening period was represented here by only the interval of three years. These lands were scarcely known as a value to the first shrewd proprietors at Boston before the town itself took a place in the provincial records as a living community, a political power, a participator in the fortunes of the Commonwealth. Thus there was no infancy here; it was robust manhood from the start.

The territory of this town has undergone many changes, and indeed was a subject of some uncertainty at the outset. June 4, 1752, a vote was approved in Council ordering a sale of the lands north of Pequoig, now Athol, and onward to the province line. The purpose was to clear the map; and so effectually was this accomplished, that the surveyor's chain swept in a strip of several miles in length lying along the whole northern boundary of Winchendon, separating it from the province line, which had been inadvertently omitted in the survey of that town, and this was afterwards called the "Royalston Leg." For obvious reasons the limb proved an encumbrance, and was severed in 1780, when these many acres, which had come to us like an estray, were transferred to Winchendon. Under the sovereignty of our king the township was sold at public vendue. This form of procedure, under which the country itself had been ceded by charters and was afterwards parcelled out, was a part of that policy which, following up the law of discovery and conquest by

internal settlement and improvement, has made England the great power of the earth, under which she even now plants her authority and extends her civilization alike in India and in North America. The purchasers and first proprietors of our town were men of exalted names and characters. And although they were proprietors only, not settlers, yet I cannot doubt that association with so much of fame and virtue left impressions of manliness and honor upon those who came and remained here. Samuel Watts, Thomas Hubbard, Isaac Royal, James Otis, Isaac Freeman, and others, for the consideration of £1,348, took the title to 28,357 acres, exclusive of former private grants. These grants, amounting to 1,700 acres, are known in the archives at the State House as Pierpont's, Priest's, and Hapgood's. In accordance with the wise policy of the government of that day,—a policy which has been continued by the General Government since our independence in every time of war, and at no time so liberally as in our recent conflict with the Rebellion,—the sovereign power had bestowed these grants as bounties for military services rendered. I call them military services, for such they were, whether rendered in the field or at home in support of the field. The name attached to one of these grants has become a part of the local geography and daily life of the town. The name of Priest, who received 300 acres as a recognition of his loyalty in extending the hospitality of his half-way house, near the easterly line of the town, to all those who passed that way to and from the French wars, will endure while the beautiful river which bears his name shall continue to flow. And so long as the calm flow of its waters shall continue, so long shall live the memories of that service which associates your town with the pioneers and the rangers, with the Lily of France, with Louisburg, with that fidelity to the crown of our king in those days which I cannot but like, with those wars for our royal Georges which prepared and educated our fathers afterward to overwhelm all kings in the Revolution. I have lived in this town long enough to have learned that in the

trade of land we can calculate as closely as other men; and let me remind you that we inherit the talent from an honorable ancestry. I find in the Massachusetts Archives, Vol. XLVI., that the same Watts, Royal, and Otis at length discovered that, as far back as 1737, the Court had made a private grant of 600 acres to Benoni Moore and others, afterwards assigned to one Hunt, and thenceforward known under his name, and that the location had been taken by him in the very heart of the best land, 200 acres of which, however, had somehow been relinquished; whereupon they claimed other acres as good somewhere else in the province, or an equivalent relief. Certainly this seemed a very plausible land claim, and the allowance was voted. Subsequently it appears, by the report of a committee, that after the allowance of the claim, a correct survey disclosed that these proprietors had originally taken 500 acres more than their deed expressed, and more than they paid for, leaving them quite largely in debt to the province, which I cannot see that they ever made good, though probably the advantage does not inure to any present landholder of Royalston.

And so your town began under a territorial proprietorship of 30,577 acres, the private grants included. In 1780 the unmanageable Leg, estimated at about 2,000 acres, was set off to Winchendon. In 1783 several thousand acres were appropriated to Orange when that town was incorporated. In 1799, 300 or 400 acres were added from Athol and Gerry (now Phillipston). In 1803 several hundred acres were added from Athol. In 1837 not far from 200 acres were taken out of Phillipston and annexed to your jurisdiction.

The title and charter muniments, therefore, now assign to this municipality not far from 26,000 acres. It has the disadvantage of remoteness from the sea and of a northern frontier contiguity, which is considerable; but it enjoys the compensations of a soil submissive to cultivation, rigorous to the sight, but yielding generously to the stroke of the earnest arm,—of benignant drifts and ranges, of the affluent waterfalls

of Miller's and Priest's rivers, and of the simpler Lawrence and Tully, which give richness because they give plenty,—of rural beauty, worthy of historic record, at the royal falls of Forbes and of Doane,—of the sparkling mineral gems which the official geologist of Massachusetts once told me he had gladly set in his family seal,—of an atmosphere that inspires youth and enlivens age,—of territorial possessions, simple indeed, but glistening with the authority of the names of the fathers of American Independence,—of a planting in the mountain air,—of a history studded with patriotic associations,—of a religious connection that shall bear your children to the heights of a happy remembrance of the names of their fathers,—of a place on the sweet, broad plain of this civilization of Worcester North, stars encircling overhead, and a simple robustness of character sustaining the people.

And so you will adhere to the territorial vestments dropped upon you and around you by your ancestors, clinging to your acres and yielding them not to other calls. Your town is symmetrical and compact,—large enough and small enough,—and bears a just proportion to the prescriptive idea of a Massachusetts township of six miles square. I would not diminish it nor enlarge it. Let other municipalities nibble around your borders, but let them nibble in vain, and you will hold fast to that which is good and which is none too much.

And now, if we revert to the proceedings of these purchasers of our soil, we discover from their journals that they held proprietors' meetings from 1753, over a period of thirty-four years, until 1787, when their records were closed and sealed. To James Otis, Isaac Royal, and their original associates, John Hancock was added as an owner in 1765. No town can assert a better beginning or a more reputable heritage of name and blood. The proprietors held their meetings in Boston, "at the Bunch of Grapes Tavern." At the first meeting it was "motioned that the land aforesaid be called Royal-shire, and they unanimously agreed thereto, whereupon

the Hon. Isaac Royal generously gave his word to give the partners £25 sterling towards building a meeting-house for said town." Here we first find our name.

The Hon. Isaac Royal was a citizen of Medford, a gentleman of great spirit for public enterprise, devoted in admiration for his king, and generous and munificent for his time. He was a member of the General Court and of the Council for twenty-two years. The pulpit Bible which was used in this First Congregational Society for seventy-five years was a gift from him. He also gave 2,000 acres, a large part of which was in this town, to found the professorship of law in Harvard University, which still bears his name. He promised to give a full lot of land in this township to the first male child that should be born here; but, several girls taking the precedence of birth, Royal Chase, named after him, came too late on the stage, and died too early to make the proffer availing. For in the mean time the elements of the Revolution gathered and broke, and our benefactor and friend, Isaac Royal, who could not give up his king, passed over to the Tories, sailed for England in 1776, and never returned. It is related in the history of the refugees that after his departure even his beautiful estate at Medford refused cultivation, that the scythe refused to cut Tory grass, and the oxen to plough Tory soil. The tone of his letters from England, in 1779, written before independence was by any means assured, indicated his yearning desire to return to Massachusetts, and to make his last bed by the side of his relatives and friends. But the desire came too late; for, by the sweeping act of October 16, 1778, passed by the House of Representatives and approved in Council, he whose name we bear received the indelible character of an exile and an outlaw. But let not that which was a political necessity of the time perpetuate his reproach; and this, I perceive, was the judgment of our fathers. No town was more patriotic than this in the Revolntion; but I rejoice that its citizens appear never for one moment to have thought of giving up their corporate name because their benefactor

had estranged himself from their political opinions. The name of this town and the title of the Cambridge law professorship may honorably be retained in his remembrance.

The first possession of this soil by our ancestors dates from 1752, but the French war of 1756—the most dramatic and engrossing contest on this continent prior to that of the Revolution—threw all the arts and labors of peaceful enterprise into suspense and abeyance for several years. You will appreciate how and why the clearing and culture of the glebe was suspended here to make way for the practice of the bayonet, if you recall that the whole population of the province was drawn into the vortex of that war. Not in the Revolution, not in the late Rebellion, of which the pressure is still heavy on your hearts, were the young men, who settle the land, so disproportionately called into the field of arms. In that conflict of seven years we are informed that Massachusetts alone sent to the field thirty-five thousand of her sons, and seven thousand for each of three successive years. Every nook and corner of this province was exhausted by the universal call.

As the war approached its end the permanent settlement of these lands began. In sympathy with the policy of the fathers of New England, the proprietors of Royal-shire laid our foundations in moral and mental education. At their first meeting in 1753 they had directed the land to be laid off into sixty lots for settlers, and three others for a minister, for the support of worship, and for a school. Their committee came here and personally superintended this work, and selected the wild spot so familiar to us on the Lawrence stream for the mills. The church and the school, the saw-mill and the grist-mill, were the early handmaids of our civilization. They are so to this day in the West, beyond the Mississippi, where our example is repeated.

In 1761, the war having spent its fury, deeds had been granted to twenty-one settlers. In the next year these ten acres near which you have pitched your pavilion were sol-

emnly consecrated for the meeting-house, the training-field, and the burial-ground, the last of which was subsequently by exchange removed a little farther to the south, out of what is now this comely village; and a contract was made for the mills.

In the following year, 1763, a meeting-house was contracted for at £200, which was completed in 1764. Still another year witnessed the prompt execution of the wise policy of the founders, in setting apart 231 acres for the first minister, 424 acres for the ministry, and 420 acres for the school. To procure sixty settlers the proprietors offered to each man 100 acres, with the condition of settling a clergyman, clearing six acres, and building every one a house. No higher wisdom than this ever initiated a town or a State. And then the remaining lots were divided among the proprietors by drawing; and that was the profit which they deserved.

In this year, 1765, February 16, the act of incorporation of the town, under the name of Royalston, was approved in Council. No copy of the act appears among your files. Accordingly, I have availed myself of the kindness of the present obliging Secretary of State, the Hon. Oliver Warner, and have procured a literal transcript of the charter, handsomely engrossed upon parchment and bearing his attestation, which the town clerk will please faithfully preserve. It is the titular charter of the last and youngest of all the towns of this ancient and noble county in the days of the province and of the royal arms.

It is worthy of preservation, for under it your fathers have kept the public name untarnished, and you will see to it that no blemish shall alight upon the life of the present generation.

The active settlement of this town began in 1762, when six families moved in, some of whose blood still circulates among your residents. I think we may estimate highly the soundness of the stock of these sturdy pioneers, since it ap-

pears that the average age of these six heads at their death was not less than seventy-six years. So rapid was the influx of new-comers, that very soon after the French war had closed as many as seventy-five heads of families had become established here, many of whose names help to fill your voting-list in the present day. Time will not allow me to make use of the long list which is in my hands as I should like. Theirs was a wilderness life under a degree of hardship, of toil and deprivation, which only strong arms and hearts valiant in Christian faith could have sustained.

No imagination of this day, no preserved traditions of the past, can do justice to those early labors. Many of these men who came hither from Sutton, as was illustrated in the instance of Captain Sibley, would clear a piece of woodland here, go back to look after haymaking in Sutton, and return in time to sow a rye-field in Royalston. Prior to the erection of the first mill by Isaac Gale, bags of grain were carried on the shoulders of men to a neighboring town to be ground and brought back in the same manner. No wonder that they, who thus opened the pathway in this town with humble means and patient labor, were the same that confronted boldly James Otis and John Hancock, a committee of the proprietors, and insisted before the Legislature upon the justice and equity of taxing the lands of non-residents for the support of the Gospel; and no wonder that they succeeded against even those overshadowing names. I desire not to appear invidious in selecting out of so many who were prominent in their day.

The three selectmen chosen at the first town-meeting, May 7, 1765,—John Fry, Timothy Richardson, and Benjamin Woodbury,—bore names which have descended in other representatives of their blood through the records of a century, and which still live in honor and respect among you. The limitations of my address will only permit an allusion to the first of these.

John Fry, a lineal descendant in the fifth generation of

one who came from England and settled in this country, moved from Sutton to Royalston and resided on yonder eminence. He was called here the Esquire, but he brought with him a distinction of arms. I have had placed at my use by one of his kinsmen the original commission under the king which he received as First Lieutenant from Governor Shirley in 1745, and under which he fought before Louisburg and entered the fort to the music of the same drums which thirty years later beat still better sounds at Bunker Hill. Ten years afterwards he bore royal commission as Captain for service at Crown Point. He was past the time for military activity when the Revolution opened, and was obliged to suppress his soldierly instincts in the home life of a good deacon and model citizen. He lived here nearly fifty years, and died at ninety-six.

As I look over the memoranda concerning those men of the last century which have been gathered from traditions and placed in my hands, my admiration is excited for their endurance and their whole character. It was the best of stock with which to build up a town. I have also been impressed by the uniform fact of their remarkable longevity, which attests the purity and contentment of their lives. For small gains, but many large and virtuous rewards, they struggled manfully in the infancy of American civilization; they drove out wild beasts and subdued the wilderness; they opened the paths to a better condition for those who came after them, to more comfortable homes and a larger affluence; worn out at last they lay down to their rest in the track their own hands had made, and they left to the present generation a heritage of works in which all ages may discern the beauty and the strength of religion, subordination, and patriotism.

Aided by the munificence of Colonel Royal the proprietors erected the first meeting-house in 1764 near the centre of this public ground. It was left in a rude state of unfinished interior and without pews. Upon one side of the broad aisle

were seated the males and upon the other the females, as was then usual in country houses of worship, which custom appears to have continued during a period of nearly forty years. There being no distinctive seats assigned to the singers, the tuning-fork and deaconing off by lines came to the rescue of church harmony. Thirty-three years after, in 1797, the old house was removed, and another more commodious took its place. This remained with some alterations till it was destroyed by fire in 1851, when the present appropriate edifice was reared. These changes have been very marked, and the contrast is striking. I can conceive that if John Fry, Timothy Richardson, and Benjamin Woodbury were to come back in the flesh and be ushered, along the present aisles and by darkened windows, to carpeted slips and cushioned seats, and this new organ of yours were to practise upon their ears the imitation of a few of its flutes and its fiddles, and should wind up with a swell or two of the grand diapason, they would call upon their leader of 1765 to draw the sword which he flashed at Crown Point, and to drive out of the house a congregation of worshippers who could tolerate such innovations. But we must remember that each age has its standard, and that in nothing else do men become so sacredly attached to their custom as in matters relating to Christian worship.

I have spoken of the first condition imposed by the proprietors upon the landholders,—that they should support a minister. During the first three years of incorporation the temporary services of several clergymen were secured, but it is not important to recite their names. At length, in April, 1768, the town extended a call to the Rev. Joseph Lee to settle. You will bear in mind that this was then what has been since termed by the courts a poll-parish, the town and the religious society blending under the law. He was offered for settlement £400 "old tenor," in addition to the 231 acres granted by the proprietors for the first settled minister, and in lawful money a salary of £46 13s. 4d. per annum for the first three years; £53 6s. 8d. per annum for the next three

years; and £60 each year thereafter, and thirty cords of wood to be drawn annually from his own land to his door.

The church of sixteen persons had been formally organized two years before. The call was accepted, and the pastoral office was filled by ordination, October 19, 1768. His life, his services, his eulogy, are in the dim letters upon that familiar tablet-stone in the neglected graveyard, which time will soon render illegible, unless you shall chisel them or color them anew.

And now I cannot refrain from felicitating the inhabitants of Royalston over a fact which becomes at this point pertinent and impressive. As to all the central portion of the town, and by far the larger part of its whole population, after the expiration of one hundred years, you start on this second century with only the fourth clergyman and the fourth physician since the origin. This is indeed a striking circumstance, and it has had much to do in forming and sustaining the character of the people. Everything stable, tried, approved, and held fast,—nothing fitful, violent, or rushing,—has entered into the public policy or general life or private action of this municipality among the hills of the frontier. From father to son, without the intermittent fevers which have racked many other communities, familiarity with the same faces, with the same principles, with the same professional and dominating influences, has descended through the years of a century, and made the very name of Royalston a synonym for stability, tranquillity, and contentment. This is an inheritance to you worth your continued care to preserve.

The patriotic history of the town is in proportion with all its other features. Those early settlements were made amid the rumblings of the approaching Revolution, and your first proprietors were among its chief actors. They divided, and Chandler and Royal went off to the loyalists. They were better known to our forefathers than were Otis and Hancock at that day, for Royal they cherished as their benefactor, and

Chandler had been active and fair in laying out their primeval lands. But they subordinated personal gratitude to public patriotism.

I do not know that there was a single Tory among them all. Not even their poverty opened a door to the seductive blandishments of crowns and thrones. They had those among them who had borne the commission of their king, and who had fought for his diadem on the line of the ocean and the lake; but they cast all these pleasant memories behind them, waited not to know which side should win, and threw themselves, their town, their all, into the breach with the struggling colonists for independence.

Through the town records of the Revolutionary period I find, loosely scattered and poorly preserved, sufficient proof of the exalted patriotism of those good men. It cannot be necessary that their votes and acts should be here set forth in detail.

During all this time the first settlers were continually going themselves into the service,—the last two men marching off in 1782. There was no call from Philadelphia to which they did not respond, nor a drum-beat heard from Bunker Hill or Saratoga or Bennington with which their hearts did not keep music. When Burgoyne in the North spread abroad such terror, the men of this town and of all Northern Worcester rose to arms and marched forth for the encounter. All this occurred when more than half these acres were covered with the original forests, when the settlements were in their infancy, when the currency was perplexing all the relations of life, and when Royalston had only between six hundred and seven hundred inhabitants. Other and older and richer towns did more, but I humbly submit that none did better than this.

It is a source of increasing regret that the records of the town in its primitive period have only partially preserved the names of the Revolutionary soldiers. From the books, im-

perfectly kept as they were, I derive the names of Nahum Green, Samuel Barton, Esquire Davis, John Whittemore, Nathaniel Jacobs, Timothy Armstrong, Michael French, Roger Chase, Moses Walker, Joel Stockwell, Eliphalet Richardson, B. Woodbury, Eleazer Burbank, Bezaleel Barton, Isaac Nichols, and Silas Cutting. Others there were, many and as good, but their names have not been saved. The last named of these was one of the first six settlers of the town in 1762, and died in the military service of the war. But the remainder of them had come here a little later than 1762, in the shoal or drift of settlers who floated in this direction so rapidly from the southern towns. One of them, Nahum Green, was the delegate to the second Provincial Congress of Massachusetts in February, 1775. He appears to have gone from that Congress into the first army gathered for independence at Charlestown, and was probably engaged in the battle of Bunker Hill; he returned here in July and died of the small-pox, which he had contracted while in the service. This first martyr which Royalston contributed to the Revolution was privately buried near his own home, about a mile southerly of this spot, and the soldier's resting-place can now barely be identified by the remaining cobbles that make his headstone. Cannot this town afford, by some simple, appropriate, and enduring memorial, to rescue from oblivion the gory bed of the aboriginal patriot whose name yet survives without a tablet the scene of the first mortal sacrifice offered in her behalf to the immortality of the American Union? Pardon me for asking you to think of this, and to act either by private subscription or in open town-meeting. Another of them, Nathaniel Jacobs, as it appears, unintentionally, in the quaint language of the papers in your chest, "did a tower of duty in Rhode Island." All of these, and many others whose names are lost to our sight, struggled throughout the conflict, and some died in the battles, that they might write the honor of their young municipality upon the shining bosses of the Republic of the world in the West. And I am proud to be able

to stand before you and to say that of all who enlisted into that service from this town, not one—not one was ever recorded as a deserter. We meet to-day upon their ancient training-ground to render ascriptive gratitude for the honor of their robust virtues, for the example of their marvellous sacrifices, for the fame of their glorious death. Let us in our day cherish the memories of our ancestors in that war, and transmit every syllable of their names encircled with reverence to the last posterity.

Our patriotic journal is as continuous as it is creditable. In the war with Great Britain in 1812–15, our fathers were alike Federal in politics and steadfast in their patriotism. They believed throughout in the policy of Hamilton and Ames and Strong, but they never stood away from the national colors. Accordingly they sent a fine, large company of grenadiers for coast defence to Boston under circumstances of departure which made the scene to be remembered as pathetic and impressive. Those men all returned without a casualty, and nearly one half of their number live to-day to celebrate their Federal and bloodless campaign. Other citizens of the town, however, went out into the active service and mingled in the engagements of that war on distant fields.

In the late war of the Rebellion the conduct of this town has been such as I am proud to record. Her people stood early and constant by the Government, and by the principle of universal liberty. In the defence of them they have strained every energy under circumstances of embarrassment not shared by many other sections of the State. The opening conflict found the place considerably exhausted of its young men, whom more exciting fields of enterprise had drawn away from their hillsides, and the second year of the struggle greatly increased that exhaustion. But still upward and onward to the last victories our people answered to the calls of the country, filled their quotas, and never fell below the example of their Revolutionary sires. Several of the native-

born sons of Royalston have been promoted as general officers to high commands in the national army. When I consider that the population has been declining within the last decade, and that this decline represents chiefly the departure of those who are within the age of military requisition, I confess my surprise and admiration over the rôle of those who have borne the name of our birthplace on the many fields of this war. The great cost to the manhood of the Union in defence of its life becomes solemn to our senses when we examine in detail the account of the several towns of Massachusetts. From this little community alone one hundred and ten men have enlisted in the sublime work of saving their country by arms. Of this enlistment an uncommon proportion have fallen to their last sleep. They fell in the deadly night-shades of Carolina; in the early battles which cheered every loyal heart by the tidings wafted from Roanoke and Newbern; in the conflict with an armed foe and with a more fatal climate on the Lower Mississippi; in the terrible and unavailing slaughter at Drury's Bluff and Cold Harbor; on guard and in the trenches and along the blazing lines, whenever and wherever they were called; in Libby, which is yet unavenged; in the stockade of Andersonville, from which the voices of thirty thousand Union boys, starved, tortured, murdered, now break the silence of death in a chorus cry for justice. The soldiers of Royalston have lifted their souls to the contemplation of duty and to the heights of courage, have offered up their lives to the sudden death of the field and the slow death of the prison, and have perpetuated the name of the town which enrolled them in annals of immortal lustre. So long as we and our children shall enjoy the blessings of Union which they died to save, and shall bless the God of our ancestors for sealing with their sacrifices the freedom of all races in America, their names shall be cherished by us, and shall descend to everlasting remembrance. Let those names, every one of them, be attached to this commemorative address, and be engrossed in your official records for endurance till these

hills shall melt away. Ye gallant survivors, welcome to-day !
Ye gallant dead, hail and farewell !

From this I might easily diverge to speak of the prominent men whom I learned so greatly to respect as sources of radiating influence from this central commonon. The minister, Mr. Perkins, of grave yet pleasant memory,— how I remember him, in his long floating summer toga, driving us in at the eight o'clock bell on every Saturday evening ; Esquire Joseph Estabrook, our first postmaster, our first gentleman, our first Senator, to my perceptions blending the old and the new school of manners, who began as a trader, and adopted in later years the pleasant vocation of a grazier, having a genius for noble cattle as quick and intuitive as Daniel Webster ever possessed, whose blood, whether remaining here or transferred in honorable connections to other places, honors the parent stock ; Dr. Batcheller, absolutely august in his proportions, always riding rapidly and smoking as fast, with a short genial nod and a happy word for everybody and especially for the young of both sexes ; Major-General Franklin Gregory, who succeeded to Estabrook on the other side of the street, gentleman by nature, taking by instinct to the military, in which he excelled all others and in that capacity presided at one of the festive boards in reception of Lafayette, the most enterprising merchant this town ever had, and inaugurating here her largest trade, whose untimely death in 1836 at forty-four was a public loss irreparable ; and one other, who far outlived all these his associates, whom as exemplar of a long, simple, successful, and virtuous life, whom as many times your Representative, twice your Senator, your delegate to the Constitutional Conventions of 1820 and 1852, your honored townsman in his lifetime, and benefactor in death, I should proudly describe, but that the inheritance of his name forbids,— these, and others, challenge my memories in this hour and hallow the spot of a youthful love. They have all gone, and with most of their day and generation they repose

in these burial-grounds and almost in our presence. And so on this occasion the past comes back to me in the memorials which are treasured but fractured, leaving to me this morning the melancholy pleasure of uniting my heart with the friends that survive.

The industrial characteristics of the town have changed with the exigencies of the age. The water-falls have been reclaimed, and the ever-varying arts and industries inaugurated by the use of steam as a practical agency and by the division of labor have come in here as elsewhere, and have somewhat transformed that which was formerly a rural life. There was very early in its history a quite respectable use of woollen machinery, which under the new dispensation of industry has been greatly increased, until no small part of the local market for consumption and values is now found in the wheels and cogs and spindles which make South Royalston the central point of active enterprise and production. While that busy hive on your southerly border, having the double advantage of the river and railroad, must henceforth maintain its supremacy, let us indulge the hope that only fraternal relations shall subsist between the sections, and that all together will continue for generations to be contented and united under the patriarchal banner.

To the agricultural identities of the population I mainly ascribe its almost stationary numerical peculiarity. From 1790 to 1860, a term of seventy years, the number of inhabitants only varied from 1,130 to 1,486, from one decade to another, sometimes gaining a little and sometimes losing nearly the same.

Your annals are not of the prizes of fortune and affluence, nor contain they any modern chapter of poverty. Those annals tell us of systematic toil, and patriotic struggle, and patient endurance, and the Christian faith. The economies of industry and the riches of the heart are the pride and solace of the record. This town should never be forgotten.

by her sons wheresoever they may wander. For myself, as here the first breath was drawn, so here the last word should willingly be uttered. If the sons and daughters could abandon and forget her in pursuit of more exciting scenes, even in larger numbers than they have yet gone,— if the country simplicity of the early days should settle down like the clouds of the province over her fields and her farms,— my last remembrance should still revert to the happy hills and pastures of childhood, and I would still address her in the language of mingled encouragement and admonition, worthy of the poet of the “Deserted Village,”—

“ Aid slightest truth with thy persuasive strain ;
Teach erring man to spare the rage of gain :
Teach him, that towns of native strength possest,
Though very poor, may still be very blest,
That trade’s proud empire hastes to swift decay,
As ocean sweeps the labored mole away,
While self-dependent power can time defy,
As rocks resist the billows of the sky.”

Friends and fellow-citizens, this imperfect tribute to the qualities and the labors of our ancestors must be brought to a close. At the end of one hundred years, we, their descendants, have assembled to contemplate in brief review their lives and achievements. I submit it to impartial judgment, that their conduct in the early settlement, in the management of the town, in the cultivation of the fields, in their relations with the great events of the country in all the duties of Church and State, in the salutary examples which have passed from one generation to another,— in religion, industry, politics, and daily life,— has been such that we may rehearse it with pride and commend it to those who shall come after us. This congregation of the living is equalled in numbers by those who sleep in this town in the quiet enclosures of the dead. They speak to us out of their silence and repeat the lesson of their lives. As they were bound together by the ties of friendship in the primitive period of their trials, and have kept the councils of peace and unity

through all the stages of this history, so let that spirit control another age, and the felicities of social life go hand in hand with public stability and prosperity. As they adapted themselves to the changing requisitions of the general industry and economy, so let the tides of occupation, as they come and go with you, bear onward a community never behind but always advancing. As they never failed to uphold the honor of their country by their hearts, by their declarations, and by their arms, so let the American Union and the Commonwealth of Massachusetts find in this town forever most constant friends and most gallant defenders. As they have transmitted to our keeping the institutions of worship and education, by them at all times well endowed and well supported, so let the endowments be multiplied and the support be enlarged till the bells of the churches and the schools shall sound a welcome in every ear. And when, after the passage of another century, your successors shall meet over your dust to celebrate their day, may it be the happiness of the intervening generations to have provided for them as little for reproach and as much for devout thanksgiving as we ourselves have received from our fathers.

ADDRESS

DELIVERED BEFORE THE MASSACHUSETTS CHARITABLE MECHANIC ASSOCIATION AT TREMONT TEMPLE, BOSTON, OCT. 4, 1865.

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN:

I CONGRATULATE the members of the Massachusetts Charitable Mechanic Association that with the return of peace the opportunity for resuming their periodical exhibition is restored under circumstances so gratifying. While the war lasted your seasons of ovation to the useful arts were indeed suspended amid the pathos and pageantry of arms; but the arts themselves suffered little abatement; rather they took from the excitations of the time new intensity to themselves, and repeated the lesson taught by other countries, that war periods are quite apt to quicken and invigorate the national genius. Accordingly, while the late conflict was raging, and all classes, all interests, all welfares, were to some extent swept into the vortex, the records of the Patent Office prove that the inventive wits of the country kept steadily at their work under the highest tension, and the income list demonstrates, what we all knew before from our personal observation, that the mechanic arts and manufactures were reaping a golden harvest. Nay, even more than this, and pertaining to the rationale of our military success, these creative and constructive forces had not only prepared the free States for the war when it came, but they became themselves the nerves and sinews of the Treasury which shares with the soldier the honors of victory. The glistening collection of ordnance which is packed in yonder hall — let

us hope not soon to be needed in the field—derives its highest interest and largest instruction from the bright array of its peaceful companionship, the engines, the fabrics, the textiles, which almost seem conscious of their sovereignty amid martial implements and martial deeds.

But now it is that the war having subsided the arts assume once more their control in the state, and sway all the classes and all the employments of men. We are soon to be *in statu quo ante bellum*,—a generation pushing the originalities of motive power and the artificial combinations of forces to the farthest verge of empire. This is an age and ours a country of mechanism. The mechanical arts, with which for all purposes of discussion manufactures are synonymous, bear the rule in our time. The prizes of fortune, which formerly fell almost exclusively to commerce, now alight more frequently here; and without these agencies agriculture would never have awaked from the sleep of the earlier periods. The institutions of education, without abandoning the classic fields, recognize and apply this fact; and Boston, as much a city of mechanics as of merchants, through her Lawrences, father and son, and more recently her Hooper, has conferred upon the neighboring University new and practical departments of contemporary power and lasting beneficence. And so I take up the condition as we find it, and for these remaining moments will consider *the relations of the Mechanic Arts with Liberty and Social Progress.*

No lesson of modern history has been more clearly defined than that the growth of these utilities has been the herald of a larger freedom than was before enjoyed. It is difficult indeed—so imperfect have been historical writers in their delineation of domestic custom—to point out the exact connection which one improvement after another has borne with the general results; but we cannot recur to the record of those days in which manufactures, and commerce, which would be of little consequence without them, first caught the

influence of the pulsations which startled the people of Europe from their torpor, without becoming ourselves admiring witnesses of their quickening and regenerating effect upon the tyranny of a thousand preceding years. If we go back to what under our classification of periods is called the Middle Ages, we find that the institution of feudalism, half patriarchal and half military, held everything in subjection until artisanship, manufactures, and trade loosed forever the chain and the grasp. The triumph at Runnymede, to which we are in the habit of referring the landmarks of freedom, was chiefly the success of feudal lords over a feudal crown ; it brought but little of practical liberty to the nine tenths of all, who still continued under a baronial despotism. It was not till the mechanic arts, few and small as they were,—manufactures dawning faintly and at intervals in a long dark period, dying out in one place only to take new life in another,—and commerce, depending upon these for its support, always sharing their fortunes and keeping place only with their progress,—had varied the broad dead level of the public condition, had liberalized the ranks above and quickened the masses below, had opened the way for the fusion of the social classes, and penetrated their mutual relations with those aspirations which have beat higher and higher till now they control the Western nations, that anything which can be called popular freedom had a genuine and transmitted existence. In the descent and diffusion of liberal ideas, in the promulgation of common rights, in the establishment of systems of justice and equity, towns and cities have proved to be the most effective agencies ; but these have sprung up only in sympathy with manufactures and commerce. The mediaeval landed proprietor conferred no such benefits upon the race ; he held his artisans under the limitations of a quasi-white servitude, and for all the purposes of reforming social abuses and redeeming men from vassalage their relation was almost of as little value as that of the mechanics of Greece and Rome, who were slaves. If the annals of mankind

chronicle anything with a point and a moral to it, it is that for centuries there were no considerable and enduring manufactures which were popular in their origin, popular in their uses, and popular in their relations. I allow that among the memorials of early time, partly rescued and partly entombed beyond our knowledge, there are sublime traces of lost arts. Wonderful to this generation, marvels to the modern science of mechanics, they loom out from Nineveh and Babylon and Jerusalem, and Egyptian pyramids, and later cities even now under the process of exhumation, full of interesting disclosure to the antiquary and the scholar, but bringing little instruction as to the advancement and enfranchisement of the world, and scarcely coming at all within the circuit of the golden links which in our day bind the productions of genius and art to the welfare of humankind. They are splendid encomiums upon the skill of the past; but they furnish not much aid to the progressive lessons of our political economy, which builds up Boston and Lowell and Lawrence and Worcester, and infuses them with the springs of immortal life. Such a benign mission was reserved to a later period of popular arts. Those were feudal times, having an abundance of rural life, protected by the castle, the turret, and the portcullis.

In classifying the periods and the causes of the deliverance of Europe, a philosophical historian (Mr. Hallam) has ascribed one of the first degrees of progress to the introduction of woollen manufactures into Flanders, nearly six hundred years ago. So magical was the effect that the wings of trade opened wide and far, that little district became a market of renown, and merchants from seventeen kingdoms besides strangers from almost unknown countries were domiciled in the inconsiderable capital of West Flanders, that palpitated under the new dispensation of industry. How infectious are these examples! They spread immediately through the free cities of Germany, and wherever the most mechanical skill and production was developed, there the greatest civil liberty

was enjoyed. England invoked the charm ; and as if realizing the glory of the title which subsequent history has given to him, of the "father of English commerce,"—"a title by which he may claim more of the gratitude of his countrymen than as the hero of Crécy,"—her great Edward opened a stream of emigration from the manufactures of the Continent which continued to pour its life-giving influences into his realm for an hundred years afterwards. The commerce of the Baltic sprang into existence, and Northern and Southern Europe greeted each other for the first time in peace and on shipboard ; ships of nearly a thousand tons astonished the god of the sea ; maritime law and the law system of nations took form and expression ; international comity and freedom rose to influence and respect ; banks started into life, the repositories of so many hopes, and bills of exchange were invented, those fictitious cords which bind together remote nations in faith and confidence ; the desolation of the wars of the Roses was quickly repaired ; manufactures and trade obtained a place in the Statutes of Parliament, and from that day down they have swelled the volumes of its proceedings with the record of their fraternal progress, their equal beneficence, their indissoluble glory. Those who were engaged in these occupations became respectable before the law, and began to assume an equality with the landed proprietor ; for by a statute it was provided that an artisan or tradesman,—you will bear in mind that the two have travelled in company together on the same benevolent mission to the race and to its now conceded honors,—if possessed of real estate of the value of £500, should be permitted to dress himself like a squire of £100.

The struggle between arbitrary power and the rising classes was protracted in its duration and varied in its vicissitudes of success and defeat, but every generation brought it nearer to its termination. The hue of change was passing over the social condition, and the power of landholders was yielding to the free spirit of the towns. It was not in the tent, but in

the workshop, that modern liberty was dreaming of her coming joys ; it was not in Gothic halls, but in the marts of trade, that equality of rights was panting with a new-born consciousness ; it was not in rural but in urban life, in the smoke of cities, in the din of ports, that the reforms were maturing that should strike the century bells with the last note of the Middle Ages and awake mankind by the click and whirl and thunder of the arts to the amazing scenery which is now unfolding before us without exciting our surprise. There it was that new ideas of profit and of property, new conceptions of creative power and artistic combination, disturbed the stagnation of all previous time ; and it was there in the consciousness of common strength, and invigorated by a more rapid circulation of thought, that the stubborn spirit of freedom first made its roots broadly and profoundly. The king became disquieted at the rapid increase of London ; but artisanship, trade, and shipping found their way into Parliament. The democratical interest, distinguishing the orders of industry from the territorial aristocracy, was steadily diffusing itself and accumulating its power, running in even flood with ideas of equality and independence. Aided by the practical arts it gained the first modern triumph ; for while in an earlier day Wat Tyler could only summon a powerless rabble around his standard, who fell easily before the knights in their armor of steel, Cromwell afterwards gathered his heroic numbers from the houses of mechanics and merchants, Puritans in their religion and workmen in their lives, and a new era was opened at Marston Moor.

The first conflict and the first victory of the arts you celebrate this evening were waged and won in the land of our ancestors, whose history is strewn with choice memorials of the sources of our own freedom. The progress of Great Britain, since she emerged from the middle period, has been the gradual yet constant growth of a nation of mechanics. The constitution of England — her unwritten law, deeply embedded in the customs of her people — relates back for its

derivation through all the stages of her advancement in these utilities. The stern features of feudalism, which first gave to it an ascendancy over the crown, have received in successive periods the softening influences of the arts, which have made her system of industry a nursery of liberal ideas. Their imperial life, their enfranchised individuality, from which we at first derived our own, have grown up from her wharves and warehouses and workshops until now they have become the first estate of the realm. That no tax should be extorted without the consenting voice of the legislature, has come from the early traders and mechanics whose defiance spoke in the cause of John Hampden; every representative reform has been the achievement of the towns rising over the ruins of baronial towers; that no man shall be imprisoned by the royal will is one of the flowers, not of regal dispensation, but of the new classification of labor; religious freedom to the dissenter has gushed out from the wealth and influence of dissenters who run machinery and watch the hustings; the independence of the judges is a fruit of the middle interest of the nation which can disrobe the ermine when it becomes impure; the limitation of parliaments is the decree which is heard from the Manchesters, the Sheffields, and the Liverpools; the liberty of the press is the inspiring utterance that rises from a thousand fields, on her land and sea, in which a roar of water-falls mingles with a myriad of steam-engines in tones which all the kings of the earth cannot silence. In the whole round of her drum-beat her conquests have been the conquests of these arts. If it be true, as it has been said, that Arkwright, who placed cotton spinning in the weird sisterhood of national powers, bore the English nation triumphantly through the wars of the French Revolution, it is equally true that neither Pitt nor Wellington, but Watt, who organized the steam-engine, was the conqueror of Napoleon. And within our own memory the final disinterthalment from an overshadowing aristocracy was secured in a single day by the brilliant triumph of the "untaught, inarticulate geniis" of

George Stephenson, when he gave the first start under high pressure to the express train that made over the Liverpool and Manchester road the grand trial trip of the age of progress; the inventor and engineer being the plain Northumberland mechanic,—the witnesses, Brougham and Wellington and Huskisson, ladies, court, and people,—and the freight, all the interests and all the hopes of civilization. Truthfully and philosophically did Dr. Arnold, of Rugby, exclaim, as he stood upon one of the bridges and watched the train flashing through the fields belonging to lords who had done their utmost to thwart the experiment, “I rejoice to see it, and to think that *feudality is gone forever.*”

It would be pursuing a topic already too familiar to discuss at any length the relations of the mechanic arts with the development of public liberty in this country. They were, more distinctly than other interests, the causes and agencies of its independence. About the middle of the last century manufactures acquired an importance in Europe which distanced all former example, and spread rapidly to this side of the water, where they found a population in the Northern colonies who for many years had been trying their hands at the same kind of work. Under the new impulse which now began everywhere to stimulate these pursuits, the people of Massachusetts and of other colonies eagerly caught at all suggestions which came from Europe, and quickly added to them their own originalities of invention. Then came the repressive and at times prohibitory policy of Great Britain, having all the power of Parliament to support it, aiming to destroy these hives of skilled labor while they were yet forming, and before they should be able to compete with those of the mother country. The purpose was the impoverishment of the colonies in the departments of handicraft; and, as Mr. Burke said in his great speech on Conciliation, the English nation seemed to act upon the thought that America was becoming her rival in this class of production. Such legislation aroused a responsive spirit of resolution on

our side, and the men who were pursuing these labors, and were imparting to the life of New England a vigor and elasticity she had never before possessed, became restive under the restraint, resentful to tyranny, and ready for independence. So that, when the time came for rupturing the tie of empire, the question of taxation was rather the occasion than the primary cause of the war. The Revolution was a necessity out of years of accumulating measures of despotic vigor and repression, all directed to shattering the arm of art and skill in these Northern communities. The last blow which evoked the spark that burst into the blaze of conflict fell ostensibly indeed upon commerce; but the thousands who had been struggling at the infant manufactures of the time, whose manly hopes and sinewy arms had been kept down by legislative oppression, dictated from a throne three thousand miles away, now outnumbered the merchants and helped them to spread the flame. These were the men, the mechanics and artisans of Boston and the seaboard, who made up the constituency that stood behind Samuel Adams as he walked these streets, watching and directing the rising storm. There was something in their experience under the British colonial system that urged them on to the contest; there was something more in their occupation, as creators in the system of political economy and in the domain of art, which elevated them to lofty conceptions of manhood and made them fit for earnest service in the struggle for liberty.

Singularly and especially, after the Revolution, were your interests instrumental in organizing peace under a constitutional union of the States. The name of the early president of this association, Paul Revere, worthily retained in our day in the relations of hospitality, of trade, and of manufactures, remembered in connection with all that he accomplished for the establishment of our National Government, at the first mention of it snatches from my lips everything I could say, if I ought to say even a word, upon a branch of my theme so interesting as this is. It has always appeared

to me the wonder of our history, how, out of the chaos of the individualities of States, out of commercial diversities and political antagonisms, out of the idiosyncrasies of climate and domestic institutions, out of conflicting reminiscences of origin, settlement, and race, any union at all ever came to us. But the wisdom of the God of our fathers was higher than ours. Then rises before me the beauty, the mystery, the harmony, of the States and the classes which from so great diversity united in framing and confirming the Constitution. Our own New England was divided, so that if Massachusetts had an interest and a patriotism which overcame some of her theories and gave her among the earliest to the Union, Rhode Island had a revenue policy and perhaps some other reasons which kept her out until a little after the eleventh hour. In the conventions of New York and Massachusetts I suppose that question, so vastly interesting to the generations of America, to have been decisively settled for the whole confederation ; and in both of these States it is not too much to say now, in the light of tradition and history, that if it had been left exclusively to the landed interest, the Government under whose flag your exhibition illustrates alike the victories of arms and of arts could scarcely have been established. Here in Massachusetts the communities in which manufactures allied to commerce had made most progress turned the trembling scales in favor of its adoption ; and I believe it is a fact now well understood that when eminent men, who led the councils of those days in this State, hesitated about the ratification, the manufacturers and mechanics, animated by the fire and patriotism of Revere, pressed them up to duty and enforced the decision of the convention. Quite similar were the circumstances which attended the result in New York, in whose convention the constitution received the vote of only the slightest majority of delegates. To the genius and efforts of Alexander Hamilton, which never shone more conspicuously than in the convention at Poughkeepsie, that conclusion will forever be attributed. He was

a delegate from the commercial metropolis, but his election may be traced to the meeting of the mechanics of that city who assembled at the house of William Ketchum and determined that he should be elected. History, that selects her heroes, whether in peace or in war, from the number of those whose speech rules the forum or whose command propels squadrons on the field, and cannot pause to inquire who chose the orator or who fought under the order and the bugle, awards to Ames and his associates in Massachusetts, to Hamilton and his associates in New York, the honors of the adoption of the Constitution and of the ages of glory under it. Inquiry and analysis disclose to us the antecedent detail,— how the manufacturers and artisans of Boston and New York furnished to Ames the inspiration of his eloquence, and to Hamilton the opportunity for the amazing display of his intellect and his demonstration which carried the day for all coming time. The fame of your association culminates this evening in the bare mention of their renown.

The limitations of this evening's exercise will not permit me to consider with any detail the influence of the mechanic arts upon social progress; that would be a task for history and for volumes. It will surely be sufficient for the lighter purposes of the present occasion to treat the topic rather by illustration than by narrative or argument, especially since our own experience and observation supply all needed argument.

An eminent English writer, Mr. Carlyle, who has not been at all satisfied with us in war, has criticised our condition as severely under peace,— claiming that we have lost our belief in the invisible, and that we live and hope and work only in the visible, the practical, and the mechanical. The theory is, that our best days are over, that our spirit has become tame and enfeebled, and that under the prevalence of the material, the commercial, and the mechanical, our social tone and temper has lost its higher energy and sentiment. No argument can satisfy this theory, but historical illustrations scatter it to the imperceptible winds. This transcendental

ideal of life, in its contrast with the later and experimental ages, is illustrated in the type of the earlier centuries which gave the trial to that doctrine and opened the way for the trial of ours. I invite you to the comparison.

During the long period which closed when modern history began there was no lack of philosophy, but a vast want of mechanical utility. Great masters filled the world with syllogisms, but with no new tools for workmen. They were rich in brilliant conceits, fine abstractions, and keen dialectics; but few new inventions, or practical improvements in morals or social existence, had a place in their barren fields. The conveniences and comforts of life were esteemed too vulgar for that philosophy. Alike in the night of the pagan schools and in the dim twilight of a corrupted Christianity, men disputed in never-ending cycles of abstract conceptions, of ideal good, of the essence of things; and where one left off, another began and ended. The useful was undignified; and while true wisdom might well be found in reasoning after the organization of the soul, it could not come down to the idea of windows through which men might see and of pipes that should warm their freezing bodies. Angles of thought were polished to more than Damascene lustre, but angles of iron in its thousand styles for use would have been a scandal to the Grove and the Portico. Even the imperial intellect of Aristotle might have been pleased by the suggestion of a swinging pendulum, as illustrative of the action of the human mind, but the intimation of its application to a Yankee timepiece would have ruffled his proud spirit. The idea of the electric fluid would have been accounted sublime as an abstraction, but the sight of Franklin flying a kite to evoke an eternal law from the skies to protect our houses and barns would have wrung a pang from many a Grecian philosopher. Those were great times and great men, but there were few benefactors in the larger sense pertaining to the whole of time. There was little of progress, for all that was taught died with the disputant, and there was nothing left to be transmitted

to the next age for adoption or improvement. Even down to the hearing of modern ears this subtle philosophy held its control ; alchemy, astrology, and the vain pursuit after the philosopher's stone, were in highest favor, while the arts and inventions that supply and elevate the race were in scholastic outlawry. During all this philosophical millennium, governments were treated as ingenious agencies for conducting men to the ideal of virtue, and not as the splendid structures of experimental wisdom for enriching the people in all that art and wealth and morals can provide for the multiplying wants of social man. Unpractical schoolmen rose in proud succession, and through their gigantic intellectual machinery furnished dogmas enough to the State and the Church for generations even now unborn ; but, viewed from the observatory of a modern living age, they appear in some respects not unlike those massive windmills which formerly amused summer hours at Newport, whose ponderous arms revolved with fearful momentum even after the last kernel of fruit had departed from the hopper.

But at length, in the fulness of time, our new producing powers acquired possession of the field. Their rapid development has been commonly ascribed to the change which Lord Bacon introduced to the studies and pursuits of men, under which physics, arts, utility, progress, have for centuries ruled over the circuit of human thought. Certain it is that within a century after his accession to the mastery, the toiling and patient philosophy of induction and experiment, of investigating step by step and process by process for the laws which guide mankind in their efforts to subdue matter and combine forces, was held in highest favor. Agriculture started from its slumberous bed as if touched by the wand of a charmer. The disputationes of the schoolmen receded, and governments and morals and arts began to be judged by their effects. Alchemy and astrology fled with their lost dignity, and the study of natural elements and the arranging and adjusting of natural forces took their places. Kings had their

laboratories, judges studied water-courses, and fine ladies turned some of their patronizing glances from the halls of courtiers to the hitherto vulgar labors which make tradesmen, artisans, and farmers. Architecture began to be contemplated in its bearings upon the common ranks of life; houses to be ventilated; lands to be drained; machinery to be invented and set to work; trade to become respectable; and the pursuits of man to receive that direction which has continued in an ascending scale until now our civilization is largely a record of these practical studies and these multiplied powers.

Suppose now that Lord Bacon could come back in the flesh, accompanied, if you please, by some of those masters in natural science and mechanical construction who have become familiar to us as public benefactors, and could tarry long enough to survey this vast convolution of results which sweeps the globe in its circle of blessing,—what a scene would meet their astonished gaze!

They would behold hundreds of millions of people engaged in occupations which in the old time had not been thought of,—such a panoramic view of enterprise and production and consumption as would have startled their own vivid imagination in their lifetime. They would witness coal-fields and iron mines reclaimed from long neglect and become the very bases of modern civilization, without which nations cannot be opulent or independent,—the earth kindly opening its depths to receive myriads of men who by the light of science and the aid of arts bid defiance to its darkness and its gases, pump away its water and its refuse, and extract the ores and metals which are wrought to fit a thousand utilities and to become objects of inspiring beauty; agriculture restored to the honor of the time of the patriarchs, goaded by energies unknown before, enlivened by modern machinery and modern markets and in return conferring upon them its victorious sheaves. They would behold

“Steam, that fleshless arm,
Whose pulses leap with floods of living fire,”

changing the features of the world,—commingling the flags of countries in the dance of the sea,—darting great ships in defiance of the winds and the breakers, and railroad cars where before no horse had penetrated,—operating more machines than the hour would permit me to enumerate if I knew them,—sending out from this city every morning before the cock crows thrice an hundred thousand printed sheets which cabinets read before they decide, and all New England before it approves,—facilitating intercourse, acquaintance, refinement, joy; in Great Britain alone twenty thousand steam-engines driven day and night with a power equal to two millions of men; the artificial and mechanical forces of our land exceeding all the hands of the four continents of the globe a century ago, and two fifths of our male population over fifteen years of age employed in manufactures, the mechanic arts, commerce, and mining; bays and rivers and gulfs spanned with a strength that shall never fail and with a beauty that shall survive the decay of the Parthenon; the wilds of the country reclaimed, cities starting up as by enchantment, crowded with order and intelligence by day and lighted up by a flame that never goes out by night; in our own empire thirty thousand miles of railroads making peace always ready for war and converting war into peace with a quickness and a quittance which other times never knew; in this same America twenty-five thousand miles of wires,—I dare say there are more,—mute yet eloquent, talking up to the high noon of night of wants and supplies, of trades and battles, ever flashing with the messages of the living and the dead; a commerce taking the products of the land and of the machines to the side of the sea and there committing them to another country, another world; a system of credit and exchange founded in religious truth, sustained by honor and faith, blessing him who gives and him who receives; a civilization they would behold and admire and pray for, which places it in the power of man to “wield these elements and arm him with the force of all their legions.”

This photograph Lord Bacon and his associates would accept as the picture of a portion, and only a portion, of the fruits of the tree of modern utility, which he assisted in planting, whose roots are intrenched in every well-ordered state to-day, whose pendent boughs canopy our time. These they would recognize as the trophies which are sometimes characterized as the material successes of commerce and the mechanic arts. Nor material successes only. For the survey would be incomplete which should not perceive the average duration of human life lengthened out, alleviations of suffering discovered, some diseases eradicated ; these steam-presses opening a flood of literature and scattering the Holy Scriptures like leaves for the healing of the nations; the English language pervading the earth with exquisite thought and immortal charity ; schools made free, universities accessible, and churches thrown open, where but recently solitude reigned supreme ; institutions of benevolence sending up to Heaven their thanksgiving and spreading their benefactions through society for the ills of the body and the mind ; history at her work clearing up the mysteries of time ; poetry sending its deep-toned vibrations through the heart of the age ; the fine arts awakening the soul in its daily toil to the eternities of love and beauty ; and the body of law and order breathing with a free spirit and laying a kind restraining hand upon the waywardness of our nature. Who is the man so unbelieving in the very presence of this world-wide exhibition which is passing before him, as to say that this mechanical period has not outstripped every former period in the generality of its progress and in the loftiness of its ethics ?

So also, gentlemen, the area of the hall of liberty and the market house which you have thrown open to the public for three weeks of holidays and for universal instruction, is crowded with proofs that your department of industry is alive with the higher taste and sentiment which becomes a part of æsthetic culture. There I behold inert substances transformed from their own mute creation into the properties

and activities of mechanical life,—that which was dead in nature made by skill and art to speak in a language felt and understood by the great circle of humanity,—the wood, the metal, and the ore so changed as to become a charm to the eye, music to the ear, and an awakening medium to all the sensations which are undying in the heart of man. I see the rude sands scooped from the natural beds of Berkshire fused with alkalies, and unified into forms which, if they were less common, would be valued as the rarer diamonds. I witness that model steam-engine under action, which was brought hither from our county of Worcester, out of a shop where I have seen three hundred loyal and lordly men pounding their intelligence into the work of their hands; my eye ranges over the textures made up out of the fleece from the Western prairies, or the white ball from the Southern savannas, so fine that they recall the fact which has been recorded that a pound of cotton has been lengthened and attenuated into a thread of a thousand miles. These are the works, but whence has come the conception? These are the arts, but who are the artists? Is it according to the analogies of our knowledge that they who perform these things can be coarse and rude in their natures, unresponsive to taste and sentiment and humanity? The modern artificer is the creator of beauty, and lives amid its forms and its suggestions. The soul of mechanism is animate with poetry. The ideals first exist in the mind of the mechanic, and are next transferred to wood and metal, and then are applied under the laws of time and space and fluids, and at length are invested with a perpetual life of motion that finds its type in the revolving spheres of the heavenly world; and tell me, can these things be so and not awaken all the capacities of his nature to the pleasures of culture and refinement and sensation? The social life of our time is pervaded by the aesthetics of the mechanic arts. The eye, the sense, the soul, of the state finds a school larger and freer than municipalities ever founded, so long as men, women, and children throng their way to the splendid machine, gaze

upon its unwonted style, its Gothic strength, its columnar supports, witness the balances of its action, the awful and mysterious silence with which it works, the ideal of proportion that makes it "the glass of fashion and the mould of form," and retire with plaudits for its architect and with blessings on his head. And if you follow out the thought, and apply it to the endless diversities of mechanism, and consider how extended the subdivision of this labor and art becomes, and how it individualizes the man and starts his nascent tastes,—and how it unfolds on another plane and in another grade, and produces a Powers, a Story, a Clevenger, a Ball, a Hosmer,—I cannot believe that you will hesitate to reckon this field of study as a part of the higher culture that places upon this age a brighter coronet than any that was ever worn by mediæval kings. These arts impart to our country and to our generation the qualities of an epic age. The English traveller spoke the truth who returned home after his tour in America, and published his declaration that, far from being destitute of the poetic element, our country is itself one grand national poem. The spirit of that poem is beyond every Oriental example. It is not content to float lazily in sharp-nosed gondolas to the music of "flutes and soft recorders," but it asserts a loftier mission,—it breathes through all the arts at home, and utters itself from our "Flying Clouds" and "Howling Winds" and all other clipper ships of whatsoever name over the zones of the earth.

And thus, approaching the manly arts which your association represents, and in my brief hour only by allusion touching, not tracing, their mysterious origin and their unrecorded growth, their effect in developing the resources of the earth, their relations to the liberty and the progress of man, and their connection with the popular genius and the popular education, I know not how better to express, in a few words, their beginning, life, and results, than by quoting the lines of a charming poetess:—

" There walks a spirit o'er the peopled earth ;
Secret his progress is, unknownu his birth :
Where'er he turns the human brute awakes,
And roused to better life his sordid hut forsakes ;
He thinks, he reasons, glows with purer fires,
Feels finer wants, and burns with new desires.
Obedient nature follows where he leads, —
The steaming marsh is changed to fruitful meads ;
Then from its bed is drawn the ponderous ore,
Then commerce pours her gifts on every shore ;
Then kindles fancy, then expands the heart,
Then blow the flowers of genius and of art."

Gentlemen, I conclude as I began, by felicitating you over the present condition of your association, and by adding my appreciation to that which you must have of your position in the great confederacy of arms and of arts. Your exhibition represents the power of New England in war and in peace. The mechanics of Massachusetts bore a leading part in the opening scenes of the recent struggle. This is well illustrated in what General Butler has told me, — that when, in the dark days of the memorable April which shut off Washington and *the good President* from communication with the country, he was on his way with one of our regiments to the relief of the capital, and at Annapolis found the only remaining locomotive dismembered by rebel hands, he inquired of his men whether any of them could restore it ; upon which a half-dozen stepped forth from the ranks, saying that they had helped build that engine in one of the shops of Massachusetts and they could put it together again ; scarcely sooner said than done, and the Massachusetts machine speedily took a thousand Massachusetts bayonets and Massachusetts hearts into Pennsylvania Avenue, and saved the Government from the abyss which was already yawning to receive it. This patriotic and effective example was sustained by the producing classes of the State throughout the war, alike here at home in the preparation of supplies and by the gallantry of her serried files in the field. And now, when martial scenes have disappeared, the same high duty rests upon the people of the Commonwealth,

and the same lofty triumph will reward them. This prosperity and happiness among ourselves, this influence, this credit, this renown in all our relations with the country and the world, plead trumpet-tongued that these arts, without which there can be no sceptre for us, may be developed and extended until they shall diffuse their benignity over all states and over all ages. Happy are you in the privilege of enjoying so conspicuous a share in advancing the civilization and the power of your native land.

SPEECH

AT A MASS MEETING IN MECHANICS' HALL, IN WORCESTER, FEB. 10, 1866,
CALLED TO CONSIDER WHAT ACTION SHALL BE TAKEN BY THE CITY
OF WORCESTER TO COMMEMORATE THE SERVICE OF CITIZENS WHO LOST
THEIR LIVES IN THE WAR FOR THE UNION.

MR. MAYOR AND FELLOW-CITIZENS :

I SCARCELY think it prudent in me or kind towards you that I should step aside this evening from the presence of other duties that have left me no hour to weigh a thought worthy of your occasion and your object. You will therefore accord to me acquittal, if, after having made the journey solely to redeem a promise to be present, I make my words as brief as the purpose of the meeting is simple.

The subject of your deliberations transcends the limitations and the possibilities of the time. Within a few moments of mutual exhortation we are compelled to compress a contemplation of events, results, and duties which are sufficient for an ordinary generation. Think how great they are. They comprise the preservation of the nation and the ark of its covenant,—the extinguishment of the first and the last great American rebellion,—the emancipation of four millions of the children of God,—the setting of our ensign on every continent and every sea, foremost and highest forevermore,—and now some inadequate yet cordial tribute to those, our own, who by their arms have achieved the work, and by their blood have sealed it till the earth shall give up its dead.

It is not new, the building of monuments. That is ancient as the instincts of human nature, and antedates the historic

periods. Such memorials cover the earth, and have become the landmarks of traditions and annals. History is full of the questions that relate to them ; poetry reproduces them in new beauty ; and the fame of heroes breaks in immortal lustre from the cloud and mystery that hangs about them. But it is the glory of monumental structures that the men and the events they commemorate are by this instrumentality made to live on after the symbols have crumbled back to dust. The names and the deeds of public crises, which otherwise might fade and become uncertain, take a new life from these inscriptions, they thus become fixed in the heart of the world, and survive ever after. They who fell at Thermopylæ — are they not this day better known, and will they not always be better known, for the memorial inscription of Simonides, though the material letters have long since passed away ? That high occasion is as fresh and as inspiring now, after the lapse of two thousand five hundred years, as when the renowned Greek laid his inscription there. The people who are capable of living through great eras, like that from which we have just emerged, without raising some tablet, some shaft, some memorial, grand as the battle and the victory, prove themselves incapable of enduring and patriotic virtue.

The recent war has taken from our streets, our shops, our dwellings, two hundred and fifty souls, the flower of our homes, forever. In the dew of their youth, or in the prime of their manhood, they laid down their lives for a cause. Let us set apart something from our prosperity to commemorate the victory of the cause.

Let him who talks largely his belief in the destiny of democratic representative government now render his tribute to those who had the courage of their opinions and carried them down to untimely graves.

Let him who has spoken anti-slavery years in and out, safely at home, now relax the strings of his heart and his purse, that both may open in the presence of the entire de-

struction of slavery, and in the presence of the ghastly death of his townsmen and brothers, who buried it with their own bodies.

Let him who cheers the flag on all festal days now contribute the income of one day in the year, to inscribe conspicuously in the public square the names of those who bore proudly that ensign in every battle from the Potomac to the warm bayous, who felt it fanning their cheeks as they died, and gave it back triumphant to their countrymen for a thousand years to come.

Let him who looks complacently on the attitude of his country in the group of all the nationalities of the globe—that attitude never so majestic as now—remember them, the young and the brave, who stood fearless before the combined menaces of France and England, whose present disappointment wails around their headboards.

Let him—if one such there be in this city of humanity and patriotism—who recollects that he gave during the war as little as possible save the cold shoulder to his country, make henceforth his amnesty with the shades of the departed, and drop the repentant tear on the monument his own hands shall help to raise.

Mr. Mayor, I am not master of that propriety which would enable me to speak fitly and personally of the slain of our city. Of the two hundred and twenty-three non-commissioned officers and privates, I knew many; of the twenty-six commissioned officers, nearly all. I cannot without exposure to misconstruction indulge in discrimination. Yet especially one, in our joint civil service, had made me his friend. Parker called to give me his hand when he first went forth at the early reverberation from Fort Sumter, and each time afterwards. In the later interviews I learned more than all I knew before, of the field, from him. As you thought then, he need not have gone; high honors at home were in store for him; he ought not to have died,—for there was unfortunate practice. But all the brighter the crown of

his service. His last uncomplaining words were told me, the dirge which heralded his returning body through this broad avenue has long since subsided, and it only remains for me that I may unite with his fellow mechanics in carving a wreath around his name. And so I pass by the sons of my neighbors who have left them, and mention one other less known to most of you. When the Twenty-fifth Regiment, after its re-enlistment, came home on a furlough, in the absence of the commander-in-chief it was assigned to me, as a Worcester Representative, to receive them in Faneuil Hall. I recall Captain O'Neil, at the head of an Irish company, even then numbering seventy men, of whom all but four had re-enlisted. His martial bearing impressed me. His muscle was hard, his face was bronzed, and the whole contour had the handsomeness of a picture. I forced him upon the platform, and insisted on introducing him to the floor and the galleries, that received him with cheers and waving white. The next time I heard of him, he had gone. When he received the stroke which was to be speedily fatal, he exclaimed, "Hold the flag over me, and tell my mother I died for my country." And thus that sacrifice was quickly completed. Tell me, ye who read the light romance, and ye who seek inspiration in classic ages gone by, what have you learned more noble or more touching than that?

Ah, my friends, there is something in the death of soldiers, in the battles or prisons or the diseases of war, that comes over our sensibilities with mingled pathos and mystery and awe. I know that death is the same thing in all times and places; and yet there is no other death like that of the soldier. Wherever brave boys offer up their life amid the din and tumult of a battle over a righteous cause, I feel sure the Heavenly Father sends special angels there. Your vision and mine cannot pass beyond the horizon of the revealed and the known; and still, while I linger over such scenes with a baffled knowledge, and cannot penetrate the veil, a voice whispers to me that there is a particular mission of

mercy, and a grace and peace for those who do battle for the right and die in the cause of Freedom and of God. All these, our martyrs, have gone away in a manner others do not go. As we who stayed at home and live at home trace their flight, may we not break this monotony of ours with the utterance,—

“ I see them walking in an air of glory
Whose light doth trample on my days, —
My days, which are at best but dull and hoary;
Mere glimmerings and decays.”

For this cause and this victory, for these men and these actions, the monument should go up. For myself, I would have it altogether and exclusively a soldiers' monument. I would not have it connected with any other institution or purpose or utility whatsoever. As their deeds on fields remote from us were all their own, as their death was unlike that which ours shall be, so the tribute accorded to them should be isolated utterly from our ordinary thoughts and pursuits. As they separated themselves from the studies and avocations at home for a higher life and a grander death, so should the memorial of them be set apart from the jostle and distraction of the town; their monument should be ideal, separate, conspicuous. It should be such, and so located, that their kindred and friends and all the people may approach it, and behold it, and behold nothing else. No shade should obscure it; the sun should visit it with the circling hours, and the winds play perpetual music over its solemn inscriptions. Such, I trust, it shall rise. It shall cheer and animate the sorrowing. It shall inspire all citizens with thoughts of country, and shall quicken the currents of youthful blood. It shall be a fit memorial of every soldier son departed. The words of Milton shall be fulfilled:—

“ Thither shall all the valiant youth resort,
And from his memory inflame their youthful breasts
To matchless valor and adventures high;
The virgins also shall on feastful days
Visit his tomb with flowers.”

SPEECH

AT A MEETING OF ALUMNI OF AMHERST COLLEGE, JULY 12, 1866. AT
AMHERST.

MR. PRESIDENT AND BROTHERS OF AMHERST COLLEGE :

THIS call, so cordial and fraternal, before which every thought of official relation gives way and disappears, bids my local and academic loyalty to respond and unbosom itself in this presence of the comrades and friends of the earlier and later days. It may be well enough that you should take whatever pleasure can come from a gratified sentiment of college relationship, or personal friendship, in offering welcome to the Chief Magistrate of the State coming hither out of the alumni of our common *alma mater*; but for me, and to-day, the only thought is that of gratulation, that we hail and salute her in the period of her largest prosperity,—when endowments from Williston, Walker, and all the others make her independent,—when a good personal administration makes her attractive,—when her many sons prove faithful to virtue and to her. Never before has she been able to welcome the return of Commencement day with such queenly dignity as now, when she beholds her influence spreading like the waters of irrigation over the globe, when she is herself no longer a public suppliant, when she receives the sacred kiss from a thousand living and grateful lives.

It has been my opportunity to observe the stately rise of this College. The class of 1836 have been witnesses of her ascending fortunes. After the State, speaking through

the misdirected voices of the Legislature, had sent away this child of its charter, not only without the pittance which was asked for, but with angry and reproachful words, and after the people in response to this unkindly conduct had quickly raised fifty thousand dollars for the institution, it was my privilege, then a freshman, to co-operate with two hundred and fifty other undergraduates in lighting the candles of illumination at every pane of every window upon this hill, and to stand with them ankle-deep in the snow, bidding all hail to those lights that should never go out; bidding defiance to the Boston lawyer who had struck his cold and poisoned fangs, all unavailingly, only in the outer garments of our *alma mater*. His bitterness of the charge of "pious fraud" only roused her resolute soul to that purpose of great and sweet revenge which lay in the Christian determination to appeal to the hearts and to the churches of New England, and to work on with devout confidence for the good of mankind. Some of us boys of sixteen said then, if God would spare our lives, we would again test the heart of Massachusetts in the days of our manhood, and would ask her to reverse the unkind decree of that day. And eight years afterwards it was my opportunity, with my fellow alumni, among whom were Lord of Salem and Kellogg of Pittsfield, to try the question over again in the same House of Representatives, and to witness the willing grant of the Commonwealth from its treasury to our cause. That was a day which I shall ever remember. Then our College stood for the first time vindicated and triumphant under the august sanction of the State,—her seal being then added to ours; her treasury then coming to the aid of ours; her recognition of Amherst in the companionship of Harvard being then established, never after to be repudiated.

It was my pleasure to communicate the tidings of this act, so important for Amherst, to the president of my own college days then surviving. I allude to the late Dr. Heman Humphrey, now passed to the fellowship of the saints.

He was, of all others, the patron friend and defender of this College. No language which I can command could convey to you the delight with which he received the intelligence of that victorious day. I stood near him; and his face, to use the expression of the Scripture of the first martyr, was as if it had been the face of an angel. Hope elevated and joy brightened his crest. I do not know how others feel; but if I had stood in that situation, I would not have exchanged it for all that kings or people could bestow. I like to associate the name of Humphrey with all the triumphant days of Amherst. He had left a wide and prosperous pastorate to come hither, succeeding the first president, Moore; and he walked steadfastly with us all through the dismal times, never faltering but always leading on to effulgent success. God was over him and with him. God conferred renown upon him here, and out of his loins gave to our alumni those who have since honored the country. One of these, the Hon. James Humphrey, has but recently left vacant by his death a desk in Congress, and has left us all mourners of his Christian spirit, of his pure virtues and manners that were never corrupted by the touch of public affairs, of his culture and his talents that are now all lost to the republic. But another son survives, the Rev. Dr. Edward Humphrey, who through the recent war has conducted the Presbyterian Church of the West to loyalty and to freedom.

I could not permit this occasion to pass without one word of tribute to the third president, the late Dr. Edward Hitchcock. His biography will be written, and will be among the annals of American letters. He was my teacher and my friend, and I knew him better than all the others. He was the greatest genius of Western Massachusetts, and he was the most modest that ever was known. He had the fine spirit of Henry Martyn, all his enthusiasm and all his sweetness. He came up, at the time unobserved, out of the alluvion of the grand Connecticut; but he left his great tracks after him, more marked and more enduring than those which he had

dug out of the hidden strata of your royal river and had placed in yonder cabinet,—miracle of the past and lesson to the future of the divine science which he loved and served. I rejoice to-day, aside from all personal friendship, to recall him among the archives of the Commonwealth. Under the appointment conferred upon him by my oldest surviving predecessor, and my honored neighbor at home, Governor Lincoln, he mapped out and unfolded the geology of Massachusetts. In his first noble volume and its supplements he joined his own fame with the first geological studies of America, which were not more official in their character than they were perpetual in their renown.

But the crowning successes of our *alma mater* were reserved for the time of the presidency of him, the Rev. Dr. Stearns, who presides over these present festivities, and who has brought here the culture of Harvard and the cornered hat of Oxford. I like these, both of them; and I know that I but speak the impulses which are mounting for expression from your own lips, when I say that we greet him in his official chair to-day because we esteem, honor, and love him for his own accomplished virtues, and for all that he is doing on this high field of learning. In his time the College enjoys in reality all that any ideal could hold out or express, and his is the enthusiasm and genius which shall connect the still higher ideal of our aspirations into the most certain and practical achievement.

And now, Mr. President and friends of Amherst, I am before you in official relations, not to speak the words of banishment which were uttered against you more than thirty years ago from the State House, and which have long since become obsolete, but to bid you welcome to the heart and the hearthstone of Massachusetts, that is the patron of piety and learning. I come before you especially, as one of your own number, to unite with you in laying whatever measure of success or distinction we may have achieved upon the graves of these departed teachers, and at the feet of the living.

Above all, I come to relieve the din of public life by the sound of this chapel bell; to bathe fevered temples in the holy atmosphere that comes from yonder mountain range and pervades these halls; to search for solace among the dewdrops that have sweetened this classic valley and have refreshed two thousand students on their toiling way to immortality.

I behold this College in the prime of her usefulness and fame. Her sons are abroad over the earth,—wherever the Church has posted its sentinels, wherever the State has chosen a guardian or an advocate, wherever the veil of human woe can be lifted, wherever the lot of humanity can take fresh felicity from the administration of education and religion. I behold this institution green to-day with the laurel of war, planting her own banner by the side of the banner of her country, and pointing proudly to the services and the deaths of her sons who have united the two upon a hundred crimson fields. I meet her alumni here all eager to reinforce the securities of the union of States, to repair the desolation of the American Zion, to place the imprint of our *alma mater* beneath every good word and work, whether at the hustings or in the court room, whether in the churches or in the halls of learning or in the national councils. I give my heart back to her this day, and only wish that a thousandth part of her reward may be mine.

I meet here also my associates, the Trustees. One of these, and only one, the Rev. Dr. Vaill, appeared before me in the same capacity thirty years ago, when I came here an utter stranger, not knowing an inmate of the College. Others have since come to the Board from the body of our alumni, fresh in youth or manhood, strengthened and adorned by all that their profession and art and culture could add to native genius and youthful study. The Legislature, at its recent session, supplied the place left vacant by Mr. Calhoun, of blessed memory, with a new ally,—one who, though not of the alumni, brings to our support an influence and a power which only modern America has appreciated and understood,

an influence and a power that reaches "across the continent," — Mr. Samuel Bowles, our colleague and our friend. Into the hands of these, whose term covers the period of a generation of men, and to the Divine Head of all our fortunes, I ask you to unite with me in committing our beloved College, with hope and faith and courage.

FOURTH OF JULY ORATION

DELIVERED AT SPRINGFIELD, MASS., 1867.

FELLOW-CITIZENS OF SPRINGFIELD:

IN no year before, since the achievement of independence, has this day been publicly celebrated in so few places, and in no year before ought it to have been commemorated in so many as now. Your voluntary public spirit makes yours, to-day, one of the exceptional communities. It is creditable that you thus mark your appreciation of the historical lessons and duties of this particular year.

And where else could this exception better occur than here, in the city of Springfield? Now two hundred and thirty-one years old, incorporated when all of Massachusetts westward was an unincorporate wilderness, associated forty years later with those heroic romances of the border in which the stout old founders of this hamlet by their wits and their valor prevailed over the aborigines, bound to the cause of the Revolution by the hearts and the arms of its best and bravest men, conspicuous in the first and last insurrection under our State Constitution which ended in the triumph of law and order over anarchy, religiously faithful according to its convictions in the second war with Great Britain, early among the foremost in the last great contest and the last great conquest of American unity over separatism,—just, benevolent, progressive, as I believe, in all the periods, whether of peace or of war, Springfield is surely entitled to color the observance of a national holiday with the tints of her own history.

Another fact of your situation commands my mention. Removed one hundred miles from the easterly and half that distance from the southerly gateway of ocean commerce,—only second in any sense, and in many respects first, among the communities of this long alluvial valley,—your town is peculiarly the representative of the class which, ninety years ago, led the way to independence. The historian of the United States, in his last volume, richest and best of all, has characterized the action at Saratoga as the battle of the husbandmen, in which men of the valley of Virginia, of New York, and of New England fought together with one spirit for a common cause. We may go one step farther. The whole of the Revolution was largely a war of the husbandmen. In the hearts of the yeomanry the Revolution took its inceptive fires and found its steady endurance and support. From the head-waters to the mouth of the central river of New England, rich in all its intervals and slopes, your town is the capital of the husbandmen. The unity of that stock has been best preserved and developed upon this alluvium, and the story and the moral of the Revolution ought to be longest treasured in its descent and blood. To-day all those traditions and lessons are most fitly contemplated in this place, in holiday celebration, beneath these elms of the valley, which have been the companions of the generations and the witnesses of the periods.

I have said that, if others neglect the day, you do well to observe it in thought of the particular lessons of this time. They are peculiarly lessons of this time. Ours is a history of growths. If, for example, you take France, which may be regarded as at present the foremost nation in power after our own, or if, for a smaller scale, you take the wretched and pitiable nation of Mexico, and compare them with the United States, they seem rather to be historically represented by the casualties of volcanic eruption than by those regular and steady developments which we term natural processes. Altogether different is our own situation in the intelligible

line of events. No man on horseback has carved out by his sword any one of our eras. Our historical harvests have all come from the planted seed and germ, and not out of any accident. The order of providence, of nature, and of development is so perspicuous in our annals that we may take our station at any point in the narrative, and see each lesson, understand it, and establish it in our hearts. Thus, at the end of these last seven years as distinctly as at the end of the seven years of the Revolution, there are instructions, clear as human voices, which it is easy to apprehend and which it is a duty to heed. The late conflict, whose results we are now adjusting and bringing into unity for future empire, in its comparison with all our former struggles, I designate as the war of the vindication. It has vindicated, established, and fixed that which the wise patriots had thought before. It has brought into practical and imperial result all that our own best idealism had conceived before. I judge it to be the primary thing we have learned from the recent war of vindication, that the sovereignty of the nation dominates over the sovereignty of the States. It has required the civil experience of almost a century to try that question, and only an organic war, blazing over the States, could have settled it. Out of the struggle of the colonies for independence, out of the deep trials of the period of the Confederation, after the lapse of seventy years of the Constitution, the consummation has come at last, but not until now. It needed the chymic flame of this hottest of wars to clear American nationality of the clogs which had impeded it since the first start; to burn away the limitations which the Confederation and the Constitution had partially denied in theory, but had generally conceded in practice; and to set this Western unity above provincialities and restrictions. You cannot fail to think how to reach this achievement we have had to conquer the instincts of the national beginning and the prejudices of the national growth. For these have been against it down to this time.

It is an anomalous fact that, of all the considerable nations now existing, ours is the only one which has lived from the beginning under a written constitution. That constitutional period would be short for the Old World, but is long for the New. But the seeds of American nationality lie further back than that. The Declaration of Independence, the Confederation, the Constitution, do not tell the whole story. Prior to all of them were the hundred and fifty years of settlement, of mutual colonial approaches and affiliations, of border wars, of the coming of common provincialities. These were preparing us for the necessities of union, but did not provide for it, as they could not foresee the mode of attaining it. That came afterward in defiance of all which had preceded.

So that, when the Revolution came, it was despite the colonial individualisms which had prevailed through four generations. That military union of the colonies was for a present necessity of defence, but did not, for it could not, appreciate the wants of the next generation for government and empire. The Declaration of Independence was grand as a war-cry, but was no bond of imperial government. The Articles of Confederation, which followed, were framed in the fear of central power and amid local jealousies. All were united against the king, but all were afraid of placing anywhere a common overshadowing sovereignty. The sparseness of plantation life in the South shrank from giving power to the compactness of the North, tending toward commerce and the centralization of authority necessary to protect commerce. Slavery there, even then, showed its fear of freedom here. The Confederation proved only a joint-stock association liable to dissolution at any moment, because it conferred no central power for raising taxes or soldiers, for enforcing a treaty abroad or compelling a State at home. It was rich in provisions for individual liberty, but it was poverty itself as a unit of sovereignty. It sprung out of provincialism, and it came only to statism, and not to nationality. It was a grand stage of progress, but it could not be a consummation.

Then, as a consequence, the Constitution came next. If you read Madison's journal of the convention which framed it, you will see how, through four months of deliberation, the jealousy between freedom and slavery, the attachment of separatism, and the dread of unity constantly impeded and nearly defeated the last and only hope of one constitutional government. Even the little pocket State of Delaware threatened to break up the deliberations, and to appeal to some foreign sword for protection against sister States. By a wonder of wisdom, scarcely below a miracle, the Government whose banner floats over us to-day was agreed upon; and by another marvel, which only the transcendent genius of Hamilton and Madison could have achieved, it was confirmed by the people. It is the only written constitutional government of a great nation worthy of mention in all the world at this time. Its greatest apparent weakness was in its forbearance to delegate the power of the States to the central sovereignty. We have learned that in the late war. The necessity of that forbearance was inevitable. The jealousy of the small States relative to the large,—the complications and the animosities of the sections,—slavery, the touchstone of all trouble in America from 1620 until now,—these compelled the great omissions in the Constitution.

Those omissions were concentrated in the lack of an expressed authority of the central unity over the separate parts. Accordingly, from the commencement, while Washington was the first President, and Adams was the second, even thus early, the centrifugal powers of this Government began their motion and effect. All action, all tendencies, moved from the centre toward the several States. Jefferson helped on the tendency, even before he had got home from France. Madison was caught by it; and the champion of the Constitution gave to it the most enfeebling construction by the Virginia resolutions of '98. Those resolutions have been, next to African slavery, the cause of our war. When, long afterward, Webster, in reply to Hayne, endeavored to state

the only construction of the Constitution under which the Union could survive, Madison, then an old man, explained away the resolutions of '98; but it was too late, the mischief had begun its work. The school, of which Hayne was put forth as first modern preceptor, but which Calhoun reorganized and kept in the ascendant in the politics of the country for thirty years, outlived the demonstrations of Webster, the denunciations of Clay, and the invectives of Adams. It was the school of nullification, of secession, of setting at defiance the central Government because it could not by its terms enforce its decrees. The envious world beyond the flood took up the cry of federal weakness in America with delight. The wish of one half of Europe and the fear of the other half said that the American Union contained the elements of disunion and of several ultimate commonwealths. That thought was common abroad, and not by any means uncommon here at home. And though Hayne and Calhoun had passed away, their theory and construction of this Government remained, and took animate form, and found articulate expression in Buchanan; who, in the expiring hours of 1860, opened the war of solution and vindication by promulgating to the world, once more and for the last time, that the national sovereignty could not compel the sovereignty of the States. That was his last legacy of statesmanship; those were his parting words, as he passed from the capital to his eternal retreat. He closed the doors of the old school forever; and it became the lot of Abraham Lincoln to open the doors of the new.

And now, fellow-citizens, after these seven years of the mingled strife of opinions and of arms, we have come to the first opportunity of gratitude and of joy for the establishment beyond all cavil or question of the central power of the Union, of the sovereignty of the unity over its parts, of the oneness and indestructibility of American nationality. That has been an open question before. The people of Europe and the people of the United States were in doubt upon this question

before. But the question has now been settled for the first time, and for the coming centuries. It never could have been settled until the disputants at the South should, after the ordeal of fire and blood, acknowledge it to be settled. That time has come. They who resisted the idea of superior central power, by a war of words for seventy years, and by a war of arms for four years, which seemed longer than all the seventy before, agree with us in accepting trial of battle as the finality. They enter with us upon reconstruction with acknowledgment of the Federal authority ; disputed before, but conceded now ; claimed by Hamilton and denied by Calhoun, demonstrated by Webster and surrendered by Buchanan, but established now for all time to come by the hearts and the arms of the people. Nothing in human history exceeds in grandeur the settlement of this disputed question. It proves that the silence of the Constitution, which has been accounted all over the world as its weakness, is its strength ; and that whatever shall be the number of the States between the Atlantic and the Pacific, they shall live and rule under one common authority and under one common flag.

A second benefit we have derived from this war, which three generations of peace had failed to secure, and which apparently many generations more of peace would fail to give. I mean the acknowledgment of the equality of men, and their right to enfranchisement. We started in the career of nationalism with demanding of the crown the equal rights of mankind ; but having achieved a national independence under that magical tocsin, we weakened and frittered the principle under the supposed necessities of the compromises of the Constitution. Madison, the guiding genius of the Constitution, nobly denied the abstract right of man to hold property in man, and kept its expression out of the charter ; but he conceded it in disguise, under the fallacious belief that it could not last long as American practicality. In that he and his associates deceived themselves, and harassed the next generations. Slavery, as a part of the social and polit-

ical organism of the United States, became the principal force instead of the decreasing incident in the elections and administrations of the Government. It was kept under, as to its offensive and aggressive forms, through the terms of the first four Presidents; but its glittering sword came out of its sheath during the administration of the quiet Monroe, and under the claim of national necessity pointed itself against the heart of the Government, demanded its surrender and got it. That is the historical fact of 1820. The pacificatory and splendid patriotism of Clay stood there, midway between the right and the wrong. He did not yield to the shock, for he was too great for that; he did not breast it outright, for neither he nor the people saw the need of that. And so the emergency was glossed over, and the Government went on as before. Twelve years afterward, Jackson, in the deficiency of his education, but in the richness of his instincts, saw through the error of the past and pointed out the coming peril. He first told this people—after he had suppressed the incipient rebellion of Calhoun—that negro slavery would be the next and great occasion of nullification, secession, and revolt. Let us award credit for the warning to the soldier President. And Jackson was right.

How would the final trial of slavery be likely to come? Its predominance was now manifestly complete, and had been complete from the first inauguration. It had been quiescent under Washington, who was too great for the approach of evil; it had been in expectancy under Adams and Jefferson and Madison; it had had its own way under Monroe, not understood by him; it had kept out of sight under the second Adams and Jackson; and under the succeeding administrations it had been ostensibly subordinated, but in reality ascendant in the politics of those periods.

Again, then, I ask, how would this fearful test be likely to meet us? Surely it must come in some form at last; for the whole past had told us that. The hopefulness of some had put the heart of the country for a time at its ease. Of

these was Henry Clay,—always greatest among orators, and often greatest among statesmen. He had a theory, which neither he nor anybody else could prove in the presence of millions of black slaves increasing quite as rapidly as white freemen, that the African would in time disappear from the stage. From 1820 to 1860, a lapse of time that witnessed the death of a whole generation, so far as I know, only one man completely foresaw and foretold the event which has now become historical. That man was John Quincy Adams. Shortly before his death he declared to one who afterward became the builder of a new party, that negro slavery in the United States would disappear in the next quarter of a century, not peaceably, but by a revolutionary war. Those prove truthful words. As we read all human experience and all providential disposal of human affairs, this institution, standing between the people and their peace and glory, never would, never could, have been abolished save by war.

The war has not only relieved the nation of the conflicts of servitude by establishing universal emancipation, but it has given us the assurance of a homogeneous people by establishing universal suffrage. Monarchies may exist with the limited franchise, but in a democratic republic the franchise must be shackled by few restrictions. This result has been now substantially accomplished, with the general consent. Politicians may continue to make their dalliance over whatever yet remains of this question; but the demand of the North and the acquiescence of the South, the moral sense of the nation which has been made more keen by war, the judgment of the world, the visible tokens of the Divine will, all assure us that this organic reformation cannot stop short of absolute completion. It could never have been attained by the policies of measures of peace. It required the tramp of armies to break down the prejudices rooted by the vicious overgrowths of two centuries and twining around the very body of the Constitution.

Again, we have learned from the war of vindication that an overruling Providence has guided us through all the devious

ways. The Supreme Architect has builded for us better and higher than we knew. I recognize the Divine Hand in the parallelism of the war of the Revolution with the war of Freedom. In two eras alike, a Higher Power baffled the temper and the policy of the people. For the space of two years after the shedding of blood at Lexington, it was perhaps in the power of Great Britain to have effected a reconciliation with the colonies without conceding their independence; and even so late as 1778, the approach of commissioners of pacification was deemed so seductive that it needed the nervous words of Washington, Clinton, and Morris to brace the people, of whose nature it is to love tranquillity. George the Third was converted by his Maker into a Pharaoh, that America might not have a premature and fruitless peace. In the late war of enfranchisement, I have not doubted that at any time within two years after the adoption of the first ordinance of secession by South Carolina in December, 1860, the insurgent States could have obtained peace and retained the system of slavery unbroken. There was enough of division in the North, there had been enough of defeat in the field, to make that result possible and attainable. But there was a divinity which shaped our ends. Instead of one, a score of Pharaohs loomed up in defiance,—ministers of Providence,—to keep the goad still stinging the North on to freedom.

If, before this conflict opened, there were any who were sceptical as to the direct interposition of the Almighty in the administration of human affairs, there ought to be none such at its close. A deist, now, is beyond imagination worse than those before the flood. Against our will and despite our plans the war was made to go on with all that change from success to reverse, from reverse back again to success, from elation to depression, from depression to the last desperate cry to charge along the whole line,—with all that dreariness of time, hope deferred, and sickness of the heart of a people,—which have characterized most of the organic reforms of the human race. We hear it said, that if McDowell in the early

day had pushed from Bull Run to Richmond, that if in the next season McClellan had flashed from Malvern Hill into Richmond, peace would have bloomed with the roses of '61 or '62. Then, in the language of Washington, it would have been "a peace of war." No, fellow-citizens, for the work would have been unfinished. We might as well suppose that after months of torrid heat and vapor, rolling vegetable life to a scroll, the God of nature would make it his rule to clear the air without the agency of electric sublimity and destruction, as to believe that the current of national vice of an hundred years could be changed, and the institutions rooted in the mercenary passions of three generations could be overturned, without the vicissitudes and agonies of protracted war. We cannot be patriotic to-day without being also devout.

And I am sure you will not neglect, in these hours of rejoicing, to render gratitude for the personal agencies in which was invested the control of the two decisive wars of our nationality. In all the great contests of civilization, some leader has appeared, recognized afterward as the agent of the epoch. In the American Revolution the man was George Washington, in the war of vindication the man was Abraham Lincoln,—raised up both, as Witherspoon said, for the great purpose. While Washington far transcended Lincoln in the majesty and dignity of personalism, which wins universal applause; his successor in many particulars resembled him, and was in all respects scarcely less the personal necessity of his own time. You must remember that distance lends enchantment to the view, and that one hundred years hence it well may be, and is likely to be, that Lincoln will rise then among the shades of history as Washington rises now. Generally, in the judgment of mankind, lapse of time is needed for the estimate of persons. So Washington, as it has seemed to me, was not thoroughly and religiously appreciated as an historical character, even in the United States, until the echo of European

eulogy came back to us from the lips of Lord Brougham. And if we may judge by this standard, and by the prefigurations of the European press, Lincoln is quite as sure to take the next rank in the criticisms and disquisitions of the whole Eastern world in time to come. Certainly this cannot fail to happen if Lincoln shall find in the future historian half so generous a chronicler as Washington has found in Bancroft.

At all events, evident it is that God raised up these two men for a control and management of the destinies of their periods. The last was as great, as important, as characteristic, for his time as the former was for his own. Both were essential, because both had been not only chosen by the people, but had been appointed from above. If the first went beyond the second in the breadth and magnitude of his individual scope, the second equalled him in faithfulness to his own mission. As to each of them, the crisis of his appointment and destination needed his own peculiarities and his own powers. In Washington and in Lincoln alike, the qualities predominant, the qualities which determined their epochs, were those of prudence, of caution, and of foresight. These are not merits of merely temporary *éclat*, but they are merits of historical and enduring fame. The prudence and the patience of both commanded the confidence of the people. Washington was surpassed in brilliancy by men of his staff; Lincoln was exceeded by his civilians and generals in the qualities attributed to genius. But both, equally the agents of Divinity, were the engrossing figures of their times. Before Washington the splendors of Greene, Hamilton, and La Fayette pale their military and civic fires; and before Lincoln the renown of Seward, Grant, and Sherman takes a secondary light and reflects back upon him their own as a borrowed flame. Both excelled as students and warriors in the schools of continental struggles. Both were the instruments of national felicity, and the two will pass down the lengthening lines of posterity equal benefactors,—the one, the father of independence; the other, the restorer and liberator of his

country. This present Fourth of July solemnizes their mutual fame, and confidently, tenderly, and sacredly transmits their names in fellowship to the future ages.

The consummation of the past and the security for the future are greatly in our own hands. We have had an ideal country before; but henceforth, if we and our children be true, humble, and brave, we shall have the realization of all that was ideal before.

We have boasted heretofore of being the benevolent and free republic. Now we are to be such in fact. The personal liberty of man, and the freedom of the elective franchise to all, are the rich fruit of the war, and will constitute the strength and grandeur of the future republic. No other country in either hemisphere can assert an equal claim; no other could have attained to it by peace or by war.

We are to be a unity of national strength hereafter, to which all the parts acknowledge their subordination. That we have talked of, but that we have never had before. We are to have it in all the time to come, as the spirits of the brave Union dead, and Grant and Sheridan on the one side, and Longstreet and Thompson on the other, among the living, and Congress and the people, support the declaration. We are to have it for enjoyment, for power, for glory,—one central national authority, no longer to be assailed at home, forever invincible from abroad. Not much longer have we any quarrels to adjust among ourselves. If we have any questions to settle abroad, we can now afford to offer the example of our past as the guaranty of our future, and hold forth the flag of the indivisible union of the States, now strengthened, as the source of inspiration to our sense of justice and equity, and of our confidence that we can and will maintain the credit of American nationality.

Already we survey the fields upon which the patriotic energy of our countrymen now seeks diversion and employment. The desert is overcome, the Indian retreats as the rail is extended, valleys bid welcome and the mountains are

obeisant, and the national pathway from the Atlantic to the Pacific will shortly be completed and connect the peoples of the two shores of the continent. The spirit and the muscle which conquered revolt and restored union, which rooted out servitude and builded enfranchisement, will make the States of the North American Union, present and to come, one citadel of a common nation, one abode of a common people, one farm and workshop of a common prosperity and happiness.

Permit me to share with you, of the city of Springfield, in this happiness and this renown which shall belong to us all. Permit me to rejoice with you that the time of peace has come, and with it universal enfranchisement and invincible unity. Henceforth let us fondly believe that for independence, for humanity, for all imperial functions, the boundless continent is ours. Portland and San Francisco, Springfield and Omaha, are neighbors in the august fraternity whose banner we salute this morning. It is well that we salute that banner here. It is here that the old traditions survive, and it is here that some of the old blood remains. No other spot, for local or general history, can lay higher claim to conspicuous rank in this holiday commemoration. Here patriotism and humanity have from the beginning found a shelter and a home. Here then, to-day, in this capital of the far-stretching alluvium, it is fit that the descendants and representatives of the husbandmen should assemble in patriotic purpose. I deem it high honor to meet with you in such cause and memorial beneath these ancient sweeping elms of Hampden,— more affluent in traditions, more exhilarating, grander by far than

“Groves whose rich trees weep odorous gums and balms,
Others whose fruit, burnished with golden rind,
Hang enviable.”

ADDRESS

BEFORE THE WORCESTER AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY, SEPT. 17, 1868, AT THE PRESENTATION OF RESOLUTIONS IN MEMORY OF THE LATE LEVI LINCOLN, EX-GOVERNOR OF THE COMMONWEALTH, AND FOR MANY YEARS PRESIDENT OF THIS SOCIETY.

MR. PRESIDENT,—In offering for the consideration of the society the resolutions which I hold in my hand I almost deem it unnecessary to say that he who is the subject of them bore an active part, fifty years ago, in the organization of this institution. He was one of its first board of officers, under his father, the senior Governor Lincoln, as president. He delivered the inauguration address before the society at its first public exhibition, forty-nine years ago. Five years later he was chosen its president, and continued to hold the office without interruption for the period of nearly thirty years, when of his own choice he retired. I propose his memory to-day, accompanied with no other thoughts or reflections than such as flow from the present occasion and from his relations to this association. His career in public life and political station, and all his connections with other objects and organizations, I pass over, and ask you to remember him as long time the president and at all times the friend of the Worcester Agricultural Society. I offer the following resolutions :—

Resolved, by the members of the Worcester Agricultural Society, that we share with the general public in deplored the decease of LEVI LINCOLN; whose life, character, and reputation were cherished by all the people of this Commonwealth, and were especially near

and dear to his fellow-citizens and neighbors in the city and county of his nativity and residence.

Resolved, especially, that we desire to make enduring record of our appreciation of the service he rendered to this society through the uninterrupted period of half a century, one of its originators and organizers, its first recording secretary, its president for twenty-eight years, at all times and in all seasons its eloquent advocate, constant contributor, and devoted friend.

Resolved, that we hold out to all our members, and to all whom our influence may reach, the worthy and brilliant example of our lamented friend, as an illustration of the honor and dignity which may be attained, beyond all distinction of office or station, by a just and pure life passed amid rural pursuits and in the cultivation of the higher sentiments of human nature.

Mr. President, the present season is an eminently proper occasion for recalling to the attention and gratitude of those now living the services of that class of gentlemen, of whom our late townsman remained latest among us, who in the early years of the present century conferred a lasting benefit upon the whole community by organizing the first agricultural societies. I refer to Worcester, Essex, and Hampshire. One of these finds its own existence interwoven with the life of Timothy Pickering, and the associates of his time in the East; another cannot write its history without contributing to the biography of Governor Strong, the Millses, the Bateses, and the Allens, so well known as the river gods of the Western valley; and the third, our own society, in setting up a stone to mark the stage of fifty years, would be guilty of unnatural neglect if it were not to inscribe most prominently the name of Governor Lincoln, as its founder and most steadfast patron and friend.

There are those now present who can bear witness to the comprehensive views he took of the whole field of agriculture, and the freedom with which he discussed them and impressed them upon others. The characteristics of the soil and the best modern arts and methods of developing and

improving them; the rotation of crops and their several adaptations to particular localities; the kinds of animals fitted to the varying towns of this entire section of the State, and the history of their introduction, crossing, and improvement,—these and kindred topics were quite at his command, and he treated them so frequently and so well as to become the best educator we have ever had in the county for all that appertains to the business of an agricultural society.

He once gave me in private conversation an historical account of the short-horn, occupying half an hour, and fit to have been taken down by a reporter for preservation. If there be any man in the State who is better informed than he was upon this class of subjects, I know not where he may be found. His power of practical generalization was displayed in this field of inquiry, and he so classified and arranged the topics as to bring the whole together into a noble system of organic husbandry. We always felt, when listening to his talk upon these things here and elsewhere, that he dignified what we call agriculture, and raised our thoughts of it as of something greater and higher than a mere mechanical necessity for subsisting the human family.

It must be pleasant to a great many persons now living to remember this Worcester Society as it comes back to them from the days of his presiding, and it is no disparagement of any of his successors if some of us cannot make the association seem quite the same thing that it was to us under his control and management. My earliest recollections of a cattle show are of coming hither as a boy, nearly forty miles, and witnessing the dignity and affability with which he presided, and the interest with which he inspired all who were around him. Many of you know how patient in that relation he was of every detail, so that it appeared that he could not formerly have been more painstaking in administering the affairs of the Commonwealth than afterwards in directing

these. His hospitality after the labors of the show-day were over, when committee-men assembled under his roof to condense in the fellowship of the evening the somewhat diversified and perhaps somewhat incoherent lessons of the field and the pens, will long be remembered by every one who ever shared it. The best farmers from distant towns went away with an enlarged sense of the elevation and importance of their vocation, and felt encouraged to strive more stoutly in the next year's competition. I make much allowance for the large increase in the number of these societies and the consequent reduction of the power of the old ones,—and more still for the modern horse-furore which carries all before it, and to which those who would not nevertheless do yield for the sake of the receipts,—and yet even more for the overshadowing predominance of the modern mechanic arts over the smaller department of agriculture,—and after all these allowances, I have an opinion that our friend could accomplish more and better results than any man I ever knew, in keeping up the influence of an agricultural society upon the base of its original design.

You and I know with what reluctance he gave up his opposition to the introduction of the trial of the speed of horses as a prominent item in the programme of our institution; for he knew, as he once said to me, that the incident would in due time become the principal. Let us respect him for that, even while we give way to the fulfilment of his prediction, which subordinates to-day that is assigned for the cattle below to-morrow which belongs to the horses. I will not raise the question which of the two we ought to respect the more highly in the peerage of the race, whether it should be Devon or Derby. That you may answer each one for himself. For myself, amid all the excitement of cable despatches from the English course,—announcing silver plate and fabulous wagers won or lost according to the infinitesimal part of a second of time achieved by the fleetest hoof, with the name of the progenitor sire annexed,—I like to repeat

what Mr. Webster, standing in the centre of his herd at Marshfield, twenty years ago, told me the Duke of Devon had said to him: "Politically my domain may cease to endure perhaps sooner than I could wish; but I console myself with the reflection that my name shall be respected so long as the noble race of cattle which bears it shall continue to exist in England."

The farmer of Marshfield and the farmer of Worcester, contemporaries and friends in almost all other things, were assimilated in the possession and cultivation of this instinct and taste. On the day already referred to, when, with a party of friends, Mr. Webster had perambulated his twelve hundred acres and had shown to us his fields, his cattle, and his barns, we noticed the stable well stocked with horses and carriages, and asked that we might not fail to see them. "Certainly," he said, "here are some horses, quite handsome and excellent, I believe, which have been presented to me by generous friends. Look at them and judge. I profess to know how to build a barn, and to understand the best cow in an hundred, but these horses are a little out of my line." And you remember that, as his last days on earth approached, he requested that he might be propped up in his chair by the window, and that his cattle should be driven up before him for his last inspection. It was a review, true to nature, just prior to his final departure. He liked those faces, and turned his own towards them with a confidence which the last hours of a man make solemn and worthy of respect.

In the exercises at yonder church in funeral honor to Governor Lincoln, my greatly esteemed friend, the Rev. Dr. Ellis,—who had been long time an intimate in the family, and who, better than most persons, was fitted to speak of the departed,—with his quick sagacity as to the features of urban and rural life, made special mention of this point in the life of the good Governor. He said:—

"The joys of his childhood were so associated with the objects and interests of a farm that, to the very end of his lengthened

days, and most so when nearest to it, he found his occupation and delight in the same cherished pursuits. A guest in his delightful home, who had gone to his rest at night as in a city mansion, would awake in early morning to the lowing of kine and the cackling of fowls. Looking from one side of the house he would see the beautiful flower garden with its conservatory, and on the other the herd going out to pasture and the yoked oxen to their labor."

To me, living directly opposite his residence and observing for many years his daily ways, this picture of the Governor by Dr. Ellis was peculiarly truthful and charming. Looking out from my chamber window at an early hour in the summer mornings, I used to call attention to the Governor emerging from his dwelling, a little in advance of the rest of us, to review his line of Ayrshires as they passed by him to the green fields beyond. His fondness and knowledge of good stock found expression in as choice words as could be bestowed upon a fine landscape. In this particular he was one of the pioneers of the present era of taste and sentiment for the higher grades of the animals which is ennobling the people of this Commonwealth. From the day of Edmund Burke,—who, amid the thickening of the terrible public drama of that time, found solace and invigoration among his herd at Beaconsfield,—there has been nothing better in the education and exaltation of the mass of the community than is exhibited now in the care and fondness bestowed by the people of Massachusetts upon the improved kinds of animals. And I have not met with any one who engaged in this method of promoting the general welfare, and making the cultivation of live-stock almost an ideal employment, with more genuine sentiment than our departed friend and president.

He was thoroughly in sympathy with all the growths and symbols of beauty in nature. Of course he was a lover of trees. I make this one of the tests of a true and sympathetic man. In the matter of our sensibilities the great poet has

given undue precedence to sound over sight. I do not know but every stranger to the "concord of sweet sounds" should be given over to "treason, stratagems, and spoils;" certainly, at least, this rhapsody of Shakespeare on music, as some one has said, has furnished every vacant fiddler with something to say in defence of his profession. But what do you say of a man or woman who does not warm under the concord of sweet sights,—of trees and flowers? In the lifetime of the late Governor we were wont to indulge in facetiousness over his position of championship and antagonism in the behalf of all standing trees. So far as I am aware, he was never known to be willing that one should be taken down unless under some authority almost equivalent to the exercise of the right of eminent domain. He knew the ages and could verify the concentric rings of most of the trees in our neighborhood. A generation ago he boldly cut the finest private avenue of the city and planted his home on it,—then quite remote from Main Street, and called Oregon,—saving old trees and planting new ones, now old. As a consequence, in later years, new-comers found the ash, the maple, and the elm in the centre of the brick sidewalks; the municipal authorities did not like to cross his feelings, and artifice had to be resorted to in some instances to clear the encumbrance from the walk. He believed in front yards and ample lawns and green leaves.

Flowers, too, he appreciated beyond most men, and guarded them to their tenderest roots. There was most excellent sentiment in him for these, though no overflow of sentimentality. He could not translate the technical language of flowers like Van Buren, but he enjoyed and cultivated them as ministers and agents in the divine poetry of human life. I dwell upon this, because, in my judgment, it ought to pass for much in the estimate of a real country gentleman. He manifested this taste at festive boards, and, observing beautiful groups of vine and blossom drooping from the stand, he would say that it must have cost the gardener a pang to cut such clusters. He

reminded me of the late Mr. Choate, who was known to carry back a bough to the trunk from which he had torn it, in the belief, as he said, that possibly there might be some yearning between the parent stock and the disrupted shoot. Such men, by their natural sympathies expressed in courtly words, make the world attractive to others.

But trees, above all things, Governor Lincoln believed in and admired. He had inherited from his birth in this interior county an appreciation of outdoor life and the manly and healthful pursuits of the country. His father's house was amid original groves. He himself had been born upon the verge of the modern clearing and on the margin of the later civilization. By nature and right he retained unto the end his love of the rural scenes in which he had been cradled. The relations of his family carried him backward to the days of Worcester County colonization, and he kept this memory fresh and practical. These clay hills of Worcester, unchanged since the creation, covered largely, until within my recollection, with the primeval woods,—the sublime grouping of the Monadnock and the Wachusett and the smaller ranges and spurs intervening between them and us,—the spring verdure on the plains, deepened and enriched all the way for forty miles around with gleam of water and graver shade of embowering forests,—the richest variegations of the autumn and winter, comprising the hues of October and the leafless branches of December,—the wooded and icy galleries of January and February, extending through all the county from this town to the White Hills,—the perennial banners of pine and hemlock and fir that hang out over all this northerly circuit, so much observed and admired by our fathers,—these had for him the sanction of the lords of the soil of a former generation, and received his constant love and respect.

“ In such green palaces the first kings reigned,
Slept in their shades, and angels entertained ;
With such old counsellors they did advise,
And, by frequenting sacred groves, grew wise.”

It seemed to me that Governor Lincoln kept off old age by renewing his youth in sympathy with each recurring spring and summer. In my last visit to his chamber, only a short time before his death, he said that until within a year he had never thought or felt that he was an old man. And some of you must have noticed, as I frequently have within the past ten years, that on public occasions any allusion to him as aged or venerable evidently was not relishable to him. Old age in him was not churlish, or querulous, or so unresponsive as with many men at his time of life. He appeared fond to show that he believed in that age whose pillars are raised on the foundations of youth. To him this felicity came in great part from being constantly in communion and intercourse with the outward and visible world. He meant to know what was going on to the end. No person knew better than he, every year until the last, what was exhibited here, and from what town and farm, and how and by whom raised, and by what process brought into a condition fit for this exhibition of the wonders of the earth. He was, all his life, awake and sensitive to the growth and expansion of his country; and true to the sentiments which had descended to him from his ancestors, he stood by his country's colors bravely through three wars, and never more gallantly than in the last. By uninterrupted familiarity with the life of society, and with the ceaseless activities of the animal and vegetable kingdom, he kept his own being vital and fresh, as if supplied from the sources of perpetual youth. Accordingly, instead of trying to think that he was neglected, or that his day had gone by, as old folks are too apt to say, he knew better, and gratefully realized in every day's experience that he was in the full enjoyment of

“ That which should accompany old age,
As honor, love, obedience, troops of friends.”

The last years of his life were marked by something of the ancient patriarchal serenity, and would stand the test of

the best sentiment and style of Cicero's philosophy for old age.

And thus, gentlemen of the Worcester Agricultural Society, as your president drew nearer and nearer the goal, he illustrated that law of our existence which I have sometimes thought, according to all just conceptions of our human lot, is as unerring as the law of gravitation,—the rule of the sympathy and affinity of man to the earth whence he sprung and to which he must return. Above all others, those who are engaged in the cultivation of the soil and are in daily observation and study of the miracles of the natural world, alike perceive and exemplify this law. So did he in a large and appreciable sense. The last labors and the last thoughts of such are in tranquil association with the myriad lessons coming from this common mother earth, to which the mortal part of us must go back to find its rest. Even under the heathen philosophies the advanced stage of human life found its keener pleasures in pursuits relating to the culture of the soil. Under the Christian dispensation this tie is more bright and vital, and vibrates with grander thoughts and joys. The higher aspects of the contemplation and cultivation of the land break to the gaze of the Christian agriculturist, "as he moves forward himself toward the great crisis of his being, catching an intelligent glimpse of the grand arcana of nature exhibited in the creative energy of the terrestrial elements; the suggestive mystery of the quickening seed and the sprouting plant; the resurrection of universal nature from her wintry grave."

And so he died. A few months after his last visit to these grounds, and in fond remembrance of the benefit and the blessing he had here learned and taught through the long time of fifty years, he himself was "sown a natural body, to be raised a spiritual body." The analogies of growth and ripening and decadence which had crowded on his thought and study for half a century, followed him in happy fruition to the spot where, under his own hemlocks and amid the first leaves

of June, we laid him in the cemetery which his eloquence had consecrated a generation before with pathos and splendor. And so he went away from our presence.

“ Of no distemper, of no blast, he died,
But fell like autumn fruit that mellowed long ;
Even wondered at because he dropt no sooner.
Fate seemed to wind him up for fourscore years ;
Yet freshly ran he on six winters more,
Till, like a clock worn out with eating time,
The wheels of weary life at last stood still.”

ADDRESS

BEFORE THE WORCESTER COUNTY FREE INSTITUTE OF INDUSTRIAL SCIENCE,
NOV. 11, 1868.

MR. PRESIDENT, — At this stage of the exercises it only remains for me to unite with others in congratulating the friends of the School of Industrial Science on having reached the degree of success which is expressed by these ceremonies of inauguration. Though the beneficent purposes of the school are yet to be accomplished, the liberality and vigor which have established these material foundations and superstructures, in accordance with plans so comprehensive, are a guaranty that no part of the original design shall fail for want of means or public spirit. In addition to the endowment furnished by the original founder, the amount contributed by others has been rarely if ever equalled in this section of the country in any similar undertaking and in an equal period of time. To the first donor, Mr. Boynton, and to all those citizens who have come forward to make his donation certain and successful,—of whom two, Mr. Salisbury and Mr. Washburn, ought to be especially mentioned and at all times remembered,—not only this particular community, but the people of the whole Commonwealth, are under lasting obligation.

The memory of great benefactions ought to be enduring. I sometimes think that our familiarity with the quickly accumulated fortunes, and the almost lavishment of benevolence of the last few years, has made us too insusceptible to the common duty of gratitude for the munificence which

abounds in our community. Some of us remember with what sensation it was promulgated over the country, only a little more than twenty years ago, that Mr. Abbott Lawrence had made a gift of fifty thousand dollars to establish the Scientific School at Cambridge. It happened to me, about that time, to be at the same hotel with him in the city of New York. It also occurred that the President of the United States was then present, on a visit to the metropolis. An intelligent and public-spirited citizen of Tennessee came to me and said, "I desire to be introduced to Mr. Abbott Lawrence, of your State; for I would rather take the hand that can open with a donation of fifty thousand dollars in the cause of Education, than to shake hands with the President." And now here, in the retired abodes of the rural County of Worcester, we have three men, who have not been hunted out, but who have come forth of their own volition, each of whom has given for that noble cause a much larger sum than the one I have just mentioned. In cordial sympathy with the prayer of Dr. Sweetser, who opened the exercises of consecration this morning, we ought to be thankful to Him who is the disposer not only of events but of the hearts of men that produce events, that we live in a society where such things as these are performed.

The institution which we open for use to-day is a stage in advance of all considerable attempts which have been hitherto made, in Massachusetts, for the promotion of the study of what we call the natural and physical sciences. The first of such efforts resulted in the establishment of the Museum of Comparative Zoölogy, at Cambridge. Devoted to the study of the whole of living existence, of all orders of being, from man through every gradation to the feeblest vital organism that can be discovered, it is a monument to the interest which the State has manifested in one department of this general class of studies. It has been endowed with half a million of dollars, coming about equally from the public treasury and private citizens. In the hands of its great master,

Mr. Agassiz,—I am half inclined to call him the great magician of nature,—it is helping into world-wide fame, not only him, but the Commonwealth of his adoption. But in many particulars that is a school of abstract study, as distinguished from that which is palpably practical and in immediate relation with the producing powers and capacities of men. The only two other leading institutions we have in the domain of physical science—the Scientific School of Harvard University and the Institute of Technology at Boston—have aimed to supply this deficiency by bringing what are termed the useful arts into profound study and direct application to the social progress of our time. Of the Institute of Technology I have a high appreciation. In my judgment it aims to meet the exigencies of this age with a broader scope than any other institution that has been established in the United States. Passing through its rooms, witnessing the facilities appropriated to the pursuit of mathematics, design, and drawing, descending to the laboratory and beholding the young men applying their own thought to actual experiment with the free use of water, steam, and gas-light, all the elements and all the apparatus, any man in the visit of an hour must be satisfied that an advanced position, not realized before, has been attained in the ever widening field of education. But the school whose doors are now thrown open to swing free on this eminence is designed, as I suppose, to be devoted, not less than the Boston Institute, to the elementary studies which precede, accompany, and stimulate the development of the useful arts, while besides it comprises the department of practical mechanism, which has not as yet been attached to the former. That, I apprehend, may be found to be the right arm of this institution. Here is a building which is dedicated to the pursuit of the wonder-working forces and agencies of mechanic art, and which is to be supplied with the conveniences, and, so to speak, with the temptations that shall entice the thought, ingenuity, taste, and aptitude of a young man into acquaintance with

the processes which distinguish, as characteristics, this mechanical age in which we live. Here we are to have not only the abstract instruction,—the research, reflection, and contemplation of the student, ranging over all authorities and theories in the broad field of mechanical powers and combinations,—but we are to have also the illustration at hand; the thing of beauty, as it lay in the imagination, is to be wrought out before the eye of the student and by his own fingers,—the golden chain is here connecting theory with practice, to find which so many men in all the callings of industry have passed years of time between the school of their study and the shop of their success. He was a wise man who connected this department with the institution; and he is the generous benefactor who supplies and supports it.

Mr. President, this school comes to us at the right time, but none too soon, in aid and furtherance of the drift of our civilization. Intelligence, acting through the useful arts, is the vital principle of modern civilized society. The mechanician is now master of the situation. Those communities are now foremost in wealth, in culture, and in all the methods of moral influence, which are foremost in the development and use of the arts. They conquer in war, and they rule in time of peace. According to statements made by approved English writers several years ago, and making proper allowance for the increase since, the spinning machinery of Great Britain, tended perhaps by three or four hundred thousand workmen, produces more yarn than could have been produced by four times the entire population of the kingdom if using the one-thread wheel; and the amount of work now performed by machinery in England is probably equivalent to that of the whole population of the globe if performed by direct labor. Striking and almost incredible as such statements appear, they are at this moment measurably in process of reproduction in some of the States of New England, and in none more conspicuously than in

our own State. According to the last official tables of our industry, published two years since, the annual product of values in Massachusetts was more than seven hundred million dollars,—or nearly two and a half millions for every working day in the year. I allow something for the inflation of war values; but any excess from that source is probably not greater than the amount of production overlooked in making the returns, and therefore I take the footing to be a fair one. Now I need not say that this quickening and awakening of the industries — this type of the modern civilization — comes in a great proportion from intelligence working by machinery. It is the intellect, the reason, the thought, the imagination, the taste of our men, and of our women as well, working through the thousand-handed engineries and agencies which the God of nature has placed in their control and inspired them to employ. Our own city of Worcester is a remarkable example of the improvement in these arts. Having had some opportunities for making the comparison, I can in all sincerity declare that I do not know the community in this country which leads a more busy, intelligent, and happy life. I do not know what the papers of the Patent Office Department at Washington might show, but it has occurred to me frequently, reading the current lists of patented inventions, that, with the exception of four or five of the very large cities, not another in the United States receives in the course of a year a larger number of letters patent than this inland town of forty thousand souls. The genius of the place seems inspired for the mission of the arts. The mind of the population seems aroused and exalted in the pursuit of the greatest attainable improvement in the condition of mankind.

Now, Mr. President, we have only to take the modern situation as we find it,—a people “pushing things,” as the phrase now is, not so much by arms, as by arts,—carrying their conquests over the globe by their wits,—and to apply our-

selves to the duties of furnishing the best education which this popular condition requires. We have reached a definite and established status, as a Commonwealth, for which specific policies and adaptations of education must be amply provided. And this work of public obligation has only begun. In the five chartered literary colleges of the State there are, I suppose, some ten or twelve hundred students. But with the exception of very few who will take to engineering scarcely any of this large number will apply and continue their study and culture in those pursuits to which I have alluded, and which constitute the texture and fabric of our social organization and power. The two institutions, which I have before mentioned, are instructing probably less than two hundred and fifty of our young men. The school which we dedicate to-day ought speedily to double this number. The want is imminent. The condition which has produced the want has been advancing upon us with rapid stride during the last thirty years. The whole social organism, all the forces and activities, the spirit of our age, the life of the State, are flowing in channels which, a generation ago, were too feeble to awaken the public attention. But it is so no longer. The directors and masters of education, the patrons and benefactors of our time, have been aroused to an appreciation of the necessity. That which is needed is not an underestimating or depreciation of the schools of classical learning. Theses and addresses have been published in the last few years which have discussed the benefits received from the colleges in a manner most unwise and unfair. And in my judgment he is not in proper accord with the temper of this era, any more than with the temper of the past, who misleads the intelligence of the people by teaching them to undervalue the higher seminaries of classical learning. They will still live and prosper, and enrich the parish, the town, the halls of justice and legislation, all the circles of life and all the classes of mankind, with their myriad-shaded attainment and culture, their rich and exalted thought drawn from

the treasures of past centuries, their flexible taste, their refined sentiment, their trained virtue, and their imperishable religion. Let no man assail the colleges of Massachusetts. Their field is the world. But there is quite as much space left for the schools of industrial and physical science as they can occupy. We must maintain them beside and in addition to the others ; we must support them for the specialties of our active, producing, consuming civilization. In sympathy with the objects of those other seminaries they should have in common with the others the base of the same Christian religion which has upheld them ; the same patriotic tone and purpose ; the same elementary studies which precede and prepare for the classification of men in the various occupations of life. Beyond these things, they are designed to educate—in the literal signification of that word, to lead forth, to bring out—the inventive genius of our young men. From the great invention of James Watt, which has changed the whole face of society, down through the long line of inventions now innumerable but all working together in the vast complication of the world's industry, you find comparatively few which have proceeded from the sons of universities. They have cropped out from humble cottages and secluded garrets. There have been in times past no schools for this class of producers and benefactors. Here we have the school at length ; and all around us, in the midst of us, we have the material for crowding its seats. In the application of elementary mathematics to practical art ; in the broad department of design and drawing ; in facilities for enabling the student to seize each happy thought as it crosses his imagination, and to chain it in captivity by his own senses and by the agencies of fire, steam, electricity, and all the metals which minister in his hands ; in mutual comparisons and suggestions among kindred minds laboring side by side in the common workshop of nature ; in the stimulation which shall here be communicated to the illimitable capacity of the mind, for modifying, improving, enlarging, intensifying

all discoveries yet made in the realm of utilized skill and art ; in sending forth, one after another, great and small, new forms and combinations which shall facilitate and cheapen the ways of life, from the work of the engine that traverses the sea, or keeps a thousand men and women at work under a single roof, to the humblest cooking of a cottage dinner ; in simplifying and saving labor by devising new modes of dividing it ; in pointing out new uses of economy in the working operations of the mechanical forces, wasting less and consuming less without profit ; in producing the most benign effects on the moral and social relations by material means, raising the standard of comfortable living, increasing the quantity of leisure time for mental improvement, and promoting the progress of man in all the fields of earthly service and enjoyment,— this school and its associate schools shall contribute their part in perpetuating for our Commonwealth the respect and blessing of all wherever freedom and intelligence exist. And I deem it a privilege to be permitted to unite with you in committing it to its work, and in commanding it to the patronage of our fellow-citizens and to the favor of Divine Providence.

SPEECH

AT A DINNER GIVEN TO GENERAL DIX, UNITED STATES MINISTER TO FRANCE,
BY AMERICANS AT PARIS, IN 1869.

MR. PRESIDENT.—It seems scarcely less than a superfluity that anything should be added to the striking and felicitous remarks which have already expressed our purpose and crowned the occasion. And yet there is nothing superfluous, after all, in saying once more before we separate how largely our countryman and friend, the late Minister, takes with him, as he sets his face towards home, the absolute respect and esteem of all Americans whether resident or transient on this side of the ocean. And certainly this is a free-will offering, which never was more justly merited by any one. To that executive capacity and straightforwardness which marked his labors in this as in every former field in which we have known him, in the discharge of his duties at this capital he has added a patience, courtesy, and kindness towards his many countrymen visiting here, which I am sure they are all ready to place high among the diplomatic virtues. I doubt not you will indulge me in one other remark in relation to this gentleman,—involving some delicacy indeed when uttered in his presence, but quite fit to be introduced in the general survey of his character which we are entitled to take at this moment. For myself, the respect for General Dix, which has brought me to this table, is not by any means diminished by what I believe to be the fact,—a fact possibly a little more rare now than at some former periods among public men,—that he retires from a prominent official life

of twenty-five years with the power safely to challenge the closest scrutiny of his conduct and without having added to his private fortune. When such men quit the public service they leave the country greatly in debt to them.

To an assemblage like the present,—comprising Americans who represent the several characteristic occupations, ranging all the way between those who are stationed here in fixed commercial relations and the greater number who are here for a longer or shorter period in pursuit of general knowledge and recreation,—a portion having taken on somewhat the complexion of this local sky, while others feel passing over their cheeks only the color of the sky they recently parted from at home,—but all Americans still, with hearts beating true to the anthem of their country and eyes rekindling at every fresh instance of her progress and glory,—to you and me, one and all, it is gratifying to believe, against every idle rumor from whatsoever quarter it may come, that we sit this evening in the shade of a cordial and compacted concord between France and the United States. There are historical reasons why the Emperor and the President should be thoughtful of the present hour. This is to both countries a centennial era. It is not far from this time an hundred years since the lilies of France were borne on many a field of ours to a conquest which gave to us also an independent flag. In all this lapse of time, through the successive dynasties and administrations, between the land of Lafayette and the land of Washington, that ensign which the two won together has not been ruffled by a serious adversity. Whatever evil *might* once or twice have happened, and whatever evil some persons would have had happen, none has actually occurred. Nor is any likely to occur. No people have better reason than the French to respect the history of the Great Republic, and none can better afford in interest and sentiment to welcome the fact that this history has no steps backward to take,—that the North American Union is at length complete, and that the name of its President is itself

a flag. Then the commerce of the two countries has been and must continue to be a perpetual peace-maker and peace-preserved. Nor can I deem it frivolous or merely sentimental to speak of a pending event as fit to become another guaranty of enduring friendship. Before the most rapid of our tourists now here shall find their way back to New York or Boston, we may expect that the ship, at present taking on board its freight in a French port, shall carry to our shore the only cable actually joining Europe with the United States. And you will pardon me if with a local pride I take to heart what I have read during my present stay in Paris, the act of the government of my State of Massachusetts — the only sovereignty that could confer the boon — granting the right to land this electric messenger of commerce and amity upon the coast of Cape Cod ; by the same waters which two hundred and fifty years back furnished anchorage to that famous little bark that bore in its cabin the Constitution of the future Republic. Most assuredly, Mr. President, in these passages of history, in these august events, — in the steadfast union of the king of that early day with our own Washington, in the uninterrupted friendship between both countries during a century, in the forthcoming last act which is to impress upon the very earth beneath the ocean the signet seal of assurance for a common fraternity in the future,—in these three, I am justified in finding that real *triple alliance*, of which the newspapers in the recent display of their prolific ingenuity have not even given us the mention.

Gentlemen, it must at times have seemed to you, as it has to me, that here, far away from home, and removed from participation in the events and excitements transpiring there, an American citizen may perceive in even more clear and conspicuous light the proportions of his country without exaggeration and without diminution. While we remained there we ourselves were actors, and our senses partook of the confusion of the scenes. But the transparent medium of distance

presents to our sight the whole grand picture, correctly limned, free from the illusion of coloring, and without shackles upon the outline. Accordingly, to no portion of our countrymen do the historical stages and growths and achievements of their nation appear more sensibly or more impressively than to those of them who are in foreign lands. Here quite impartially you apprehend in the fulness of its meaning, and seize, in your pride and affection, that recent lesson of a national unity now for the first time achieved and established beyond every possibility of disruption in the ages to come. All the antagonisms which had accumulated for a century, all the oppositions of sections and climates and products, all the diversities of histories and races, which from the beginning had imperilled the existence of a common central sovereignty, have been welded by the flames of war into one bond of paternal strength, which belts the continent, makes it indissoluble from vices within, and makes it invincible to forces from abroad. No person can realize better than you that there is not an American merchant upon this eastern hemisphere,—in London, Paris, St. Petersburg, on either side of the Cape of Good Hope,—who does not now feel, as he could never feel before, that he represents a Government which is capable of protecting him. Having proved sufficient to maintain its own integrity in the severest of recorded struggles, it may henceforth be considered able to defend the honor and rights of its citizens in every part of the globe. If twenty-five millions, not without some division among themselves, could levy and subsist and animate the recent armies, to which there has been no parallel in modern annals, it is not difficult to say what forty millions would accomplish with one heart and one mind pervading the whole area from centre to circumference. Let us trust that the day is far distant when such power will be summoned to the requisition. There is exemption from arms in the existence of power. The aim of our country is humanity; and therefore it is progress. Its end is justice,—in due time and at all hazards justice to

itself and justice to its citizens ; and therefore it will be peace.

I should be incomplete in my appreciation of the spirit of patriotic congratulation which pervades this convention of Americans, if I should not unite with you in hailing a late event in our country as the last decisive harbinger of commerce and empire. Hitherto the geographical features of our territory have been in some particulars against us. Mountain ridges have stood in the way of commercial unity. For thirty-five years we have by railroad communication overcome these obstacles, one after another, until only a single field of separation remained closed to the rapid exchange of the agencies of civilization between the Atlantic and the Pacific States. Now at length, almost in an unexpected hour, brain and muscle have conquered geography, the civil engineer has suddenly become master of the situation, and the song of Bishop Berkeley is repeated by electric beat in one and the same moment of civic ovation at New York and San Francisco. It was formerly a custom at Venice to solemnize the espousal of the city with the Adriatic by imposing ceremonies in which the Doge and the Court participated. How transcendently surpassing that was the late simple and sublime bridal of the Atlantic and the Pacific, celebrated midway in the heart of our continent ! Or rather perhaps I should more properly say, it was not so much an espousal as it was a national coronation. California and Arizona and Nevada bore the mace of silver and gold before the Queen of Nations receiving her imperial crown ; receiving it not from the hands of bristling soldiery, but from the arm of the engineer and the laborer, all the hosts of agriculture, commerce, and the arts, in the towns and upon the prairies, catching at the same instant the signal of the new era and re-echoing it from ocean to ocean. The great work is done, and hereafter the States are a unit in commerce as in government. Before my friend, Mr. Burlingame, has half completed his cosmopolitan mission, the freight trains have been made up at San Francisco

laden with the product of China ; and by the time he shall have unpacked his trunks at Berlin, he may drink at the breakfast-table his favorite tea, which, thanks to the irrepressible and irresistible Yankees, has been brought round to him the other way. All things are changed by these new comers upon the world's arena. As in war there is no longer a prestige save to the strongest legions, so in the cultures of peace the fruits of success fall into the arms of those who get up earliest in the morning and carry the clearest heads and the most indomitable energy through the labors of the day. And that condition can only be fully attained in a country where the personal liberty of the individual man, free education and voluntary religion, a right to enjoy his conscience, his earnings, and an unrestricted, unmolested suffrage in the choice of his rulers, expands his soul, exhilarates his life, and moves him to enterprise, adventure, and independence. We may well rejoice that such is the opportunity and the fortune of every citizen of the United States, and that our country enjoys a corresponding result to the sisterhood of nations. Whatever attractions other countries may present to us, whatever objects of interest to the senses, whatever to be studied and admired, these in due time pale before the larger conception of national justice, freedom, and power, and the dust of our native land becomes dearer to us than all other lands beside.

Gentlemen, it is the spontaneous impulse of my heart to say a word to you about the honorable gentleman who succeeds General Dix as our national representative at the Imperial Court. My own acquaintance with Mr. Washburne probably antedates that which any one of you can recall. It happened that thirty years ago the next autumn we occupied rooms side by side as students at law in the University at Cambridge. Following his profession in another section of the Union, he has engrafted upon the education of the East the stout and manly qualities of the West. He brings to his high mission the teachings of Story, enriched by a large

experience in public life. These will stand by him and support him, as upon every occasion he will stand by and support his country. Having the confidence of the President and the people, he has already received yours fully in advance, and I could not refrain from uniting my feeble but cordial tribute with the common testimonial.

DEDICATION OF THE SOLDIERS' MONUMENT

AT WORCESTER, JULY 15, 1874.

I CAN neither enlarge nor diminish the lesson of the hour inscribed upon the column before us. We have assembled to witness the erection of a monument by the people of Worcester to the memory of her sons who died for the union of the States. Some memorial, fitting in design and durable in substance, which should perpetuate the names of the four hundred citizens fallen for their country, and in association with them pay respect to the larger number of survivors who shared in the same military service, is not only an appropriate offering, but an absolute necessity from our human condition. The sense of gratitude may be trusted so long as memory is fresh or tradition is actively repeated, but these are of uncertain duration, and the time of forgetfulness comes only too soon and unawares. The necessary thing is some visible memorial, without which a haze of indifference quickly gathers over virtuous deeds, and the names of modest heroes are untimely lost. We readily believe with Cicero that but for the "Iliad" the same grave which held the body of Achilles would also have entombed his name. But the historian poet never comes to commemorate the names of the great body of a nation's soldiery, though its existence was preserved by their blood. Already a large part of this present assembly is in need of this monument for monitor and instructor. Some of us indeed remember the first general war meeting held here for half a century,—on the 16th of April, 1861,—

which witnessed the fusion of all religions, all polities, all nationalities, under one common sense of wrong and one common purpose of vindication; but that was more than thirteen years ago, almost half the time by which we measure a transitory generation, and the young men of twenty-one to-day, who were then schoolboys on the grammar form, are now learning, as students, that mighty series of events into which these soldiers were then enlisting, as actors. Whilst, therefore, we stand around this majestic structure with varied reflections,—of approbation for the harmonious effect with which the eminent artist has made each part tributary to the whole work, his statues and embossments merging from their several quarters into civic and martial union beneath the column culminating in benignant victory,—of a certain justifiable complacency for the unanimity with which the city has voted this token of its own public spirit,—of grateful welcome to these remustered ranks of the survivors, privates who were companions and officers who were leaders of the noble dead,—in high supremacy over all these thoughts our gaze passes and fixes upon the names of those translated, and our heart returns to the consciousness that this is THEIR memorial, its first and last object to transmit THEIR names and THEIR deeds to a remote posterity.

The story of the city in the late conflict is the history of the town of earlier days re-enacted on a larger scale and on wider fields. In free and brave communities, kept up to the measure of their fathers by a chivalrous standard of patriotic duty, the inheritance of good blood and inspiring traditions counts for an increasing degree of glory, each generation not only retaining but augmenting the vigor of their ancestors. That truth has been displayed in the public conduct of the people of this town in five historical wars, covering, with greater or less intervals, the period of one hundred and twenty-five years. It is a century since Lord Chatham, whose name will ever be held sacred by the freemen of Massachusetts, declared in the House of Peers, with a pride surpassing the

pride of argument, that the inhabitants of New England had raised, on their own bottom, four regiments and taken Louisburg from the veteran troops of France. This provincial town, then scarcely advanced more than twenty years in its chartered existence, was represented by its full quota in those regiments under Sir William Pepperell, and carried into that siege names which are still borne by some of our present townsmen, and are thus associated with the victory celebrated by the elder Pitt. The scenes of resolve and preparation, which were witnessed here in 1861, were the enlarged spectacle of the century preceding; and the same plains that were covered with the gathering troops of our day had whitened with the tents of our fathers under beat of the drums of the seven years' war, from 1756 to 1763. They awoke at that time from a brief rest on their arms to actions from which Great Britain bore away imperial renown, and our ancestors the gloom of a depleted population and the transcendent lessons that fitted them for independence. The Worcester men moved everywhere in that war,—they were at Crown Point and Fort William Henry, they were in captivity at Montreal and in the epidemics of Lake George, they shared with the ill-fated Abercrombie in the defeat of Ticonderoga and with General Amherst in the joy of triumph. It is not easy for the fifty thousand inhabitants of the present day to understand it, yet the recorded rolls declare it, that the rugged stock of our predecessors sent more than five hundred men into the campaigns of the ten years ending with 1756, out of a population not averaging through that period more than fourteen hundred. That character heroic, pervading the spiritual frame of the age and working in acts of valor in the field, held the town among the foremost twelve years afterwards, and bore its citizens in triumph through another and severer struggle of seven years' duration. When the alarm messenger shouted on the green where we are now assembled the cry of blood from Lexington, at noon, on the 19th of April, 1775, his voice fell upon a people already prepared by experience

and sacrifice, by long training of arms and by inherited training of the spirit, at a minute's warning to strike the blows for independence; and scarcely had cannon and bells ceased to reverberate over these hills when two companies of one hundred and ten men were on their way for Concord and Boston. It was the tale of previous days. They marched out with the blessing of the same pulpit which rang with its manly counsel ten years before; they bore the discipline and daring of the Rangers of the French war; they stepped to the same fife and drum which had sounded under the walls of Louisburg. I will not overtax your patience with the story of Worcester in the Revolution. Happily, we consecrate this monument by the side of another,¹ which, while it commemorates the long-suffering heroism of a distinguished soldier of the Revolution, commemorates as well the whole part which this town bore in that war, from the first baptism in Middlesex to the final coronation of virtue at Yorktown. Of what kind, in service and sacrifice, that marble tells. He filled his regiment here, the stout old Fifteenth of the Massachusetts line in the Continental, known and impressed upon history by their ineffaceable footsteps at Saratoga, in Rhode Island, at Verplanck's Point, at Peekskill, at Valley Forge,—a band whose conduct in close, hot places was worthy of the stern commentary of Napier or Cæsar, descended long since to the grave of our common lot, but after the lapse of two generations represented again as if in reinvested life and repeated glory under the colors of the Massachusetts Fifteenth of 1861. Example is the school of mankind.

On the morning of the 15th of April, 1861, the entire city was awakened by the intelligence that, under the first blow struck for disunion, the flag of the United States had been dishonored, and before nightfall the murmur of the armories and the common speech of all told of but one mind and one purpose. In a day we had all become republicans, we had all become democrats. The annals of that first week, its

¹ The monument to Colonel Timothy Bigelow.

transfusion of heart to heart, its enthusiasm toned to solemn calm, its days and nights of ceaseless preparation, will supply a priceless inheritance in any future national exigency. The Light Infantry, first off and first at the capital, the City Guards and the Emmet Guards quickly following, filled the requisition for three hundred within five days from the first peal of the tocsin; and the next Sabbath after the fall of Sumter witnessed that, by the departure of its first consecrated band, the city had not only met its present duty, but had covenanted for every future requirement.

I advert again to the prompt enlistment of the Emmet Guards, because, in my judgment, it was a representative fact of the highest importance to the permanent character of our Government. This company was, I believe, the first organization of foreign blood which marched into the war, though it was followed by others of various nationalities, all of which rendered cordial service unto the end by the side of the patriotic native-born of the land. It is not any new boast that, in the last seventy-five years, we have drawn to our shores discordant elements from half the globe, and magnetized the mass with the electric spark of civil freedom; but this is the first proof and illustration, on a national scale, that all distinctions of blood sink before the American flag, and that in the hour of extreme peril unity of action receives special guaranty and strength from diversities of origin. It would be impossible for me within my limitations to attempt any narrative of the subsequent organization here of companies and regiments of which the stirring recollections have scarcely yet subsided. Fortunately the whole of this history has been collated and published with honorable industry and impartiality in a memorial volume,¹ which the present generation cannot afford to neglect, and which will surely be appreciated by the next as having a great and rare value.

It is not possible that I should state the number of men who served as soldiers of the city. In this search I find a

¹ History of Worcester in the War, by A. P. Marvin.

catalogue of their names dislocated and confused by the repeated enlistment of the same individuals in different regiments ; but I estimate their whole number as not far from three thousand. You are to bear in mind also that a very large number of our citizens did service in the lines of other States. Many of our own are thus lost to our recognition, save when in individual instances a conspicuous action or a conspicuous death dissolves the mystery, and brings back the name of a distant son for memorial honors at home. The records of Massachusetts volunteers officially show that the men of Worcester served under the colors of fifty distinct regiments of infantry, five regiments of cavalry, and fourteen regimental or battery organizations of artillery, all sent into the field with the commission of John A. Andrew, whose name as the great war-governor of Massachusetts will forever be associated with the immortal renown of her soldiers. Our eye detects amongst the inscriptions upon this monument the names of our sons fallen under the banners of seventeen regiments of our sister States and nine military organizations of the General Government. Estimating the probabilities of the number of our own enlisted by the ascertained number of our own dead in regiments without the State, though we can reach no definite result, we know enough to be able to say for a truth that the blood of Worcester was offered for the defence of the Government in more than one hundred regiments and under the flag of every loyal State. Marvelous touchstone for us all that conflict was ! Between ourselves and some of the States of the Centre and the West there had been for several years more or less of political and social difference, with a plenty of misapprehension and ill blood all round ; but when the common test came to all, how blessed the reunion in which they stood together and learned mutual respect under the same flag of stars !

A sense of repletion of material comes over me when I contemplate the extent and number of the fields which resounded with the tread of your soldiers. Not a page, but a

volume, would furnish the recital. They shared in the shifting lot of the army of the Potomac, from its clouded morning to its brilliant close, in the marchings and fightings of the Shenandoah, till every open field and copse became familiar ground; in the early welcome victories of Carolina; in patient trials along the Gulf; in the hours of turning fortune at New Orleans, Port Hudson, and Vicksburg; in the tangled marches and counter-marches of Tennessee; in every part of the country, in every great campaign, not excepting the Napoleonic excursion of Sherman to the sea. It would especially be my pleasing duty, if time would permit, to make particular mention of the deeds of the Worcester regiments, so called, city and county, and of a few others in which a considerable proportion of our citizens enlisted, in whose personnel you became by observation and contact so deeply interested. I will not, indeed, omit to give voice to the opinion, to which the official testimony of so many of the higher officers of the army converges, that in labors and actions performed, and in the manner of performing them, they ranked among the most illustrious of the war. You will permit me to go one step further on simply my own authority, for I take it there are some things in war, as in peace, which the common sense of a layman as well as a soldier can penetrate. I read the campaigns of the Spanish Peninsula, so often resorted to as a standard in military comparison, and I read the most approved descriptive accounts of the service of these regiments of our own; I allow for some exaggeration in all the cases, and the farther back in the past they are, the greater this allowance should be; and I declare the conviction, which every intelligent man is capable of forming, that for the moral and military qualities of a manly heroism, for versatile labors, for marches, for trials, for tough fighting, and for sublime endurance, laurel wreaths should fall around the shaft now rising before us, as profusely as Fame has ever strewn her honors over the memory of Talavera or Salamanca. Throughout the hostilities it was a common complaint of the

English critics that many of our battles were inconclusive. We then thought that we knew something of the reason for this, and military writers across the water are now confessing that they understand it as well. Conspicuously a writer of high authority in the profession of arms, an officer of the British army,¹ who, in a recent volume, accounting for what he terms the "inconclusiveness" of our own engagements, very justly says that "the beaten side would not break up;" and then goes on remarking that "in order to pursue, there must be some one to run away, and to the credit of Americans, the ordinary conditions of European warfare in this respect were usually absent from the great battles fought [in the United States]." I dare say that those who have returned from the war will appreciate the compliment, no doubt a just one, to the valor of both sides in our struggle. It is nothing very new as a discovery. The great Condé, when asked why he did not take Marshal Turenne, since he often came very near to him, replied, *J'ai peur qu'il ne me prenne*,—"I am afraid that *he* will take *me*." The fields of American valor are in every State, and on both sides of the cause, and the regiments which are largely represented in yonder engraved list of the dead would by any tribunal of comparison be awarded some of the highest of historical honors.

But we are not just if we measure the merit of these lives by battles alone. There was no hard detail of labor that they were not equal to, no patient and cheerless sacrifice they did not endure, no vicissitude of prosperous or adverse fortune they did not meet with serenity. O my friends, you may well believe that there is much of a soldier's life which is harder than a soldier's death ! Consider the tedium and tiredness of preparation for action deferred, the nervous strain from constant vigil at patrol and picket, the extreme of human wretchedness which comes from hunger,— "two ears of corn a

¹ Colonel Chesney's "Essays in Military Biography," reprinted from the "Edinburgh Review."

day's ration" in one of our regiments, "six spoonfuls of flour for seven days" in another,— consider the marching for objects unknown to the ranks, and therefore all the harder to endure, under the intensity of our sky, summer or winter, until the very heavens seem animate with cruel hostility, "over one thousand miles in the hottest season [the Thirty-fourth]," "marching without rations under a Mississippi sun until some dropped dead in the ranks [the Thirty-sixth]," "marching, watching, starving, and fighting in the mazes of Tennessee [the Twenty-first]," — consider the dreariness of exhaustion which steals over the senses like the forecasting shadows of dissolution, the days and nights so lengthened out in sickness, the solemn and awful rest of captivity, the horrors of prison, whence too often the cry of sacred misery rises to Heaven, and where the Almighty sometimes abandons man to the display of his capacity for depravity,— and tell me whether you might not have preferred far rather the quick parting of soul and body in the waters at Ball's Bluff, amidst the transfiguration of victory on Lookout Mountain, in the battles of the Wilderness, that labyrinth of quick-passing fury and quick-coming glory.

In the erection of this monument we symbolize alike the character of the war and the character of those who engaged in it. Several years ago a gentleman of military authority in England aroused a warm discussion by the assertion that a villain makes none the worse soldier. That might be true in a single instance, under a transitory passion for plunder or booty; but no sustained spirit of fortitude, such as carries a people through the changing tides of a long war, can be counted on, unless the merit of the war itself be high enough to enlist in it high personal characters. "A war," says Mr. Burke,— "a war to preserve national independence, liberty, life, and honor, is a war just, necessary, manly, and pious, and we are bound to persevere in it by every principle, divine and human, as long as the system which menaces them has an existence." That was precisely our case; and our fellow-citizens,

looking at it with as fair and impartial an eye as was ever united to a feeling heart, resolved to settle the question at once and for all time, at whatever cost and sacrifice the struggle should find necessary. They left happy firesides for the cheerless camp, misled by none of the illusive glare of romance nor any passing gust of madness, but thoroughly convinced that the government their fathers had established was now on its test and trial, and that the blood of man must be shed to redeem the blood of man. Men who would have looked upon any other war of the present century as vanity or as crime, carried their hearts and their arms impetuously into this. In the essential quality that marks great exemplars of patriotic virtue they were as superior to the heroes of Marathon, one-tenth part of whom were slaves let loose to fight the battles of their masters, as the civil polity of New England transcends the imperfect civilization of Greece or Rome. They were citizen-heroes, bearing in one hand the musket, and in the other the violated Constitution of their country, fully determined and sworn, the Lord helping them, to carry the former to the land's end, if need be, to restore the latter to acknowledged supremacy over every inch of territory which had ever taken the national christening. I allow they were backed by tremendous forces from behind,—teeming industries, generous wealth, the sympathetic support of women, the most active that any age had witnessed; but they had a greater backing than these,—principles descended to them in the high phrase of Milton, endeared to them through the depth and pathos of colonial and revolutionary traditions, sounding through their hearts in the undying words of Adams and Warren, of Webster and Sumner. In sending such men into the field you sent out armed doctrines which were invulnerable and immortal,—

“ Spirits that live throughout,
Vital in every part, not as frail man,”

and wherever or in whatsoever numbers their mortal repre-

sentatives should fall, the imperishable principle was certain to reappear in other champions on the field, until the wrong should be forever vanquished.

And who were the three thousand that went out from the city to bear aloft such a standard in such a cause? For the most part they were the young men of the day, the flower of the city's manhood. "Youth is genius," says Disraeli. Undoubtedly youth is the stage of the ideal inspirations which play a most important part in every decisive revolution or social advancement. Not all age is sluggish, and not all youth is pure or progressive; but human nature has its rules, and they are not disturbed by the exceptions. Advanced towards the grand climacteric, men are apt to become affectionately attached to the seasons of peace, in which they find accumulated profits and fixed pleasures better placed than in war. The dead level of civilization, the inertia of states, is best administered by the wisdom of the elders; but when the great change comes, and obsolete or vicious institutions are to pass away by violence, as too often they must, younger men have to give and take the blows, though old ones may have to be called in again at the close to assist in the adjustments.

The first Pitt was comparatively but a young man when he set in motion the influences that drove the old councillors from around the throne, and in a short career, which reads like a romance of the imagination, bore with his own hand the flag of British conquest blazing with triumph over the two hemispheres. A few years later, with the gout settling over his body and the caprices of patrician dignity over his spirit, he made the remark, which is frequently and only partially quoted, that "confidence is a plant of slow growth in aged bosoms; youth is the season for credulity." I accept the stately apothegm for the American situation. The young men of the United States had prepared the way for the contest; it was the product of their enthusiasm. It was to be a contest of desperation. In the fulness of time the day had

come when the Institution, so called, — the hoary monarch of our political system, who

“ Not content
With fair equality, fraternal state,
Did arrogate dominion undeserved
Over his brethren,” —

was to be met in the last demand and on the last field, and all our habits of concession and surrender, confirmed and indurated for three generations, were to be upturned and reversed, — the day of a social, elemental revolution, in which the proud master should retire forever from the scene, in which many of the relations of production and commerce were to be changed, and many of the old methods of business and politics were to be swept along like stubble before a wild northwester.

And who could be best fitted to encounter such a situation? The sculptor, Mr. Rogers, — who, I may as well say to you, was true as steel to his country during all the war, a terror at Rome to every inflated refugee from home, — has placed before you the answer to my question. In full sympathy with his subject, he has symbolized each arm of the service in youthful figure, fashioned in a soldier's grace and strength, upon whose countenance sits the silent power of hope and faith, whilst over them all settles the indomitable will fitting their character and their cause. Nothing that is tricked, nothing that is theatrical or affected, lurks in these ideals. The artist has met the occasion. The young men who filled the rolls of that war must have been surcharged with the electric fire of enthusiasm, must have breathed in the atmosphere of a credulity which easily believes in heroic and revolutionary deeds, must have been so unhackneyed in the ways of age as from instinct to repel every suggestion of compromise, credulous enough to have an easy faith in the eternal union of the States, credulous enough to snuff emancipation in the air before it appeared to the sight, to behold high above the clouds of that desperate day the honor and

renown which would come to those who should strike the chains from four millions of men and elevate them to the peerage of American citizenship ; or the contest would have broken down in its second year. Such we saw them muster. From the shops, from the professions, from the churches, from the schools upon these surrounding highlands, they came with the dew of youth upon their lips, and bravely were sworn in for freedom, for their country and their God. O my fellow-citizens, those were historical hours ! The example of past generations tingled in their veins, and forgotten histories reappeared in those new young lives. The descendant of one who, ninety years before, had stood with his musket in the first company of martyrs at Lexington, broke away from the peace of home to complete the work of his ancestor, and laid down his life in the far-off prison which horror forbids me to mention. How true it is, as formulated by Bolingbroke, that "the virtue of one generation is transfused by the magic of example into several generations." I recall the young citizen of foreign blood, hereditary from Waterloo, who came forward in that first enlistment to match the gallantry of his sire, and fell to his sleep at Cold Harbor, asking that his face might be turned to the enemy and the banner of stars be held over his body in his dying moments. The whole war was unlike any other ; religion, poetry, and eloquence had prepared the way, and it came at length, stirring to their profoundest depths the ideal elements of national life ; a credulous pride and boast for the destiny of the flag ; rich veins of sentiment never so quickened before ; conceptions of freedom such as can flame only in the heart fresh from the studies of boyhood, and unchecked by the cooler calculations of advanced years.

As we unveil the statues of the army of the dead, our justice and gratitude fall short of our duty and desire if we fail to comprehend the results they achieved. All this to-day is an empty pageantry, if we catch not the lesson of the occasion. I take that lesson from the engraved en-

tablatures, where it will be read for ages to come;— they achieved not only a conquest and a peace, but they established the unity of the republic. They accomplished something more. It sometimes happens that war, that divinity as mysterious in action as tremendous in power, accomplishes incidentally purposes not inferior to the original and principal object. "War never leaves where it found a nation." If peace had come from early surrender and not from final conquest, from the first day at Bull Run and not from the last day at Appomattox, then it would have been, in the language of Washington, "a peace of war." In the same roar of battle in which the union of States was sealed to perpetual life, the Constitution gained its just and final interpretation, without which any victory would have been only a transient joy. Very early after the opening of hostilities it became obvious, and by none more quickly discerned than by the ingenuous and independent volunteer, that the one thing absolutely essential for enduring union and peace was the acknowledgment of the equality of all, and their right to enfranchisement. The moral sense of the nation, which had become more keen by war, the alternations of the cause oscillating between victory and defeat, the talk of the volunteers about the camp fires, the judgment of the world, the visible tokens of the Divine will, combined to aggravate and heighten the demand for a completed republic under universal emancipation, and a homogeneous people under universal suffrage. And then, repose. It has come, but it could only have come after war. It needed the tramp of armies to break down the prejudices rooted by the vicious overgrowth of an hundred years and twining about the very body of the Constitution. We might as well suppose that after months of torrid heat and vapor, rolling vegetable life to a scroll, the God of nature would clear the atmosphere without the agency of electric sublimity and destruction, as believe that the current of national vice of a century could be changed, and the institutions grounded

in the mercenary passions of many generations could be overturned, without the vicissitudes and agonies of protracted war.

Out of the war has come another reform in the interpretation of the powers of the Government which never would have been won in peace. We have learned at last that the sovereignty of the nation is greater than the sovereignty of the States. We tried that question under the civil experience of eighty years without reaching a settlement. The Revolution found us united, but only for a special purpose, and the Declaration of Independence, though grand as a war-cry, was by no means a bond of government. The Confederation which followed proved only a joint-stock association, liable to dissolution at any moment, because it established no central power to raise revenue, or enforce a treaty, or compel a State. It was rich enough for individual liberty, but was poverty as a unit of sovereignty. It sprang out of provincialism, and came only to statism, and not to nationality. It was something splendid as a stage of progress, but could be nothing as a consummation. Then, as a consequence, came the Constitution. Singularly enough, Madison, the champion of the Constitution, gave to his own work its first and worst construction of weakness in the Virginia resolutions of '98. Those resolutions, coupled since with African slavery, have been the cause of our war. When, long afterwards, Webster, in reply to Hayne, put forth the only construction under which this Union could live, Madison, then an old man, explained away the resolutions of '98; but it was too late, the mischief had begun its irresistible work. The same school of interpretation continued, and under the authority of its great master, Calhoun, it outlived the argument of Webster, the denunciation of Clay, the invective of Adams, and took its last animate form and articulate expression in James Buchanan. In the expiring hours of his administration he led the way to the opening of war by promulgating to the world once more, and for the last time,

that the national sovereignty was powerless before the sovereignty of the States ; and with these parting words he retired from the capitol to his eternal retreat. He closed the doors of the old school forever, and it only remained for Abraham Lincoln to open the doors of the new.

And now, after all these years of the strife of opinions and of arms, we have come to the opportunity of gratitude for the establishment of the central authority of this Union, of the sovereignty of unity over its parts, of the oneness and indestructibility of American nationality. This has been an open question before, and never could have been solved until the disputants at the South as well as at the North should acknowledge it to be solved ; and the ordeal of fire and blood alone could bring them to such acknowledgment. And that time has arrived. They who resisted the idea of the dominant authority of the federal principle by a war of words for seventy years, and by a war of arms for four years which seemed longer than the seventy before, are in substantial agreement with other sections in accepting this trial of battle as the finality. They have entered with us all upon reconstruction with acknowledgment of the establishment of federal authority ; disputed before but conceded at length ; claimed by Hamilton, but frittered quite away by Madison ; demonstrated by Webster, but surrendered by Buchanan ; established now, if anything can be said to be established, for all coming time by the hearts and by the arms of the people. Nothing exceeds in grandeur the settlement of this disputed question. It proves that the silence of the Constitution, which all over the world has been accounted its weakness, was destined under Providence to become its strength. Whatever shall be the number of States between the Atlantic and the Pacific, they shall live and govern under one common authority and under one common flag.

Looking back to the events of the contest, we find there a new school for the national character. I am not afraid of seeming to touch upon the delicate ground of military glory.

The renown of martial deeds is better than national decay. The necessity had become imminent and overshadowing for some fresh infusion in the sluggish and turbid current of the national spirit. Inglorious sloth was to be broken by virtuous activity. For half a century, with scarcely any interruption, we had been harvesting the fruits of prosperous peace, but we had also garnered into the treasury of the heart a large mixture of the noxious growths which spring up in a long period of social inertia. The atmosphere was heavy with the overspread and far-stretching vapors rising from the malarial luxuriance of the broad level of materialistic life, and the blast of war came to inspire, to change, and to purify. The polities and ambitions of the time were composed, so to speak, of two or three stratified periods of compromise and bargain, immutable principles exchanged for transient repose, when the war fell to startle the fallen virtue of the people to manly self-sacrifice and heroism. In such a change the whole nation became a school of honor, of noble aspirations, of exalted sentiments. The air grew fragrant with courage, decision, manliness, and rectitude, and a new generation rose stocked with exhilarating lessons and examples. You may deplore, you must deplore, the necessity of so terrible an agency of reformation, but you recognize in it the hand of the God of your fathers. If you ask in what sense moral and social good can come from these feats of arms, from the trials and suffering of that dread ordeal, the answer is,—good in the very manifestation of greatness, of enterprise, of valor, of suffering; good in the shape of bright and stimulating examples offered to the contemplation of the next generation. The line of uninterrupted uniformity connecting the ages of a nation may conduct to riches and contentment, but the danger is that it will become a contentment of mercenary and obtuse sentiments even worse than the shock of martial magnetism. Certain it is that the Almighty has so dealt with us, and with all the other nations of modern power.

Nor do I limit my estimate of the moral stimulation of the

late conflict to the rugged half of our population. In no less degree has it been a stimulating educator to the other sex, formed to gentle manners and trained to a merciful religion. No former generation, of Spartan or Roman fame, has better illustrated the whole circle of grace and beneficence than the women of America throughout that dark and troubled period. Under all defeats and discouragements, not any utterance of doubt nor sign of dissension among the sterner sex, nor any degree of grief or sacrifice brought home to their own hearts, for a moment disturbed in the women of this country "the firm and settled purpose of their souls to undergo all and to do all that the meekest patience, the noblest resolution, and the highest trust in God could enable human beings to suffer or to perform." The moral and social heroism which the war called into activity, elevating men and women to higher spheres of thought and action than any they had moved in before, will live as examples during this generation and pass down among the traditions that shall instruct and animate the following.

It seems to many of us as the consciousness of yesterday that bonfires and illuminations in all the land proclaimed that fraternal blood had ceased to flow; and yet even already the war has been consigned to history, and the era of restoration is completed. Pacification, reconciliation, meets with an all-embracing welcome in every section, in every State. Providence, in its benignant work, has outstripped the anticipations of both sides. Unfriendly prophets in Europe have been disappointed, we ourselves have been disappointed, by the swiftly following reaction of all the better parts of human nature. Community of interest, fellowship, and blood, of strength, pride, and renown, has so quickly proved too mighty and too benevolent for the lingering memory of wrong and the lurking thought of retaliation. Since the first assembling of States at Philadelphia a century ago, there has been no such manifestation of the saving grace and power of nationality as that which now pervades this great people. Nor can

the history of civil wars in other countries and other ages supply a parallel or a precedent to ours.

Within five years after the shedding of blood one tone and purpose of renationalization courses like a river of peace through all the States and churches, through all the industries and intercommunications, through all political and all social life. To-day the highest policy of States lies in the broadest magnanimity, and the wisest statesmanship is forgetfulness and forgiveness. We have passed through a protracted period of war; now let us take our hearts with us into a protracted period of fraternization. The voice of pacification cries to us from the ground. The earth is the common tomb of the war, the common resting-place of silence and reconciliation, where in the awful but kindly brotherhood of death the dust of warriors may commingle in peace. The living ought to learn peace from the dead. I am sure that we all concurred with the President of the United States in his recent declaration to Congress, that the last manifestation of sectional passion ought to be buried beneath a tolerant and statesmanly amnesty. The people of all the States, weary of war, weary of dissension, hail the dear old flag, never so dear before, as the assurance of a united nation and universal peace.

To those who fell we bring the votive offering of this passing hour. The recorded list is rich with memories of self-sacrificing patriotism and the immortal fame of dying for one's country. In reading and studying their names I have felt oppressed with a desire to make here and there some special mention; but I have schooled myself to forbear, under a sense of justice forbidding me to lay a discriminating finger upon the sacred roll. Wherever they offered up their lives, amid the thunder of battle or on the exhausting march, in victory or in defeat, in hospital or in prison, officers and privates, soldiers and patriots all, they fell like the beauty of Israel, on their high places, burying all distinction of rank in the august equality of death. In that same spirit of impartial

justice their names are engraved on the enduring bronze, where they will be read in after ages when the hands that reared the work, and the voices which now dedicate it, shall have passed away and been forgotten. The names of those who fell at Marathon, inscribed upon the pillars erected over the spot, were legible to more than twenty successive generations; and we may devoutly trust that these names of our sons, if obscured by time, will be restored by the pious hands of our successors, and will continue as long as the Union shall last, though it be a thousand years. Especially to you, surviving comrades of the conflict, who have assembled in such vast throng to participate in these fleeting ceremonies, we commit the keeping of this sacred trust,—to the army of the living the duty of protecting the honor of the army of the dead.

INTELLECTUAL LEADERSHIP IN AMERICAN HISTORY.

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED BEFORE THE SOCIETY OF PHI BETA KAPPA, AT
BROWN UNIVERSITY, PROVIDENCE, JUNE 15, 1875.

OUR theme should be fitting to the year of centennial anniversaries, of which we are passing the threshold. It is apparent that the present and few succeeding years, recalling the days of our first declared nationality and the series of measures in the council and the field which gave success to the declaration, will become henceforth memorable for festal days. We are to have a time of competitive celebrations marked by liberal pageant in token of martial events, and the sensuous parts of our nature are likely to be worked to their capacity. Of all that which is to be commemorated the share most striking to the average every-day senses undoubtedly comes from the narrative of arms, and it meets a responsive magnet in a people under whose sober side touches of military spirit have always found quick reception. They have inherited a taste of the soldier's life. Descended from ancestors who for more than one hundred years after cislantic colonization were engaged in war or were every moment exposed to it, summoned now by these thick-coming anniversaries to recite the annals of the field and to realize in their own quickened pulse the rapture of victory, we need not wonder that they seize upon methods of commemoration the most demonstrative, the most cognizable by the outward senses; that they subordinate the oration to the spectacle; that they

"Let the kettle to the trumpet speak,
The trumpet to the cannoneer without,
The cannons to the heavens, the heaven to earth."

This is according to nature, this is Anglo-Saxon, this is American. But it belongs to an assembly of educated men to discharge the same duty in another mode of procedure. They penetrate beneath the surface of historical narrative, behind the scenery of battles, among the more subtle forces of our national development, which have been chief agencies in conducting us to the high situation from which the celebrants may now deliver their pyrotechnics.

We cannot pass in review from our own advanced position over the stirring Revolutionary stage, over the broad and picturesque colonial period, back to the more serious era of the advent and settlement, and not pay tribute to the age which went before them all, out of which they sprung, a part of which they were — to the masters who directed the mind of England two centuries and a half ago, who came here in person and in representatives, whose association with our subsequent history is immortal. Our epic, from the first embarkation down to the last admission of a State, is especially interesting to the intelligent inquirer for the spiritualistic, the intellectual element which preceded and gave it birth, animated it in all its parts, supplied its actors with motive power, which has made it the story of a people sprung from the best race of men at the time of its matured strength, and advancing to a higher plane of civilization than that upon which it began. The heroic courage, the sorrow and suffering, the adventure and enterprise which mark the century from 1660, when the colonies had acquired a fixed and homogeneous condition, down to declared independence, which give to it in the reading the changing shades of serious annals and gay romance, were the natural flowering of the English mind under the training of an equal period preceding.

The beginning of the American people was but the transfer

to the transatlantic continent of an eclectic and adventurous portion of the English nation. These passing anniversaries carry us back indeed to stages of infancy as to numbers, as to material appointments and possessions, but in the higher forces of civilization, manhood, and culture there was here from the start the same maturity which crowned the English communities in the golden age of Elizabeth and her successor. Whenever you contemplate what that maturity was, how broad in studied letters and statesmanship, in progressive science and art, and especially how it bore on its advancing crest the promise of deliverance from spiritual bondage, you are contemplating the actual state of the mind of the planters of this nation when they stepped from an old country to a new, only changing the scene of their life in the conflicts of their age. The spirit of Northern Europe was then for the first time in full activity under immense influences proceeding from the Reformation and the introduction of the art of printing. At Frankfort-on-the-Main the traveller walks from the public square, where the memorial group of bronze statues commemorates the introduction of printing, to the house in which Luther once lodged while in the flesh, feeling that he is venerating in authentic symbols the authors of a revolution of which the benefits have reached to every fireside in Christendom. Slowly overcoming the sleep of the Northern communities, and moving with the Divine assurance which always accompanies every true reform, these resistless agencies at length imparted a stimulation to the mental habits of Great Britain which the successors of the Virgin Queen might check indeed but could not suppress. The publication of the results of maritime voyage and discovery on this continent spread a glamour over the spirit of curious and daring men, which scarcely the sternest disappointment and disaster could dispel. The tide was rising to its flood at the opening of the seventeenth century. A higher poetry and philosophy, strange religious rhapsody and religious exploration, the lessons of ancient and heroic freedom brought out into allur-

ing light by the changed tastes and opportunities for the old languages, a wider education, another dispensation over the domain of practical science and invention, a new destiny for the aim of benevolence and philanthropy, wisdom of every degree, conceits of every kind, but in all and through all a paramount and aggressive progress lighted the modern world on its pathway. For the next fifty years the air was exhilarant with intellectual vitality. The genius of change penetrated the palace, the closet, and the shop, and throughout the capital city of our race the vigil of night was kept faithful to the revolutionary studies. "God is decreeing," Milton said, "to begin some new and great period," and then, with quaint expression of the national self-consciousness which has never gone out of his countrymen from that day to this, he adds: —

"What does God then but reveal himself, as his manner is, first to his Englishmen? Behold now this vast city; a city of refuge, the mansion-house of liberty, encompassed and surrounded by his protection; the shop of war hath not there more anvils and hammers waking, to fashion out the plates and instruments of armed justice in defence of beleaguered truth, than there be pens and hands there, sitting by their studious lamps, musing, searching, revolving new notions and ideas wherewith to present as with their homage and their fealty the approaching reformation: others as fast reading, trying all things, assenting to the force of reason and conviction."

Such was that age; and such was the strength of the American beginning. Out of that age and under that lead we came. Ours was not a transfusion of blood from one set of men into another; nor an offshoot, nor an engraftment; it was the removal of ripening English minds in English bodies into another country. During the fifty years of active emigration as good came here as were left behind. The early peopling of Virginia was by the average cavaliers of the day, under the direction of higher grades of intellect at their lead, and there was soon present a large array of men of education,

property, and condition ; Maryland from the outset rose upon the shoulders of persons of high birth, moved to their destination by the best thought at home ; the ships of Massachusetts brought here many of the choice sons of education, scholars in the languages, of culture the same that prevailed in England, not cosmic indeed as modern learning, for the old scholastic studies of the schoolmen then overlaid the universal mind of Europe. The names of these intellectual leaders are too many and too familiar to need repeating ; they rise at every recurring thought of the earliest religious freedom of the world in Maryland, and of the most powerful republican theocracy of the world in Massachusetts. Then we ought to consider that these heads of the nascent provinces were in constant intercourse and contact with the best talent and wisdom of Europe, and that our separate colonial histories, down to the very day of independence, associate the new country and the old by ties which linked together in personal relations the wise and great of both lands. Winthrop and Endicott, Cotton and Hooker, and their associated managers in the other provinces, brought with them and kept up afterwards acquaintance with the upper life on the other side. At one time or another, on this or the other side of the ocean, the heads of these provinces were in living familiarity with the high discussions and high disputants under two reigns : they saw and heard Lord Bacon when he pleaded gently and wisely for toleration ; they remembered Witgift speaking softly for them, and Bancroft with his frown ; they caught light from all the central sources ; they learned stability of faith from Pym and from Sidney, and public law from Hale and from Coke ; they received direct communication and counsel from John Hampden ; they read and perhaps saw acted the picturesque and Doric Comus of Milton, and they lived by the side of the prince of poets and the prince of philosophers, who in the language of Macaulay made their age a more glorious and important era in the history of the human mind than the age of Pericles or Augustus. It is

their association with living genius and learning which is to us in this day a lingering inspiration, for such instruction of states lengthens out through the generations. It is something of value to us that the founder of Rhode Island kept her interest warm by the side of the throne through intimacy with the learned historian and premier Clarendon ; that the Carolinas are imperishably related to Shaftesbury, the paragon of accomplished ministers, with John Locke, the philosopher so quaint, original, and great, whose framework of government did not endure, but whose benevolence survived to welcome the Huguenots of France ; that the Covenanters of New Jersey were saturated with the spirit of Milton while living, as they had been educated under the writings of George Buchanan who went before them ; that over the wide South, first named Virginia, still lingers a memory that kindles to enthusiasm at the mention of their visitor, the incomparable, the thousand-souled Sir Walter Raleigh.

In thus speaking of the early masters who have left their image in our history, I am indulging in no rhetorical illusion. The difficulty in our apprehension of the facts lies within our natural limitations. Remoteness of time casts a haze over our perception of the continuity and duration of mental influences in forming the character of states. If we could place ourselves in palpable connection with the generations which have passed, the train of public educators would pass before us in lifelike and august procession. But this can be only partially attained by grouping in speech the great personages of history. A venerable and remarkable Chief Justice of New England, dead within fifteen years, used to say that he once saw a man whose father had seen the first child born in the harbor of the Pilgrims ; thus seeming to span with his own hand more than two centuries of Massachusetts. But historical analysis and elimination furnish to the thoughtful student a sufficient thread for tracing the lines of descent in the life of communities. In the year 1637, about the time when a governing power was established in

the place where we are now assembled, he who was afterward the author of "Paradise Lost," made a journey into Southern Europe. In Paris he met and was entertained by Grotius, who first wrote for freedom of commerce against maritime restrictions; while he remained there Descartes put to press his first great philosophical treatise, which is still quoted among the causes of change in modern thought; in Italy he turned aside to visit the injured Galileo, whose persecution was a feature of the ecclesiastical tyranny of the time; and in the album of an Italian nobleman at Genoa he wrote his autograph after that of Thomas Wentworth, the brilliant Earl of Strafford. We find, therefore, in this group of contemporaries, thus accidentally brought together, five first-rate figures that were directly allied to the advancement of our own country. Grotius, that "chief of men," who laid the foundation of international intercourse in the principles of justice, whose doctrines educated the colonies to an early and constant resistance of the navigation acts of Parliament which resulted in their independence; Descartes, the revolutionist philosopher, who enunciated the law of individual consciousness and intellectual freedom, which at once became seminal and vital in every provincial organization on this side, and which to-day underlies the constitution of every American commonwealth; Galileo, one of the pioneers and one of the martyrs of the revolt of science, whose misfortunes under inquisitorial absolutism reached the ears of the brotherhood of reform and helped raise the party which swept with human rights over England and the new world in the West; Lord Strafford, who returned home to aid our cause under Charles, by his betrayal of the franchise of his country and our own, and after granting no lenity to our friends or our cause at length stretched his own neck upon the scaffold; and John Milton, who, unlike his fellow-countryman and fellow-traveller, stood fast to the challenge of his conscience, and proclaimed in immortal prose the brave thoughts of the new dispensation,

“ In liberty’s defence, a noble task,
Of which all Europe rang from side to side,”

which have moved to triumphant deeds eight generations upon this continent. It acquaints us with the dignity of our pupilage thus to draw near in imagination to our instructors long departed; it brings before our sight that splendid age from which we have derived our power, to call these masters around us; we are with them, and they are with us, when we see the blood of the first governor of Massachusetts coursing among us in the person of a most accomplished descendant, and the blood of another flowing for a testimony to mankind under the headsman’s axe; when we look upon the regicide judges face to face, Goffe and Whalley on the banks of our Connecticut, and Dixwell amid his studies in the shade of New Haven; when Bancroft and Macaulay only disagree whether Cromwell and Hampden actually took passage and went on shipboard for Boston; when we know that our own Raleigh was a member of the same club in London with Ben Jonson and Shakespeare; when every spirited youth of Massachusetts is stirred to the study of the martyred Sidney by his Latin on her arms.

Quite possibly we do not often enough reflect how effectually the spirit of one man, of a few men, may decide the characteristics of a people, the destiny of a state. Under the military system of Europe in former ages it was within the power of a single man to conquer a city and write his name upon its walls, to modify, dismember, reconstruct a kingdom, and affix to it for a longer or shorter period his own projected will and law. Napoleon was the latest and the greatest of this order, but his imperial creations were quickly swept back to their original relations,—for though the sword may carve the pathway to a throne, it cannot engrave the enduring character of a people. But the moral agents in the forming of communities leave more lasting impressions, which are beyond the power of accident to remove or to change. All the laws of human condition, natural generation, veneration,

imitation, faith, tradition, and memory combine to perpetuate the mould of a commonwealth cast by a master after the pattern of divine virtue, and every succeeding intellect of grasp and sway may add to its symmetry and its strength. Behold at our door the power of a man abiding through eight generations! Taught to shrink from the forms of arbitrary power whilst a boy lounging about the doors of the Star Chamber, taught law from the living lips of Coke, tolerant charity and reforming love from the private hours of Milton, many languages at Oxford where the classic statue of liberty broke in Grecian model on his sight, taught experience and trial, sorrow and courage, in Massachusetts, Roger Williams came hither from fortunes as varied, as romantic, as those of John Smith or Walter Raleigh, and planted the first purely free government on the globe. While Descartes was writing out in clearest dialectics, Williams was establishing in concrete and everlasting form the absolute and unqualified freedom of conscience under human government. I do not know why I should not say, since it is true, that Massachusetts in her march of progressive culture took two centuries almost to a year from his removal out of her borders to strike from her own Constitution the last faded badge of the connection of the Church and the State. The charter which he dictated to the crown, alone of the original thirteen scarcely changed in essentials, still endures for his visible monument; but in the breadth of true catholicity, in the belief of the benevolence of human nature, in the cultivation of methods of peace and fraternity, in the predominance of a religious sect never at variance with any other, which have tided the life of his gifts and graces over the lapse of two hundred and forty years, the memorial of his invisible glory is reflected through all habitations and all hearts. The lessons of the teacher caught by the leaders of the following age have imparted a tinge and flavor to the culture of the State. Perhaps in imagination, perhaps in the discernment of reality, I seem to myself to trace the extension of the same intellectual freedom to

another, who in the next century impressed his benevolent genius upon the souls of this island home. Berkeley gave to this people the four midway years of his life of spiritual amenity. Of every attainment, grace, and accomplishment; admired by every school of philosophy, while he maintained his own; beloved by Pope and Swift and Addison, while they hated each other; beloved by all in that galaxy that continued the light of the reign of Anne over that of two Georges,—he came and erected his bower of study among the cliffs of this coast. In letters, and in the walks of village life, he was to his generation a fountain of instruction, and such fountains in a free commonwealth never dry. And in the century still the next, another and kindred spirit, native-born of the island, devoted to the State the latest years of his inspiring lessons, “the love of wisdom and the wisdom of love,” so rich in the field of general literature, so pleading for a wider scope of popular education, for the enfranchisement of man, for the world’s peace, so aglow with the sweet influences of Christianity. To the scholarly and devout resident of Newport the whole scene, of cliff and beach and the breathing sea, takes on the aspect of a memorial imperishable to Berkeley and to Channing. Felicitous has been the lot of Rhode Island to have had distributed over her three centuries three intellectual masters, whose administration of her thought and aspiration was never colored by asceticism or gloom, was always stimulating, always serene, always encouraging, in full accord with the divine monosyllable that glistens from her shield.

The term of active European emigration to this land covered rather less than the length of two generations; and all that we are, and all that we have, may in a large degree be traced back to the public character which was then established. The roll of those who came contained a number of leading minds as large proportionately as the roll of those who remained behind. Something that was chivalrous, something that was courtly, still adhered to those heads; much

learning of the kind that then prevailed, of studied history and language ; perhaps not yet much practised statesmanship, but, as events soon showed, a great capacity for it. Vane and Williams, Endicott and Saltonstall, Winthrop the senior and the junior, Hooker and Cotton, were fair types of the leaders on both sides, most of them English university men, all of them such as led England on to the Revolution of 1688 and rescued her Constitution. I allow they became especially engrossed in the high mysteries of divinity, which became shaded by their forest abode, and took in the vagaries of a larger freedom under a new sky. But as they erected the altars of the Church and the State upon the same Zion and within the same temple, the same subtlety which guarded the one also guarded the other ; the same enthusiasm, if you please, the same fanaticism, which sustained them in the pursuit of abstruse theology, also sustained them in the pursuit of a new liberty ; the same extravagant rejection of authority which made them faithful dogmatists for the Church made them obstinate partisans for the State ; the same conscious assurance that made them polemics in religion made them republicans in politics. During the calm and study of the residence of their sect in Switzerland, by the "clear, placid Leman," in the reflection of light and shadow from the eternal monarchs of nature, their ideas of the unseen world had become consolidated, their ideas of the social civil framework had become codified ; they would have no sovereign in their hearts save God, no sovereign in their laws not subordinated to their interpretation of Him ; as the phrase goes, they would have a Church without a bishop, a State without a king. Those were great ideas for that age, and they could only be enforced by great and original minds, comprehensive and flexible enough for the founders of a nation. Now, if you follow the history of the scene on which these views were acted out, you find that these actors, to their character as theologians, whatever you may think of that, soon added the acquired character of astute, wary, and

stubborn statesmen. As religionists and as politicians their path must soon divide: as religionists they carried everything in their own way and with a high hand, with none to obstruct them; as politicians the shadows of kingly pretensions advanced gradually over the sea, enveloped them in darkness, and shut them in to their wit's end. They were obliged to supplement religious zeal with a large worldly wisdom, and all the way from about 1640 to 1689 you observe in the directors of these provinces a growing genius for affairs, a chary taste for civil policy, a certain wise, strong sense of diplomacy. When the mailed hand of royal interference approached, so long as they were too feeble to resist, they were Fabian in their policy, and warded off the hour. On grave occasions they convened their synods and held their fasts, but these became a school and an education; the pulpits were filled by acute teachers, who preached altogether on the right side; so that, allowing for their greater share of prayer and praise, they had in their synods and their fasts all that we should have now in our best chosen constitutional conventions. There is nothing more interesting in all the life of these progenitors of our history than their studied use of diplomacy in the years covering the fall of the first Charles and the rise of the second, with Cromwell intervening,—a period requiring them to act parts so delicate and so variant, with no electric cable to supply them in the evening with the policy for the next morning. Great results hung suspended on the action of the ministers who assembled in their synods in Boston,—for there was not a newspaper published in America till the eighteenth century,—and they rapidly became masters of the situation more by their reserved power in diplomacy than by their inspired power in theology. They were preparing their generation for a day of greater power, when the bell of revolution might safely strike the hour.

That beyond question was the educational period of the country, as youth is the period for character in the indi-

vidual life. It was her education under the champions of her freedom, fitted by endowment and culture to carry her through the tremendous process God had ordained. Such was their situation and their power. A kind of mediæval port and mien, something like an intellectual feudalism, gave to them the walk of masters; they admonished others against the authority of kings and nobles, but they did not relinquish the authority due to themselves as chosen vessels of the Divine purpose for the coming nation. Under their treatment of kings and parliaments and commissions, their constituents and followers inhaled their first conception of an American nationality. Out of that robust and austere school came the broader culture and sweeter dispositions of later days. Advanced into the next century, those stern and dark features had become softened by another education, by schools and libraries more purely American, by a younger class of scholars spread over the country from the university at Cambridge; but we ought never to forget that the schools, the libraries, and the university were established by them. Time was diffusing their mind like the waters of irrigation, which, as they receded from the shade and gloom of their source, took the warmth of the open field and the sparkle of the cheerful sun. Mankind could not long live and be happy under the frowns of a puritanical theocracy. At once the school of the Church and the State, as it approached the middle of the eighteenth century it exhibited the manifestations of change; the work had been laid and transmitted to a different generation. Society had passed through the transformation which in Scotland would be necessary before she could welcome Walter Scott, and in America before she would trust herself in the arms of George Washington. From the Church all that was superstitious or cruel or whimsical in the day of Cotton Mather had been burned away in the expiatory fires through which bodies politic must sometimes pass, and it rose with a fresh glory in the grandeur of Edwards, the learning of Cooper, and the

heroism of Mayhew. The State, too, now shone with a majesty distinctively its own, and ascended to the respect of Christendom under the eloquence of Otis, the learning and strength of John Adams, the magnetic genius of Quincy and Warren, the wisdom of Franklin and the culture of Dickinson, and the unconquerable will of Samuel Adams. But all that larger growth and attraction, all that wider range of tastes and ambitions expanding grandly toward the high things of knowledge, were the long-wrought, the hard-taught product of the human mind, the human will, under the leadership of the age that had gone to its rest.

A more critical urgency for action had now arrived. A better combined array of moral forces than that which led the colonies in the last years of their dependence and the first of their union we might search the centuries to discover. I take for granted you agree with me that the more cultivated minds take the lead in civil life. There is a theory that public revolutions proceed upward from the body of the people, and control, enforce, the orders of intelligence above. I do not so read our own or any other history. At all times, as it seems to me, perhaps more appreciably to our observation in times of great urgency in human affairs, the reasonings and generous sentiments of great intellects work their way into the common channels of the general mind, and fill the office of its directory; and the attempt to make our own country an exception to the rule is a suggestion of flattery which the people do not ask, and an illusion which the truth will not bear. The nature of men has not changed since the old essayist declared that in the coalition of human society nothing is more pleasing to God, or more agreeable to reason, than that the highest mind should exercise the chiefest power. If it were not so, education could not advance upon individuals, nor enlightened progress upon nations. The lower strata of mind draw the electric fires of the higher masters. Heads of wisdom are better than princes to a state passing through its crises. They supply intellectual

aliment to its thought, they impart sympathetic activity to its torpid faculties.

“Their speech betimes
Inspires the general heart ; its beauty steals,
Brightening and purifying, through the air
Of common life.”

And there is another part of this law governing public opinion, to which the whole race is subject ; I mean the spontaneous, instinctive acknowledgment of intellectual authority, the law of faith, of confidence in superior intelligence. We are all of us and always under such a lead. Mr. Carlyle, who is the least of a literary demagogue, puts this truth home to every one of us after his own abrupt and grotesque manner : “Now if sheep always, how much more must men always, have their chiefs, their guides. Man, as if by miraculous magic, imparts his thoughts, his mood of mind, to man. Of which high, mysterious truth, this disposition to imitate, to lead and to be led, this impossibility not to lead (and be led), is the most constant and one of the simplest manifestations.” And the globe has not borne another people who paid greater deference to such guides than our own. It is here that this law of our nature has freer and fuller play than in the countries which are overshadowed by rank and caste, by venerable heraldry and names artificial, extending over generations their charm. While a single family and its aristocratical connections monopolized the administration of England during a generation, Chatham was admitted to power only because the Almighty had clothed him with characteristics which overawed mankind, and Burke never held any first-rate office at all under government during the whole of his magnificent life. But in this country, rank having no existence, nothing else of conventional kind has taken its place, and it has never been possible for wealth, or any fiction, or any pretension, to withdraw for a length of time the body of its citizenship from following the directory of wisdom. In the long run of time you cannot fail to see that the hero-worship of our countrymen

takes to some uncommon degree of lettered fame, some rare combination of intellectual powers, some form or manifestation of special genius or general capacity. Of our countrymen travelling by thousands in foreign lands, while one turns aside from Brussels to visit the scene of the battle of kings at Waterloo, ten others make the longer journey from London to Stratford to pay the tribute of their veneration at the tomb of Shakespeare.

I return, then, to my topic, that in the dawn of this national independency there was at work upon popular opinion a wise, brilliant, and effective array of heads which is not easily paralleled. The colleges were in tune with the urgency, and the pulpits were filled by a ministry of patriotism toned by a cultivated wisdom. The field of civic discussion was under the training of a class of men in some of the colonies who would have adorned the best of commonwealths at the most brilliant of its periods; the same representative, scholarly statesmen upon whom Chatham pronounced the remarkable eulogium which Franklin from the gallery heard him deliver, and which has ever since been quoted with pride on these shores. For a classical, refined public speech, coming from studied men, but penetrating the universal heart, it was a golden age. It lifted upward and onward to action every degree of mediocrity below it. Fifty names start up for mention which cannot be surpassed in our day. In the South were Rutledge, Gadsden, Peyton Randolph, Bland, the two Lees, most of them educated in both countries, reinforced by Jefferson and his peers, who breathed into the public spirit their own cultivated chivalry; in the centre was Dickinson, fresh from his law of the Temple at London, finished in elegant literature, whose thoughts passed in French over the other Continent, to whose support a little later came Franklin, direct from the society of Burke and Pitt, bringing his whole nature enriched for his country; in New England, too many rather than too few,—of whom was Hopkins, who knew all poetry and all history, who, John Adams said, instructed him

four years in committee-room in science and learning, whose old age to all coming in contact was an inspiration,—of whom were the chiefs of Massachusetts, whose roll rounds with the names of the two Adamses. Samuel Adams was something besides a pious and patriotic Puritan; his humanity was exquisite and his erudition was genteel, blending grace and attraction with the intensity of his appeal. John Adams educated the colonies to an intelligent comprehension of the situation which was necessary to go before action, and in this work he more completely than any other man of this nation illustrated the proverb that knowledge is power; his research was boundless and his talent was of every kind; he made history and the Scriptures, the classic, ancient ages, the principles of law and speculative philosophy, familiar to the common understanding, while he rallied the learned professions and the schools of the land to the mighty work in hand. There were by that time as able lawyers here as the lawyers of the Crown, and he was at their head. Scarcely ever before had the spirit of a passing time called into such intensity of use every grace, every accomplishment and attribute, of the upper sphere of the human mind, and never before had any people so confidently trusted to it their hope and destiny. They would follow only the wisest and best; in their vast undertaking they would employ no mediocrity; Georgia, Pennsylvania, and Massachusetts would have no less an agent in London than Benjamin Franklin; New York, with its salary of a thousand dollars, would have no other than Edmund Burke. They believed that "a great empire and little minds go ill together." To which roll in the hour of its need was added yet another,—the man of little less than divine virtue, the Father of his Country, the leader of her armies, the most glorious of her citizens, the founder and protector of her liberty, he who despised the name of king, yet himself was more majestic, whom God manifestly favored, that he was in all things his helper,—the unapproached and unapproachable Washington.

Nor alone were their chiefs upon this side of the Atlantic. This national fabric was shaped, in part, by most expert hands of Englishmen. In the prolonged debates of many years there was a parliamentary minority of the choicest and greatest of the realm, who spoke for justice under the influence of the proudest day of the British forum. By general consent the most flourishing period of English eloquence extends for about half a century from the maturity of Lord Chatham's genius to the death of Fox, and a good part of its most brilliant exhibitions was during the ten years which covered the American questions. Between the opening and the close of those questions passed across the stage Grenville, Barré, North, Camden, Mansfield, Charles Townshend, Fox, Burke, and the heaven-born orator, the elder Pitt,—enough for a nation's history and a nation's glory. The parliamentary literature of that school can meet the philosophical criticisms of Burke himself; it can stand the test of time and the admiration of ages, because it was founded in good reason and just sentiment. It was listened to in the speaking by some of our leaders from home sitting in the gallery, among whom were Quincy and Franklin; it came to these shores in fast-sailing packets, was spread from the ice-fields to the palmettoes by the wide-winged press, was repeated from mouth to mouth, floated in the air. It was not all upon our side of the questions, but it passed here under the hands of masters, was sifted of sophism and error, was sent forth, stirring grand sentiments of duty, and circulated, all-inspiring, over the New World.

Nor again to the schools of American and English authorities alone were our fathers of that day shut in for their tuition. From another continent, another tongue, and another religion, they heard voices of lesson and sympathy. We are forever indebted to France for an early and a late infusion of lofty sentiment which has pervaded our public life. In the story of religious and romantic adventure displayed in exploring and settling this country, the French enthusiasts stand out with radiant lineaments upon the historical canvas.

Advancing always within the orders of the Catholic church, penetrating through primeval forests to the Far West, enduring every hardship and privation of pioneers, leaving their pathway in the wilderness everywhere blazed by the lily and the cross, ministering in their faith amid the vortex of savage tribes which whirled like angels of darkness around them, one after another yielding up their life in solitary martyrdom, in the extremest hour chanting in the Latin of the schools of France hymns which even then were a thousand years old, they have left in every French town of North America, in our written annals and unwritten traditions, the traces of their spiritual and intellectual heroism. Expelled at length as a political power from this country by Great Britain, the Nemesis of history took in hand their vindication. While the gallant Wolfe, by a magical stroke, won to the British Crown every French possession east of the Mississippi, there were those at work, in the silence of studies about the gay capital of France, engineering an intellectual revolution which, within twenty years, would sweep from these States the last vestige of British dominion. About the year 1763, when everything here was ceded to the Crown of England, the spirit of a new philosophy was spreading over France and radiating upon Great Britain and America. To those who were especially engrossed in the study it presented itself, perhaps under no deep sense of responsibility, as the fresh luxury of newly enfranchised minds, but to the world it bore the fruits of political revolution. The satire of Voltaire, aimed at the Church which needed it much, fell with effectual blow upon the State which needed it more. The ethereal and radical eloquence of Rousseau circulated as an atmosphere; the young men crowded the benches and the salons of the new school in all the larger cities of the kingdom; and at one time, just before the declaration of our independence, more than half a dozen of bold teachers of speculation, wit, levity, reason, and philosophy were seated around the throne as its premier and its advisers. It was the preparatory school

for modern revolution. It was classical in its study of the ancient histories. It soon found its theory and passion impersonated in the youthful Lafayette, whose early readings had imaged in his reflection and love the models of lost republics, and quickly afterward it found the seal of its assurance in the treaty of alliance with the United States. The authorities of that keen, speculative, daring philosophy gave the touch of fate to American independence. And in the memorable reception of Benjamin Franklin at Versailles, when that brilliant court, destined so soon to pass away, was captivated by the decorous simplicity which the great American knew quite well when and how to wear, we behold the last ceremony in which old institutions and old prescriptions, represented by kings and nobles, bowed unawares before the divinity of a new liberty and a new world,—the ceremony in which that new liberty and new world, in its plain, untitled representative, returned the salute to the masters behind the throne who were moving the world to revolution. I have never wondered that Jefferson, who after our peace passed four grateful years at Paris, intimate and favorite with its eminent philosophers, caught “the habit and the power of dalliance with those large, fair ideas of freedom so dear, so irresistible” to the French people. Almost a century has since passed, and his name is even now treasured in the hearts of the French leaders of opinion as that of a master and instructor,—an impressive illustration of the ceaseless international exchange of thought. Three years ago, Charles Sumner came to my apartment in Paris directly from an interview with the leader of the more advanced Republicans, now recognized as their leader probably by a larger number of men than any other living civilian in any country, the bold and eloquent Gambetta. He related to me the details of the conversation. Gambetta said: “What France most needs at this present time is a Jefferson.” I will not keep back the reply of the great Senator: “You want first a Washington, and your Jefferson will come afterwards.”

My limitations compel me to allusions only on the field of our history. We usually observe that the times requiring the largest exercise of the intellectual forces, and so bringing into activity the supremest men, have been periods of civil, not of military events, those preceding or following the trial of war. Succeeding to the Revolution came the exigent time for organizing under permanent forms,—the constitutional epoch. That term of seven years was the test to virtue, to the capacity for outlook and statesmanly projection, without the aid of any light reflected from older nations upon the questions to be adjusted here. If you reflect how divided this people were after the attainment of independence,—that all local traditions, prejudices, and attachments which had been buried in the war, then returned with a risen life and vigor; that diversities of origin, blood, and temperament resumed their individual forces; that idiosyncrasies of religion became sympathetic with localities; that the vast bulwarks of the natural configuration of the continent frowned in the way of our unity,—you only recall in part the division and distress of the people of the United States under the Confederation. It soon grew to a public opinion which alternated between national hope and national despair. The Convention which assembled in 1787 to organize the fragmentary elements which now constitute the most intense nation in existence, over which Washington presided, was in a capacious civic wisdom superior to any other of modern record,—superior, in my judgment, to that which had met in the same hall twelve years before, upon which Pitt had lavished his rhetoric of praise. Washington carried there a carefully prepared synopsis of the ancient examples, but amid the great questions and great debaters that surrounded him there is no evidence that he ever unrolled his manuscript. In the lead of the discussions South Carolina, Virginia, Pennsylvania, and New York figured with unchallenged supremacy. And when, afterward, the work of that body was submitted for the consent of the several States, the debate in popular meetings and

in State conventions summoned to the front every giant mind. The scales were turned at last by the pure argumentation of two men. I have sometimes asked myself whether, under similar surroundings in our own day, beset with the same excitement and irritation, the present generation would in the same degree as that submit its judgment to the sway of a series of papers so calm, passionless, and dialectical as those which, under the name of *The Federalist*, Madison and Hamilton, but chiefly the latter, addressed to their country. With equal, with greater effect, Madison in the Convention of Virginia, Hamilton in that of New York, made their great endowments tributary to the solemn decision. Madison was born symmetrical for the highest dignities of the statesman, and culture completed the work; sound learning was added to a sound judgment, and his mind was illuminated for perspicacity and far perspective. He, and he alone, saved the government in Virginia, where, though young in years, he was already a popular idol. The issue hung suspended upon New York, the last, the eleventh State which was necessary to make plenary the consent and ratification, where it was carried after immense exertions. All contemporary accounts and traditions still existing carry to the credit of Hamilton that imperial result. He was then thirty-one years of age, in the bloom of his faculties, the finest genius known to American public life. His ingenuous nature and exquisite sensibility, from a Huguenot descent; the unshackled outline and clear order of his thought, warmed to color by the fervor of a tropical birth; the flexibility, simplicity, and delicious amenity of his style, as pure as Addison's; his far-distant search and reach; his climacteric ascending in argument; his judgment, which Washington said was "intuitively great,"—displayed him in his public efforts as one of nature's thinkers, orators, jurists, and statesmen. For an entire generation, not ending at his death, he was to one half of his countrymen the interpreter of his era. He was a leader who never flattered his followers. To him, by consent of all, the civic chaplet falls

for the decision which gave this government to the North American Republic. In the wandering of a boy from college, straying many years ago among the tombstones which mark the ancient worthies of New Jersey, in the churchyard at Princeton, I stood by the side of a newly made grave, which bore as yet no trace of designation at its head. But I could not be ignorant as to its tenant after reading the inscription over the adjoining spot of earth consecrated to the sleeping dust of his kinsman, his ancestor, the glorified Edwards. It was the grave of Aaron Burr. "At the mention of that name the spirit of Hamilton starts up to rebuke the intrusion,— to drive back the foul apparition to its gloomy abode, and to concentrate all generous feeling on itself."

I can illustrate my subject by only a brief allusion to our next and longer historical stage which followed under the Constitution. It was the era of development, bringing to the direction of the public life of this country all that splendid succession which opened with Marshall and Hamilton, Jefferson and Madison, and closed with the death of Clay and Calhoun, John Quincy Adams, Webster, and Everett,—an array not surpassed in recent time by the chiefs of English administration. It is familiar to many now living how trustingly the people hung upon their lips and took their direction in all the policies of growth and expansion. But it was a stage of greater signification than mere development; it was our historical period of interpretation. As you know, at the close of Washington's active day all the questions and possibilities of questions touching the interpretation of the Constitution, which had been hushed in his sacred presence, flew into ceaseless activity, and with only an occasional interval continued to excite the general mind down to 1860, when the sword became the arbiter. During that protracted discussion and discordancy the treatment of the subject assumed the highest forms of philosophical argument, and called into use the blended acuteness and breadth of jurists and statesmen. The existence of the government would be determined by the

settlement of that question of interpretation, so complex, so profound, in many respects so metaphysical in its kind, that the people by whom it must be settled were largely compelled to accept upon faith the opinions of their champions; the grander the leadership, the more trustful the following. It narrowed down at length to but two men, of whom it may be said that one of them argued the country into the greatest of modern wars, and that the other prepared it for a successful deliverance. Since the death of Washington, Jefferson, and Hamilton no two men have held the intellectual trust of such large numbers and over so many years as Calhoun and Webster pending the questions of constitutional interpretation. Calhoun was the master of his school. Exemplar of high, attracting personal qualities, eloquent with a logic which was made fervid by intensity of conviction, reasoning unerringly from his elements and rejecting every expedient or phenomenal modification, bringing to questions of construction the cold and unrelenting methods of science regardless of the assistant or opposing forces of practical reasons, he towered above his associates in belief, and was followed by the undiscriminating ranks that sometimes understood and always trusted him. I do not believe we should have had the late war if he had lived, but his death left his school to drift into it upon the teachings of his lifetime. The vindication of the government by the sword in last resort must be traced as the logical result of the opposite school, over which his great rival presided. I do not overlook that Webster had profound and luminous associates in his high argument of twenty years for the true doctrine of the government, yet he was the acknowledged leader, the accepted champion and defender of the Constitution. And now that the rebellion is by both sides conceded a failure, now that the principles which he maintained are by both sides admitted as a finality by trial of war, it is becoming to our intelligence and magnanimity to recognize the champion of the faith which carried us through. For nothing is more certain than that

before the shedding of blood it was under his elucidation that the consolidation of the Union had become so assured in the convictions and affections of the people as to have prepared them for the conflict. To him, above others, we owe that sentiment of nationalism prevailing over statism, which became compacted and unified with the very fibre of the American people, and without which the Union would have parted at the touch of arms. He first made familiar to modern ears the principles upon which alone the government could live; and his pupils, his followers, were attached to the majority which upheld it to the last. It is time that all fair minds should turn from the cloud which shaded his closing days, to a full perception of his instructions, which now shine with advancing splendor in the Constitution he defended. And in their enjoyment of the fresh, the final triumph of their government, which his active genius made doubly sure, if a just and grateful people shall divide its honors between the leaders of its thought and the leaders of its armies, as England divided her honors between Pitt and Wellington, then henceforth words of reproach scattered by careless tongue over the grave of Webster will no longer be accepted as the language of duty or justice, but will be treated with only that degree of respect which belongs to ingratitude, to flippancy, and to folly.

But it is time to draw these reflections to a close. I must not even glance at the later — perhaps loftier — part of our history, fresh in all our hearts as to its causes and its results, its immortal deeds and immortal actors. Let it all pass for another occasion. A duty remains for each generation of intelligent, educated citizens. The day of intellectual guidance never goes by. All these agencies and methods of a more diffused intellectual life, all these potent influences of a more distributed education over more numerous gradations of intelligence, only render essential a higher standard for the higher masters. The advanced seminaries will still continue the advanced guard of a well-sustained nationality and liberty.

Although the wants of the age have spurred into activity the wonderful divisions and subdivisions of sciences and arts, and although the colleges must measurably pass under the change, yet so long as the springs of the human soul remain, a broad and liberal culture, all the generous sentiments which sciences can neither generate nor suppress, the inspiring study of old language and old history, the freedom of general learning, the increasing catholicity of modern ethics, will still plead at the door of every college in the land for that sustenance upon which so many past leaders have thriven to usefulness and power. There are still juices in the old-time study for the best manhood of a nation. The colleges would be the last, the forlorn hope of a decaying people. It is our reasonable expectation that this Union will last through the ages ; but if in the providence of God, which stretches beyond our sight, its unity and glory shall ever pass away, let the last signal which shall be heard in its praise and defence come from the chiming bells of its universities.

ADDRESS

DELIVERED AT MUSIC HALL, BOSTON, FEB. 8, 1876, ON THE CHARACTER OF
DR. SAMUEL G. HOWE.

ACCUSTOMED as we have been to pay these public honors to the dead, if I am not altogether mistaken, friends and fellow-citizens, this occasion is unlike others which have preceded it. I do not recall another resembling it in the quality of its personal reminiscences. It is an occasion for a rare kind of personal homage. It is for no eminent Senator or Vice-President, falling with the robes of office still about him, and affecting the emotions of a nation that had been his auditory, but it is for a man fallen in the daily work of half a century in paths of life which are shunned by most of mankind, who was unknown in the field and the forum, yet was distinguished in all Christian lands as a master self-consecrated to humanity. His title stands apart, and is of his own unconscious winning,—the title of Philanthropist. In the last hundred years only one man in Great Britain has been selected to wear that honor as exclusively his own. Other Englishmen of perhaps greater celebrity have left a splendid fame for their generous devotion,—Fox for his devotion to the very sound of liberty; Wilberforce to negro emancipation; Romilly and Mackintosh to civil and social reform. But their life was so largely a forensic tournament, in which they won crowns for themselves, their distinction in philosophy and eloquence was so large a share of their renown, that their names have usually been remitted to the roll of statesmen and orators.

But there was one — another Englishman — whose labors of mercy, sustained by none of the ordinary stimulants of ambition, were so obviously and solely for the good of the race, followed by a rich harvest to his fellow-men, that the encyclopædias will perpetuate for ages the name of Howard as synonymous with philanthropist. We ourselves have had more than one man who has been designated in his day as the Massachusetts Senator,— more than one who has been called her orator, her historian, her poet,— yet I am persuaded that beyond the time of this generation the name of Samuel Gridley Howe will be pronounced, as we now pronounce it, by special eminence, the Massachusetts Philanthropist. And surely the Commonwealth could not rejoice in a higher or nobler title for one of her sons. It is the highest of all earthly distinctions, for it is the word the mention of which gives him his place in the hearts of all men,— a word which represents character and deeds that are not subject to the taste or culture of an age, but are unchangeable for example and contemplation. Nor can we better discharge the duty of this hour, than by fastening upon his memory the title which shall carry to the schools of the State, to all the walks of life, whether of study or business or leisure,— to all the ambitions and activities of this wonderful people, suggestions and inspirations for consecration to the welfare of the race,— the title of the *Massachusetts Philanthropist*.

The future career of the philanthropist was prefigured in the young man of twenty-three. At this distance of fifty years from that remarkable outburst of sympathy which directed so many minds toward the Greek Revolution, the glare and romance which then surrounded the scene and the actors have given place to the cool judgment of history. Military adventurers thronged from all parts of the Continent to the theatre of the war, with the usual result; and before Lord Byron set out from Genoa, he saw enough of disappointed and returned officers to check the enthusiasm

of a less resolute spirit than his own. There were two persons, however, who did go to remain. Byron was the illustrious over all whom the societies in England contributed to that service. Superannuated with pleasure and sorrow at thirty-six, his hair already turned gray, and his heart withered, he enlisted for a new life and new glory with a resolution and zeal which led the pathway of the poet to his martyrdom. There was no sham or illusion about his purpose. But to all of that zeal Dr. Howe brought the added freshness and purity of youth, with the calculation and firmness of manhood. In his going, I do not so much observe the knight-errantry. I behold him, rather, then first developing a heaven-born genius for serving his fellow-men; I see him at that early day overcoming the law of nature which makes us cold to the relations of distant misery.

He remained to the end; and it was one of the brief and happily completed periods of history which found the combined fleets of the Christian powers of Europe engaging in the battle of Navarino to enforce the same rules which the illustrious representative of Massachusetts in Congress had so eloquently demanded four years before, and which also found at the same moment, among the military forces on the land, another young brave soul of Massachusetts co-operating in arms. It was the period of test and trial to our departed friend; and the record of his six years in Greece has significance and value, because it is the record of a young man struggling in earnest for the cause of the oppressed. I conceive that fancy had little to do with his enlistment. No doubt, as he approached the land of his service, its ancient and heroic annals rose in his imagination,—its story and song; its waters, on which he was soon to battle as the great had battled before; its temples, which he had read of and was so soon to behold; its mountains, under crown of snow and flush of sunset,—but these were only the accessories in the picture. His mind rested on the darker and sterner background of privation and hunger and sickness

and personal peril; but over them all, of duty to dare and endure for the rescue of a down-trodden portion of his kind. Nothing short of this high conception and purpose could have borne him through those lengthened years of trial and exposure,—in the cock-pit, the ambulance, and the hospital; in guerilla bands on land, and through every gradation on deck; in soliciting and distributing charity; in the labors of colonizing a disorganized people; through all the mingled functions, from a constable to a commander-in-chief of a colony,—until at length, after six years, disease drove him from the country, and sent him back to his profession. Now, if there be any school of experience in which a man's bent is confirmed and fixed, certainly he was returned to us from such a field strengthened in his high motive and purpose, trained and inured for the work which his destiny had assigned to him.

His Excellency, who now presides over our expanded plan of State charities, was a mere lad forty-five years ago, when as yet in the beauty of his youth our lamented citizen gave to the unorganized system the first quickening of a visible life. Within the space of three years, from 1829 to 1833, an organization of the humane sentiments of this community sprang into existence, and was followed by results which have not been surpassed in the history of benevolence. It is known that there were twenty-five thousand blind persons in Great Britain, that there was a large but unascertained number in this Christian Commonwealth; and a desire to methodize some measures of relief began to stir in many hearts. We were about to take the lead on a broad scale in this country in bearing light into the abodes of shadow, and the leaders were found who were worthy of the enterprise. Fisher and Brooks had opened the books for subscription. Prescott, then groping his way in partial blindness to works of imperishable fame, by writing up the theme in the "*North American Review*," had awakened a generous concern in the circles of affluence and culture. But the work was still languishing for a great giver, the

chances were at a balance, when the more than princely merchant, Thomas Handasyd Perkins, put his munificent hand into the scale. And still the master genius was wanting who could and who would execute the sublime work, when Howe offered his life service to the education and elevation of the blind. I need not ask you who take pride in Boston, you who take pride in Massachusetts,—I need not ask you whether in all New England, whether in any State, humanity ever gathered to its assistance a nobler group or a more brilliant staff. Some of us remember both of those two central figures, Perkins and Howe; so unlike in their education and avocations, yet linked in our annals by an enduring tie of beneficence, themselves have joined in a union that can never be broken the practical and ideal Boston. When I first saw Colonel Perkins, then an old man, his face seemed itself an institution of benevolence; or, at least, I could say of him, as the great Spanish romancer said of one of his characters, that his countenance was a benediction. He has been dead more than twenty years, and only a small part of this generation have known anything about him. But you and I, your Excellency, having some occasion for being acquainted with the magnificent body of humanities with which his name is connected, could not stand by the grave of his associate in benevolence and not recall *him* to our fellow-citizens.

It is not for me, within these limitations, to expatiate at length upon the service rendered by Dr. Howe in his chosen department of life work. He accepted it as his mission with the same alacrity with which the average graduate of the school reaches out for fame or fortune. He made his venture, with what special genius or fitness no one then could say, though the world now knows, into the field of darkness, to which he was soon to add the field of science. In that field, comprising at once the wide range of philosophical analysis and practical development, he became the authority on this side of the water; and he has given to the Massachusetts school the foremost rank among the twenty other institutions

of the same kind, more or less,—Mr. Sanborn can tell us how many there are,—which have sprung up on these shores under his leading.

This great success in establishing what may be called a structure of national humanity has been his work. But great as it appears in its present proportions, it was greatest in the beginning. Now, when the whole subject has become familiar to the common apprehension, men little understand the patience and devotion which was necessary at the commencement. How many would have turned away from the first experiment! But he took for his encouragement the truth expressed by Prescott in such words of pathos, that “the glimmering of the taper which is lost in the blaze of day may be sufficient to guide the steps of him whose paths lie through darkness.” There is nothing in the recorded manifestations of sympathy or of poetry which surpasses in interest the character of his early experiments, in almost creating a new sense for an immortal mind. The great modern delineator of the miseries of the unfortunate and the glories of charity, Mr. Dickens, in his reminiscences of the South Boston Institution, has depicted those solemn efforts of Dr. Howe in the colors of truth laid by his art. He was original and without an equal in raising deafness, dumbness, and blindness combined to a perfect use of human language. He invented an alphabet, and advanced step by step through all the ingenuities of tangible typography. He imparted a vision of the Divine Being, and gave a New Testament which the sightless may read. He took up the conception of Milton, who knew both sight and blindness, that the Almighty appears to cast gloom over the blind, not so much by deprivation of sight, as by the shadow of the Divine wings,—“nectam oculorum hebetudine quam cœlestium alarum umbra has nobis fecisse tenebras videtur,”—and even that shadow he sought to irradiate. I ought rather to say, that he turned away from the sad spirit of Milton, expressed in his Latin, and that by new methods of printing and new

methods of instruction he made attainable to his blind constituents the more cheering invocation of the same great poet, expressed in his own English,—

“So much the rather thou, Celestial Light,
Shine inward, and the mind through all her powers
Irradiate.”

By his example and instructions through all these years, Dr. Howe taught the State to reverence human nature in every individual being. I have sometimes thought that it is one of the defects which ought to be expected under our large freedom, that the government might be in danger of overlooking the individual,—all persons being free, and supposed to take care of themselves; government being restricted in its duties, and parting with somewhat of its parental character. This teacher, who has been so long at the head of the eleemosynary departments of the Commonwealth, has done a great deal to correct this defect. He began and ended with the individual. A hundred years hence, he will be cited — Massachusetts will be cited — in all Christian countries, for his exertions in a single case upon a single individual.

Reverence for human nature, as represented in every child of God, lay at the foundation of his work; and he, more than anybody else, has made it the foundation of the noblest structure of charities which any American State has organized. He began forty years ago by taking up as worthy of his daily care, and worthy of the care and aid of the Commonwealth, “a silent, helpless, hopeless unit of mortality;” he followed up the case, and induced the State to follow it to the day of his death; and the seal of his last will bids her live under that same protection after he is dead and gone. That is the principle upon which our charities rest.

The life and well-being of all are inseparably connected with the welfare of the individual. The bloom and vigor of the whole people can only be real and lasting as they are shared by every class. You can infuse freshness and strength into the State only as you infuse freshness and strength into

the tie which connects the State with every individual. That has become the doctrine of Massachusetts. That is the doctrine which upholds our system of reliefs and reforms, of education and charities, which has grown up under the tuition and practice I have described, until it now attracts inquiry from foreign lands.

In a single year I remember to have received, at the Executive Chamber of the State House, letters of this character from two governments of Europe and from one in South America. But we have not come to this without the study and efforts of men whose hearts were heroic, and whose lives were dedicated to the race. The first State lunatic hospital, the creation of Horace Mann, was opened about the same time that the Institution at South Boston opened its doors to his friend of college days, whose name we honor this evening. They have both gone away from us; but let us devoutly trust that their works may not follow them. Wherever you may trench, still spare the temple of our charities, erected, enlarged, and embellished over this half-century by the open-hearted and open-handed of this munificent city,— by the culture, the grace, and the virtue of the best sons of Massachusetts. If there are those whose hearts and hands are cold for want of destructive occupation, I still pray they may not gain friction and warmth by hacking at the monuments of Perkins and of Lyman, of Dwight and of Clarke, of Mann and of Howe.

But it is impossible that we should here pass in review so long and varied a life. That life is not a paragraph nor a chapter; it is a history, of constantly added scenes of philanthropic adventure and of constantly added phases of character. It takes us to Greece, and the College of France, and the prisons of Prussia; over more than twoscore years in daily walks to the Institution at South Boston; through courses of investigation which led to the establishment of schools for the feeble-minded; through inquiries and efforts, never given over, to improve the administration of prisons, and to give

a fair chance before God and man to the released prisoner; over a constantly manifested care for neglected children and youthful offenders; into long counselling and co-operation for the cause of general education; to his humane assistance — known to his Maker, but kept a secret from his Government — for the escape of the fugitive slave; to his interest in the war of freedom, and his service on the sanitary board in smoothing the pillow of the soldier; to his mission after the war to inspect the condition of the redeemed; and at length, a few years before his death, back again across the Atlantic to bear food to a starving people; and wherever this history takes us, and wherever we find him, we see a free and true man, without fear or favor of his kind, saying, not in words, of which he was chary, but in deeds, with which he abounded, "Behold, I am here, Lord!"

It would be an omission in my memory of an official connection with him, extended over three years, if I were not to bear my testimony to his almost ubiquitous attendance on his work; he was at South Boston, he was at his office in town, he was at the rooms of the Board of Charities, he was at the Executive Chamber, he was sometimes at his own house, he was always where duty called. He seemed capable to drive all the reforms and charities abreast, and yet he was seldom on a strain; always having an air we all liked of a man of business, of a man of the world, what Carlyle would call "a good, broad, buffeting way of procedure;" of dauntless force of character, of firmness that was impassive, of modesty that was unfeigned; a little mutinous whenever governors attempted to interfere with his methods, but that was of no consequence since he was mutinous to revolt whenever he saw the image of God oppressed or wronged or neglected. Nor will I leave him without an allusion to his last great work. I refer to his association with a few other gentlemen — more active in this than he was, whose names I might call if some of them were not present — in organizing, I may say in establishing, under the endowment of Clarke that

noble institution on the banks of the Connecticut, where the deaf and dumb learn to discern a voice from a mute breath, to catch human language at sight from human lips. I look to that institution with perfect assurance of the greatest results, and I recur not without sensibility to the days when we thought him essential to us in laying its foundations.

Over the tomb of the philanthropist I would not hang out his insignia of the Greek Legion of Honor, nor his cross of Malta, nor his medal of Prussia. I would instead record there the words of Edmund Burke, applied by him to John Howard and his mission :—

“ He penetrated into the depths of dungeons ; he plunged into the infections of hospitals ; he surveyed the mansions of sorrow and pain ; he took the gauge and dimensions of misery, depression, and contempt ; he remembered the forgotten, he attended to the neglected, he visited the forsaken, and he compared and collated the distresses of all men in all countries.”

THE CENTENNIAL SITUATION OF WOMAN.

ADDRESS AT THE COMMENCEMENT ANNIVERSARY OF MOUNT HOLYOKE
SEMINARY, MASSACHUSETTS, JUNE 22, 1876.

IF I were to adapt my theme precisely to this presence and this occasion, I should perhaps confine myself to some of the methods employed in educating the sex to which this institution has been set apart. But a good reason for thrusting this duty aside may be found in my own unfitness for it, arising by no means from a want of interest in the subject,—for that interest, even if it had been dim before, your countenances alone would brighten to-day,—but springing rather from my habits of life and occupation, which have not held me in objective intimacy with that delicate inquiry, the most important of our time. Neither does this day nor this school need me in that duty, which has been so well discharged by your speakers of former years, especially and most completely by the President of this institution, to whose studies and labors your sex is under many and great obligations, and mine is under more and greater obligations. Whilst, therefore, I aim to keep myself in sympathy with the spirit of your anniversary, you will permit me to turn away from the exact reasoning and analysis, supported by a professional experience, which that duty would require, and as a loyal citizen of America, speaking to her equally loyal daughters, to invite you within that magical centennial circle from which in this present year all our institutions and experiences pass out in review. The restrictions of the hour will permit

me to touch only in a desultory manner upon a broad consideration of the situation of woman at the close of another centenary. The progress of civilization and the advance of the whole race in the course of a century covers for the most part meliorations in which both sexes share alike, nor in a just sense can there be any benefit for the one which is not also a benefit for the other; and yet in certain fields of improvement women have been so distinctively the beneficiaries of the last hundred years, that their condition in this particular stands apart from the general advancement of mankind, and challenges our special attention.

The position of the sex in the view of social science, as factors in our systems of political economy and industry, takes precedence in every discussion of the situation. The merely sentimental relations of what is called woman's mission, the treatment of her as a poetical being whose primary office is to attract and charm, are essentially modified in this later age by the lessons of a practical and working world. We are met in the outset by the conspicuous fact, that at the present time in Great Britain and in our own country, which in this respect I adopt as the best exponents of modern civilization, a very large proportion of women, under the liberal methods of our industry, are earning their living; and although this may seem a topic of ungentle features to be presented before young ladies mounting on the wings of exhilaration to more airy spheres, it nevertheless represents the most important advancement which their sex has made in the events of the century. The significant part of it is, that they have made this advance for themselves, and that men have not made it for them. In the earlier ages their position was the natural result of their inferiority in physical strength; and accordingly handmaids rather than helpmates, slaves rather than companions, are not only historical characters of savage life, but are actual and existing characters in the lowest and least educated portions of civilized life. I am aware that in our traditions and our literature it has been the accepted

phrase, that woman is maintained by father or husband or brother. This theory is a type of real existence in exceptional circles at all times, and has much to recommend it. Certainly it is attractive to a man of cultivated tastes, that he may turn aside from the dusty avenues of his own daily offices, and refresh himself by the very presence of a refined and spiritual being, whom he treats sometimes as a saint and sometimes as a spoiled child ; nor is this practice apt to be rejected by the saint or the child. But in point of fact, speaking of the sex as a whole, this has never been more than a partial truth, and wherever it has been true at all, it has not been generally to their advantage. In periods when there were only the gentlewoman and the low-born woman, the one was indeed maintained by the other ; but the one also belonged to the other, or to the master of both ; and self-dependence, whether ideal or actual, was as unknown as the electric telegraph. In the progress of time the uprising of a middle class, and the introduction of shop-keeping and textile manufactures, stimulated the dead level of female life ; and in the subsequent growth of this middle class, which in every nation has come to be the social bulwark, in the varied division of industries, in the widening opportunities to assert and maintain their individuality, women have escaped the pernicious condition which formerly darkened the best portions of Europe, under which, for want of occupation for independent maintenance, the daughters were shut in to the alternative of an enforced marriage or an enforced convent, — and whatever else woman was made for, I do not believe she was made for a marriage or a nunnery against her will.

Now in this extent of her emancipation,— if I employ the right phraseology,— the last hundred years have witnessed a constantly increasing exaltation in her situation as a component of our civil economy, which surpasses the attainment of five or ten preceding centuries. Her part in the business of life, diffusing its influence over all common and all cultivated ranks, and changing the entire form of

society, is one of the amazing facts of our time. Twenty years ago,—I have not seen the later returns,—of six millions of women above twenty years of age in England and Scotland, it was found that three millions, or one half of the whole number, were special in the industries and were independent supporters; and some writers expressed the opinion that there were not fifty thousand in England who were not in some manner industrial and self-sustaining. I regret that from the returns of our own census I cannot derive a clear and satisfactory statement; but it is obvious to all of us that the result would not be unlike the English conclusion. No doubt the industries of female life in Massachusetts, leaving out the department of agriculture, bear a close resemblance to those of England, and the lesson derived from them is a characteristic of this generation. Under our changed and more liberal political economy, the need and supply of female industry has proved to be one of the most active agencies of social improvement, and has advanced the sex to independence and equality. This has not come from their own assertion or ambition, but it has been the growth of their necessities and their virtues. It has grown up out of the commercial spirit of the age, which has been their educator and benefactor. While man, heretofore arbiter of the social law, of his own volition would have preserved woman in the fancied unworldliness with which his reading and imagination associated her, the genius of modern commerce has led her out into its fair and open field, where the magnets of a hundred occupations attract her, and in following them neither is the bloom of her character sullied, nor her place in the household abandoned, nor her religion profaned. Occupation, widened in its variety and raised in its quality, presents her everywhere on high ground under the divine and human economy, and presents her nowhere lowered in the scale of immortal being. Emerged from seclusion and dependence to the light of active life, she yet holds in her own hand the veil of her own protection. Her steps are

out over the State. She is mistress of the advancing corps of educators; she ranks among the enlightened authors of poetic and didactic creations; she assists with clean hands the power of the press, the modern regulator; she is the indispensable adjunct and sometimes the principal in at least one of the learned professions; she draws her passionate intuitions in imperishable colors over the field of art; she transfers finest perceptions over the finger to handiwork of utility and beauty; she raises manufactures by withdrawing them from the shop to the house; she takes possession of the doors of trade and establishes what is orderly and becoming for the rule of the place; she transmutes her own spirit and taste by daily labor into the national character; she alike creates and adorns whatever of hospitality we enjoy,—she makes the law of beauty the law of the table,—she makes home a refuge, a school, and an altar. It is an era of woman brought to independence by the unwritten, irreversible laws of political economy,—of her advancement under the influences of a commercial age. The last fifty years have seen old barriers broken down, which can never be restored, new avenues opened, which can never be closed, over which her advancing step has not been so much the movement of her design as it has been the fulfilment of her destiny. This hand of social reform has been gentle but resistless.

This great change in the social condition has not been effected without corresponding change in the civil rights of women. In Great Britain much has been gained by equitable legislation in half a century, and much remains yet to be accomplished before a just legal relation will be established between the sexes. In our own Commonwealth the progress in this province of legal reform has been such as to leave little remaining to be desired. I dare say some of the younger States may be in the lead of us in this respect; but without knowing precisely how that may be, I am warranted in selecting Massachusetts as presenting a model of

the legal status of the rights of women, and as a representative of the general tendency of American legislation. The condition of the rights of married women under the law has been a fruitful subject of discussion for a long period; but at last, in our own State at least, it must be admitted that the sceptre of the master, whether the sceptre and the master be real or imaginary, has substantially departed. For a general statement, a hundred years ago the common law of England was the prevailing rule here, and in that law there was a degree of unjust inequality which cannot and ought not to be defended. It bore some flavor of the early time, when the physical weakness of woman appears to have been the measure of her rights; it tasted more distinctively of the feudal ages, when chivalry invested her with a sort of ideal dignity, but continued to handle her with gloves of mail; it carried a part of the spirit of Teutonic equality and more of Roman equity, to which some of her present immunities, including that of dower, may be traced back for their origin. But as a rule, upon her marriage, it swept into the hands of her husband the main body of her personal property and personal rights. I allow that he in turn incurred some serious incumbrances and liabilities, but they by no means corresponded in importance to those which she surrendered. Without doubt the theory of his possession was held to fit the theory of her protection. But after all that can be said in explanation or extenuation, for the greater portion of her civil rights, a century since, a woman married was in a state of civil subjection which, according to the analogies of other improvements, ought to have been removed a century before that time. But in the spirit of freedom of modern commerce, and in the power of education, this injustice from root to branch has mostly been swept away. By successive stages of legislation, commencing almost immediately after the adoption of the State constitution in 1780, followed up from interval to interval, and culminating in the sweeping law of 1874, the whole force of these inequalities has yielded

before the paramount equities of the situation; and to-day the personality, the independence, of woman, in civil rights under the law, stands out the crowning achievement of this Commonwealth. If the making of the laws had been in her own hands, I do not believe that they could be more beneficent.

Nor has her relation to marriage been less generously touched by the hand of time. According to the old usages of England, of which the sanction and obligation is not yet gone by, the ecclesiastical laws and the ecclesiastical courts were infected by the spirit of the Papal Church, and that spirit always fell upon women in matrimony with the force of a vermillion edict. I know it may be said that in dealing with the two persons in this relation of life, the same rule reached to both parties within the bond, and yet, such is man and such is woman, in their different spheres of liberty and action, that contumely, tyranny, or wrong in that sacred relation found five sufferers on the weaker side, where it found one on the stronger side. The questions which arise in marital alienation involve not solely the right of woman to her property and her children,—though that is grave enough for most broad and solemn justice,—but they involve her right to herself, to her self-respect, to a good place in the social scale, to her “maiden meditation,” to the freedom of her heart, and the holiness of her love. It may be granted that in the spirit of the espousal she is bound by a sacramental tie; but it is not an eternal compact under wrong. In our own recent time Prussia, Austria, and France have been struggling for the recognition of marriage as a civil contract, and the German mind is winning the day from Rome to justice. In no American state, so far as I know, has marriage ever been treated in the European sense as a sacrament, nor is there any possibility that it ever will be so treated; but in some of the older States of this Union, at the time referred to, the right to a release from an unnatural or perverted alliance was treated with a severity which, as with

a flaming sword, would fain drive the ill-starred pair back to an impossible paradise. Here again the silent forces of political economy have been the pioneers of the legal reform. So many and so grave were the civil incongruities of enforced union, where its spirit had been extinguished by neglect or abuse, so frequent and serious the conflict in the relative positions of both persons in cases of separation not recognized by law, so impossible under the ancient laws equitably to adjust irreconcilable questions as to children and property, that more liberal and humane statutes were called in to cut the knot and to furnish relief and remedy. I believe that we are now living under a more just and suitable construction of marital relations, than any century has before enjoyed. The reform has been broad in the interest of women. In the diverse treatment of the subject under the jurisdiction of so many States no doubt it is difficult to close the door against all immoral effects; but, taking the State in which we reside for our field of observation, I am convinced that the welfare of women in marriage has been promoted, in the last forty years, more nearly to a perfect condition than could have been conceived under the ancient systems of the world. Their immunity of person and property, their right to release from oppression practised under the certificate of a wedding, their opportunities of return to their own industry, their own affections, and their own religion, are advanced to a degree which suits their moral and social necessities; which accords with a civilization built up on the overthrow of ecclesiastical dogmatism and superstition, too long received under the name of conservatism.

But the chief motive cause in the elevation of the sex during the last part of the century has been the quickening power of education. If the Reformation of the sixteenth century sent forth any triumphant lesson to pervade the world, it was the opinion that the right of private judgment must be accompanied by the education of those who are to employ it. But though the sentiments of Luther tended in

that direction, so unfamiliar was that age with the conception of woman rising above her recognized sphere, that it remained for later time to bring home to her the beneficence of the vital principle upon which alone complete Protestantism can stand. Conventional houses bore some fruit of education, but it was intended and was kept limited in its uses ; the birds might practise their voices within, but they might not send out their heavenly airs over the waiting communities. And not until the work of the Protestant reformers had been supplemented by political freedom, not until free expression of thought had been circulated by the wings of commerce, was the way prepared for this later blessing. And it was a long time in coming. Chivalry had cast about a chosen few of its heroines an artificial glare, but it was the flame of gallantry and not the light of knowledge. The superstitions of the church for hundreds of years dropped around the mass of the sex a drapery of exclusion and ignorance which was impenetrable to light. The church has been to them, in too many instances, a mysterious and uncertain guardian. We are accustomed to say that their social exaltation has come out of Christianity, and so I believe,—but not altogether out of its professional ministers and teachers. Even in our time the Church has been a doubtful guide for conducting them to the culture which would alike animate their industries and irradiate their homes. We have been told that the late unfortunate Empress of the French, under inspiration of the southern custodian of the conscience of France, was industrious over the spiritual condition of her charge, including the imperial consort ; but I have never heard that she received from the same consecrated source any instructions to aid in raising up six or eight millions of benighted peasant-women out of gross ignorance by the magical touches of education. My clerical friends around me will pardon me for the suggestion, that even in our generation Protestant clergymen, in treating this delicate subject, may have too often overlooked the ways of worldly wisdom. If

one half of the force of learning and intellect, which in assemblies and synods, in councils and pulpits, has been expended upon the question whether a man with three or four motherless children may or may not marry the sister of the deceased wife, had been devoted to the living, impending question of educating all the girls in the village with sweet graces for wives and tender fitness for mothers, perhaps Christianity would not have lost any credit as the renovator, nor its preachers any honor as benefactors. The result of a different procedure has been, what might have been expected, that the widowers in apparently increasing numbers have continued to marry the sisters, and maidens in numbers altogether too large have neglected to educate themselves for married life. But Protestant Christianity, selecting other agencies of influence, has brought its enginery to bear upon the work of female education. The great spiritual hero of the Reformation sounded the key-note for the uprising of the sex, and commercial communities, stimulated by the spirit of true religion and the conscious power of education, have helped the movement forward never to go back.

More than a century ago, there was, among a few of the supreme women of Europe, a culture of which the splendor has descended to us in tradition and letters. It came from a conventional and aristocratical education, which in some respects has rarely been surpassed. For elegance and refinement of the written and spoken word, for wit enforced by animal spirits, for talent enlivened by ardor of imagination and sustained by constitutional gayety even in the shadow of old age, a limited number of the women of France, of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, have left a celebrity which still abides in literature and society. For truthful expression and natural manners the letters of Madame de Sévigné have long been a social classic in Europe, and have been deemed so worthy of study in our country that Mr. Everett warmly commended them to the young ladies of Massachusetts. Several others attained to similar fame in

conversation and letter-writing, a province in which women are natural authors. The letters of Mesdames du Deffand and de Choiseul and Mademoiselle de l'Epinasse, not to extend the list, have made their sex illustrious in the annals of genteel education. In and around the English court life in the last age were memorable literary exemplars. But this development was confined to a small class, and was more brilliant than worthy of imitation. Many of the characters were such types of their sex as Horace Walpole was a type of ours. They trifled with the solemn realities of duty, and employed intellect to flatter the weakness and the vices of society. It was a culture of graces and not of the reason and the heart,—which “turned mortal life into a fine dream, and presented death as but a drooping of the garlands of a feast from which the guests have departed.” It was an era of theatric pageant of life, in which the modest millions of the ranks of the sex could have no part to act. Anything like the need of an open field for the education of the greater number was not recognized in the opinion of that day, and that recognition was slow in appearing.

The present American system of female education is the result of a long conflict with unenlightened public sentiment, a triumph over prejudices which have had no analogy in the other ways of our life. The river which sweeps with graceful curvature under the ceaseless challenge of yonder sentinel of the valley, bringing to your doors the lessons of an undying master, the incitations of a perpetual poem, is the witness and interpreter of my topic. Upon either of its shores all other advancements were made full six scores of years before this one. Every successive invention or discovery of agriculture was brought to use in the cultivation of this alluvion; every stage of applied science was quickly seized and appropriated by the practical and mechanical arts; inquisitive and progressive theology under Edwards and his successors sounded through generations up and down the Connecticut; civil freedom and political science were never

without a patron and teacher in Hawley and Strong, in Mills and Bates, in Allen and Ashmun; genius of world-wide fame gathered boys at its feet for instruction on the heights of Northampton; all the churches and all the ministers within a forty-mile circle put themselves for ten years under self-denying ordinances, until a college for young men should be set in the swelling landscape of Amherst; while, in all that long period, the idea of a seminary for the education of young women existed, I suppose, among the eternal decrees,—certainly fifty years ago it existed nowhere else. In England the condition was not less deplorable. In the comparatively recent lifetime of Sydney Smith female education was so utterly disregarded that in one of the most vigorous papers of that extraordinary man he sought to enlist for the subject the interest of his countrymen by a course of arguments which we have now so far outgrown that if I were to employ them here to-day you would deem them scarcely above platitudes and truisms. The difficulty in the way was an indurated and concealed popular belief of the inutility and inexpediency of encouraging culture in the sex,—a belief so rooted in the prejudices of men that in some natures it still exists lurking as a subtle poison, unacknowledged because publicity in our day would be shame. It is no longer respectable to be indifferent to this subject; and whenever in any work of reform that stage is reached, the victory is already won. The first dawn of this moral revolution was in Massachusetts, and the civilized world concedes the fact by adopting the example. When free education for both sexes, as a municipal duty to be enforced by law, became here the public interpretation of state obligation, the finger of transfiguration touched the destiny of woman, nor can any reaction ever set it back. Limited for generations by the public poverty, it has for generations been increasing with the public wealth and the relaxation of ancient prejudice, until a respectable standard of culture is now required by law in equal degree for the one sex and the other. The

cloud of prejudice has lifted from public opinion, the vision of duty has expanded, the scope of legislation has widened, and to-day all over the United States the acknowledged right of equality in the mental relations of the sexes is a part of the atmosphere we breathe.

In adopting the rule of aiding from the treasury of the State the higher seminaries of female education, some of the newer States have larger claims to gratitude than our own Commonwealth. We may rejoice that in the West, along those parallels of latitude which the bracing air of freedom and intelligence pervades, where the influences that are to control the future of this country are rapidly taking grace and culture, government patronage opens its gates to the largest development of the daughters. In some of those imperial Commonwealths the doors of State universities are thrown wide open to both sexes. I equally regret that the past error of Massachusetts, in this respect, cannot now be retrieved. While her Legislature, at intervals through several generations, made public grants to the colleges for boys, it left the daughters alone to the thinner diet of the common schools. It may be doubted whether ever again it will be a part of our public policy to make grants from the treasury to the higher seminaries of either sex, and probably henceforth they must rely upon private liberality; nor am I by any means confident that in the enlarged wealth of the time this will not be the just policy. It is chiefly observable that this kind of legislation should stop precisely at the time when the girls' colleges are emerging in divinest array from an age of neglect. And since this is likely to be our future public policy, I take special pleasure in saying that the last act of the Legislature of Massachusetts granting money from the treasury to a collegiate institution, was an act alike of indemnity and expiation. On a morning in the winter of 1867, when it happened to me to be in the executive office, I received at the State House the visit of two ladies, the one already then a munificent patroness of this institution, and

the other actively connected with its administration, who solicited my co-operation in an endeavor to obtain an act of legislative assistance for Mount Holyoke Seminary. I was deeply impressed by their plea that the Commonwealth had never given a dollar to any female seminary. Referring them to a few gentlemen in both houses who might greatly assist them, it only remained for me to assure them, quite in disregard of the proprieties of my office, that if they would procure the passage of the bill through the Legislature, it should be signed as quickly as I could read it. I can sincerely say, with pride for myself but with greater pride for Massachusetts, that probably no magistrate ever wrote his name with more alacrity than I felt in affixing mine to an act which, by the payment of forty thousand dollars out of the treasury to this institution, cast over our coat of arms a fresh light, the light of justice.

Nothing in the methods of social progress is more propitious than the surrender of the profession of teaching to women. For some years after the adoption of the Constitution they were ineligible to this office, and if admitted to perform its duties in the public schools, I believe, they could not by process of law collect their salary. Not only has this wrong been removed, but in our day an entire revolution has overtaken this occupation. In part for reasons of political economy, in part because of a more just estimate of their sex as natural educators, women now constitute nine tenths of the whole corps of public instructors in the State; they fill the same office in the normal schools, in all the high schools, in all the higher seminaries; in short, they are supreme everywhere in our education, save in the technical and classical schools and the colleges. No change so broad and radical as this has been witnessed in any other field of social science in modern time. For the future, our citizenship, our magistracy, our history, is under their hands. If we contemplate this vast corps on their several planes of power, whether in domestic training or in public instruction,

directing the early impressible years as they can be directed only in the sacred retirement of home, or by a genius fit for the occupation conducting the incitements of the classroom, we must acknowledge that the women of this generation are performing their part for the preservation of this Government. Some persons are doubtless present, who in their walks in Rome have gazed with pride upon the genius of a few of their countrywomen, projected in the image of marble; but I point you to thousands of your countrywomen, in all portions of this land, who are moulding human nature in the spiritual image, which shall survive when marble shall have crumbled. And since this beneficent work has fallen into their hands, it is well for our country that their superiority as educators is especially in the domain of the moral sentiment, for never before has our political condition stood in greater need of those influences. Whenever a blight spreads over the political morals of a people, the remedy has to come from the next generation. It is possible only to a limited extent to modify the evil in men hackneyed in the abuses of public trust; the hope of purification is chiefly to be found in a new blood. It is the memory of ennobling instructions which youth carries into manhood, that supplies the promise of our free institutions. The high qualities of Lord Denman, the soul of honor in every relation he touched, were traced to the governess of his boyhood; and when advanced in his career as Lord Chief Justice of England, he still related with the simplicity of a child his night dreams of Mrs. Barbauld. I look abroad over the fields traversed by the graduates of this institution, now rapidly approaching two thousand, and I behold them at their work on the national character; I see them defiling into all the States of the Union, infusing the middle ranks of our life with gentleness and strength of culture,—instructors, with Lætitia Barbauld, inculcating the sentiments which will draw around the future citizen the conscious solemnities of responsibility, and purify his discharge of private or public trust,—in the

family, with Miss Sedgwick, gracing domestic duties by the relief of studies,—with Caroline Herschel, supplementing the care of the household with the gaze of the heavens,—in the occasional offices of compassion and benevolence as effectually fulfilling the mission of the Lord, as Dorothea Dix or Elizabeth Fry, as Mary Pickard or Sarah Pellatt,—in the common lot of existence, by their elevation of the written and spoken word, as truly promoting the dignity of their own sex and commanding the respect of the other, as if they bore the name of Edgeworth or More, of Jameson or Aiken; and I follow this influence through the ever lengthening progression of time, until it is lost to sight in the depth of ages.

Such are some of the chief exponents of the benefits which the century has brought to the sex. There is a more general but not less impressive feature of her advance in the respect of this age. In this moral and social eminence there is also a higher esteem and homage for her individuality, for her being, simply as woman, than at any former period. Never was there a time before when she was so encompassed by spontaneous honor and veneration. More conspicuously now than ever before, she is reverenced for herself,—because she exists. If it might have been feared that her going forth into the ways of commerce and arts and many industries would dethrone her from the pedestal on which past ages had placed her, experience has shown that her divinity is now encircled by a broader homage than those ages ever knew. It is true, this instinctive deference for her has always existed, lodging itself in the heart of every period, varying with diversities of nations or customs or manners, adapting itself to all the revolutions of thought which have shaken religions and codes, ever standing out as a thing distinct from all other things,—deference for woman. It is equally true that this manifests itself in our time by acknowledging female ascendancy in higher methods and on higher levels than existed in the days of Northern

invasion, or gallantry of Provence, or self-assertion in revolutionary Paris. There is no doubt that in the Gothic periods women made a great advance as the recipients of an exaggerated yet genuine adoration, but the modern is the higher and larger style. If in that time they were shielded by gallantry as dependent in their weakness, they are now shielded in equality of rights by the sword of the law, by the hand of man, by the opinion of society. If they were then revered because of their qualities without attainments, they are now revered because of their qualities unfolded by education. If the ancient chivalry threw its arms around them as beings not desecrated by the utilities, the chivalry of our day hedges them with the legions of its law and the angels of its commerce. If the Troubadours adored them for the goddesses they were not, Christian men respect them for the women they are. If in the ancient joust knights shivered their lances for beauties whose wits were invented several centuries afterwards by Walter Scott, modern gentlemen would die in earnest for the immortal beauty of womanhood. If in the period of Middle-Age romance the higher few received those courtesies, the code of modern society raises and guards the whole.

Historically woman is at the acme of her power. The age is in full accord with her; and on whatever ground she steps, she commands the sympathy of mankind. Nor to chivalry, nor to law, nor to commerce is her place in all hearts to be exclusively ascribed. The inspiration of the masters of thought has spread through modern literature, and from stage to stage has sounded the notes of her progress. The mysteries of her being have met their interpretation in the profound insight and pure conceptions of Milton. Incomparably beyond all others, Shakespeare has uncovered her capacities both for good and for evil, the excesses and the limitations of her nature, the side of her vanity and the side of her glory. In comparatively recent years the book-shelves have been stocking with commentaries from both sexes on

the female characters of the great dramatist, until Juliet and Ophelia, Desdemona and Cordelia, Portia and Beatrice, Lady Macbeth and Katharine of Arragon, are familiar as the living. His interpretation of her, piercing as the light of the diamond, is caught up and radiated from every sphere of active thought, from the pulpit and the bar, from novels which are histories and from histories which are novels, from schools, from cottages, from the shops, and his myriad-mind pleads everywhere her cause. How deeply he has touched the fountains of the human heart in all classes, and how closely he has brought man into intelligent sympathy with woman, the stage bears daily witness whenever applause runs from seat to seat over his grand words in her behalf, for love and mercy, for justice and retribution. Addison has been her amiable satirist and kindly instructor. Burns still feels the chords of the race with her pathos and plaintive love. I forbear to extend the catalogue. Whilst Swift and Pope and Johnson, who were incapable of being amiable or just to woman, retire from her support, Milton and Shakespeare, Addison and Burns, are read by constantly increasing numbers; the nobility and naturalness, the dignity and tenderness, of their sentiments, laid at the shrine of her affections and her wrongs, have passed into the common mind of this age and have become a part of its humane judgment. Over all these inspiring influences, which have aided to bring mankind to the justice of her relations, the lessons of the Master of our holy religion preside and govern, qualifying, exalting, combining them into a harmonious public opinion.

One of the conclusions from the discussions of the century appears to be the settlement of the question of the intellectual equality of the sexes. If you ask how it has been settled,—by the conclusion that there is no question which ever can or ought to be settled at all. If the disputations of the last hundred and fifty years over this question could be collected, the curiosities of literature would be vastly swollen. After bringing the lens of Scotch metaphysics to bear upon it

Dugald Stewart decided that all intellectual differences are the consequence of difference in education, and Lord Jeffrey, model in learning and fairness of judgment, inclines in the same direction. Other critics equally profound have as positively maintained the opposite opinion. A female writer of marked acumen and liberal learning, who has made valuable contributions to our literature, Mrs. Jameson, expresses the opinion that "the intellect of woman bears the same relation to that of man as her physical organization ; it is inferior in power, and different in kind. In men the intellectual faculties exist more self-poised and self-directed, more independent of the rest of the character, than we find them in women ; with whom talent, however predominant, is in much greater degree modified by the sympathies and by moral causes." The sum total of the general belief of the most enlightened of both sexes appears to be, that there is a difference of kind in their natural endowments, and that there is for each an appropriate field for development and action. I think we may agree this morning, that woman is the superior in nice perception of minute circumstances, in the force and promptitude of her sympathy, in the courage of her affections and moral sentiments, in all the qualities depending upon excitability of nerve, in her capacity for noble and devoted attachment, in patience, quickness, and tact, and in a talent which is not defined by the metaphysicians, and which men sometimes find embarrassing to themselves, the gift of second sight. I shall leave for you to determine, whether the sterner sex does or does not excel in the power of close and logical reasoning, in the capacity for investigating questions involving complex and indeterminate elements, in perseverance rather than patience, in concentrated power of attention, in sustained reach of combination and generalization, in creative force, in breadth of judgment and scope of imagination. To what extent education can modify the diversities which exist, whatever they may be, it is unnecessary to inquire, since the approving judgment of our day has on the whole accepted

the fact that such diversities do not impair the relative influence of either sex, that neither class of forces is higher than the other in the scale of mind, and that both are essential for the greatest success of the race. In the warfare of life the cavalry and the artillery must co-operate in the achievement of victory.

It is an interesting feature of this subject, that while metaphysicians and partisans have been agitating this question of equality of endowments, each sex has in practice uniformly recognized the superiority of the other. Women always imitate men in intellectual display, always take pride in being deemed their equals, always receive from their hand the wreath of honor with complacency; men always seek the critical approval of women, receive their satire as the very edge of truth, care more for the galleries than for the floor, and never feel sure of success if their penetrating eye withholds its acknowledgment. The finer qualities pay tribute to the coarser; the higher qualities predominate over the greater. This practice does not much proceed from mere gallantry or from badinage; it is the rule of conduct of sincere and serious life. It is the triumph of moral power over the intellectual. This reciprocal recognition of superiority, each sex as to the other, is an unerring indication that in ordering the operations of the social system divine Providence established over it this mystic law. It is the tie which binds men and women in the solemn unities of life. It is the happy fiction, if you please, it is the moral unreality, under which each sex is ever courting an exaggerated estimate of itself from the other,—and “goes to the courtship as its prayer,”—under which each sex ever concedes it to the other, and is more blessed in giving than in receiving. Under human necessity the laws of states confine certain offices of duty to the stronger, in no derogation of the right or dignity of the weaker; and in turn, by those subtle and beneficent influences which nature gave them, which man would not take away if he could, and could not take away if he would, the

weaker become the superior, and overshadow alike the law-maker and the law. There is a harmonious inequality, which is better than the most perfect equality. The great Christian lyrist has wrought the mysterious incongruities and contradictions of the sexes into matchless shape of reconciliation. After assigning to the lips of Adam in paradise the strongest expressions of his own superiority in mind and inward faculties, in accord, he says, with the prime end of nature, he allows our progenitor to break forth in another and loftier strain:—

“ Yet when I approach
Her loveliness, so absolute she seems,
And in herself complete, so well to know
Her own, that what she wills to do, or say,
Seems wisest, virtuousest, discreetest, best.
All higher knowledge in her presence falls
Degraded. Wisdom, in discourse with her,
Loses, discountenanced, and like folly shows.
Authority and reason on her wait,
As one intended first, and not after made
Occasionally; and to consummate all,
Greatness of mind, and nobleness, their seat
Build in her loveliest, and create an awe
About her, as a guard angelic placed.”

I think the experience of this age has confirmed the opinion of former time as to the relation of woman to the conduct of public affairs. I am not speaking of the particular portion of this subject which is involved in the question of her exercise of the right of suffrage. It is my conviction, on a review of the past, that as the common judgment of both men and women was before adverse to such participation in public affairs, the experience of the century has not changed that opinion. In my apprehension this conclusion is founded in good reason and just sentiment. A most discriminating female writer, who has not been backward in asserting the dignity of her sex, has said that “ women, however well read in history, never generalize in politics, never reason from any broad and general principles, or from past

events, their causes and their consequences, — but are political through their affections, prejudices, hopes, fears, and personal connections." · And you will permit me to inquire, who ever saw a woman set to work to discuss such questions as the proper duties and limitations of legislation, the complex mischief of certain laws and policies, the causes of national wealth, the relations of foreign trade and domestic industry, the field of agriculture and manufactures, the finance and the currency, the laws of population, the management of poverty and mendicity, the theories of taxation, the consequences of the public debt, and all public matters upon which the welfare of a state depends. It is not a sufficient answer to this inquiry, to say that she has been kept out of the practice of politics, because, while she has never been prohibited from the study of civil economy, she has never cast the light of reflective wisdom over any one of its fields. Women have ranged with free volition over the whole domain of speculative thought, and the fact that they have either avoided the severities of political economy or have added nothing of value to it, is their own voluntary tribute to the wisdom of the division of duties under which society has so long existed. And distribution of political service indifferently among men and women is so suggestive of confusion, awkwardness, and impossibility of progress in domestic life, that the piercing instinct of the female mind very generally rejects it.

This opinion of the sex has become more firmly established by the experiments which have been made in the opposite direction during the century. In the higher circles of the society of France, at a time not now remote, the most intellectual of its women attempted to participate in directing public affairs, and the result has been transmitted to us. They wielded a short, brilliant, and fatal power. From their boudoirs and drawing-rooms went forth the resultant force of wit enforced by beauty and fallacy masked by flattery. Policies which desolated the kingdom were stimulated in

the *salons* of Paris, and from the councils of female partisans came the orders to shed the purest blood of both sexes. The eagle eye of Napoleon took the lesson at a glance ; he employed the agency of women for their power at intrigue, and *soignez les femmes* were often his ominous words to his departing ambassadors. Under the despotic and aristocratic governments they have more than once undertaken such a share in politics, but it has been a service in the interest of diplomacy and intrigue. The example descended to the common ranks, and the political female clubs of Paris, numbering many thousands of members, even more disorderly than the disorderly clubs of men, were finally suppressed by government — for cause. It is a subject for gratulation, that in this perversion of their nature to incompatible functions both the higher and common orders of the sex in the United States have seen no inducement to claim the right or imitate the example. We cannot fail to behold in contrast the mass of women under the older governments and under our own. There has not been a more revolting spectacle than the mobs of women run mad with politics, in the first French revolution, in London in 1780, in Paris again at the close of the last war with Prussia, in which everything of the possible hideous cast its shadow upon history. But, according to the light within them, they moved on the lower plane in the same sphere in which their more cultivated exemplars moved on the higher plane ; and such will ever be the relation of the higher example to the inferior imitation. Different has been the conduct of the women of America. In the more elevated and educated ranks they have never brought their accomplishments and virtues into the arena of political turmoil. From the days in which Mrs. Hancock, the wife of the President of the Congress, amid the excitements of that trying epoch, exemplified the modesty, the dignity, and the discretion which John Adams has transmitted to us for her memorial, down to our own time, they have followed more pure and comely methods of influence. And their example, also, has not been without its following.

Among the whole mass of the women of the United States the order of social existence has been exempt from the rude display of political action. Amid the passions of our politics we too have passed through many mobs, but who ever heard of an American woman appearing on that dread theatre in her Amazonian armor? But while they instinctively avoid exposing both soul and body to the uncongenial attrition of political affairs, they have not failed, in periods of greatest excitement, within the pale of their fitness but to farthest extent of human benevolence, to discharge the noblest of all duties to the state. In the awful period of the late war, leaving to man the sterner obligations of patriotism, woman was yet in every work of mercy, in the weakened household, in sanitary preparation, in the labors of the hospital, in the house of prayer, at the burial of the brave.

I trust we have not yet receded so far from the days of Dr. Franklin's benignity and wisdom, that his influence, so pre-eminent over the other sex in his lifetime, may not still be cherished with tender regard by their successors. In one of his letters to a granddaughter he gave this quaint and candid advice: "You are very prudent not to engage in party disputes. Women should not meddle with party politics, except in the endeavor to reconcile their husbands, brothers, and friends, who happen to be of contrary sides. If your sex keep cool, you may be the means of cooling ours the sooner, and restoring more speedily that social harmony among fellow-citizens which is so desirable after long and bitter dissensions." I desire to echo Dr. Franklin's good counsel, in the hope that men may continue to feel, for another century at least, that in consulting a wife, a mother, or a sister on these subjects of excitement, they are appealing from their own passions and prejudices, and not to them, embodied in a second self. I trust that the members of this institution will concur with me in wishing far off the day when their ranks, like too many of the young men in their own schools, shall be swept into the vortex of dispute about

public men and public affairs. If, however, there be any who look with favor upon such employment of their time, I beg leave to ask their listening ear to a pleasantry of Addison: "There is nothing so bad for the face as party-zeal. It gives an ill-natured cast to the eye, and a disagreeable sourness to the look; besides that, it makes the lines too strong, and flushes them worse than brandy. I have seen a woman's face break out in heats, as she has been talking against a great lord, whom she never saw in her life; and, indeed, I never knew a party-woman that kept her beauty for a twelve-month. I would therefore advise all my female friends, as they value their complexion, to let alone all disputes of this nature; though, at the same time, I would give free liberty to all superannuated motherly partisans to be as violent as they please, since there will be no danger either of their spoiling their faces or of their gaining converts."

If it be asked, what then is woman's sphere? the answer has been already furnished by her own intelligent judgment and practice under the best civilization which the world has had. The choice has rested with her, and she has not made it in doubt or hesitation. She has properly refused to be limited or controlled by certain worn-out catch-phrases, of which one would shut her up for life as a nurse to the sick-chamber and another would consign her to silence as a prude, or to seclusion as a nun. She is right in agreeing with Sydney Smith, that woman cannot afford to be compassionate from eight o'clock in the morning to twelve o'clock at night. The modern economies have met her on this ground, and have thrown open to her the most respectable, the most delicate, and the most responsible occupations; and she has taken to them with an exhilaration that belongs only to the noblest nature. She is satisfied,—it is only the inquisitor, still ringing the question of her sphere, who is dissatisfied. She adheres to the standard by which the graces of her character have been measured in the advancing ideas of the last half-century. It is her choice to regard herself as an integral

part of the plan of social and domestic order, out of which it is no wish of hers to be agitated and jostled into arenas alien to her nature. It is within her own consciousness that woman is the core and centre of a nation of homes ; it is within her own knowledge that history, literature, and religion show the advancement of a nation to be in its homes. This is a trite doctrine, but not triter than the solar system or the geological formations, nor any the less important. After trial, the family institution is the world's method ; without the appropriate distribution of its duties, that must dissolve away ; and therefore whatever weakens her empire there, puts in peril the whole vast fabric. She is the adjuster of society, the standard of its moral sanctions and its purest sentiments, the beginning and the end of its natural and acquired aesthetics. It is in the daily and smaller habitudes of life that all classes find the average of their stimulations and pleasures ; and her presence there is inspiration, her direction there is better than law and good as a perpetual song. She is the ingenious manager of the national manners, which we underestimate. "Manners," said Burke,—"manners are of more importance than laws. The law touches us but here and there, now and then. Manners are what vex or soothe, corrupt or purify, exalt or debase, barbarize or refine us, by a constant, steady, uniform, irreversible operation, like that of the air we breathe. They give the whole form and color to our lives. According to their quality, they aid morals, they supply them, or they destroy them." I may add, that woman is their queen and their law-giver. In no country so much as in ours is it needed to bear in mind that according to her quality will be their quality. In no other country is it so essential that her influence over the manners of the people be assisted by adding to her natural refinement the effects of education, by preserving her born decorum from the tarnish of whatever is unfeminine.

This anniversary fitly takes the lesson that the heroic element of woman is in moral sentiment. Whatever of the

renown of women of the century now survives, comes mostly from that domain. Their place in the judgments of civilization has been determined by the rule which the author of their being established as the pledge of the security of society. This rule is often relaxed by men in judging their own sex, but it is observed both by men and women in judging the other sex. The renown of eminent men often partakes of the glare of great achievement, while moral obliquities are condoned or overlooked. Women with a juster religious sense judge their own sex by the moral test, and their decision is taken up by the voice of the ages. The genius of Napoleon still captures the admiration of mankind, in spite of his crimes; but the Semiramis of the North, Catherine of Russia, of consummate genius, having led an empire out of mediocrity into the first places of power, is seldom mentioned without a shudder. Of two modern queens of nations, not unequal in natural and acquired talent, the successor of the patroness of the discoverer of a new world lives in general contempt, while she of our mother country is descending the years in the light of benignant fame. The heroism of woman is a moral heroism; it is a principle and not a passion. Her courage is of duty and not of ambition, and her passive fortitude is lodged among the proverbs of the world. The maid of Orleans is triumphant as a historical character, because she kept her innocence and rode under a banner spiritually consecrated. When the two emperors, and the marshals of France, and the charge of the six hundred shall have been forgotten, the name of Florence Nightingale will still travel on to the posterities. When mankind shall not much remember the woman of genius in diplomacy and arms, who held the ascendency of Germany, her weaker daughter of France will still move all hearts by the sublime meekness and divine forgiveness which made immortal two years of martyrdom. Of all that female array of Paris, brilliant in intellect, which made even an epoch of blood almost attractive, the memorials which remain after ninety years are the

memorials of Christian fortitude in suffering. The gay *salon* of Madame Roland, which controlled an administration, is passing into oblivion, and her own name lives only in the heroic invocation which she uttered for all time, as the chariot bearing her to the scaffold wheeled under the statue of Liberty. In all times and in all spheres the glory of womanhood is in the moral sentiments.

The limitations of this occasion compel me to draw these remarks to a close. There are many things one would desire to say, which must be omitted. It only remains for me, with the parting word, to remind those whom I have the honor to address, that enlarged responsibilities come always with widening spheres of opportunity. If the freedom of civil rights has opened to the sex the gates of a new world, they are to enter not only to possess it, but to organize and embellish it. If equality of privilege and honor in all industry is before them, the universal law of decorum follows there, not only to protect them, but to be itself preserved. If almost the whole education of the race has come under their charge, let them be mindful that the hand moulding the image of the age be set to the finest touches of art under the purest inspirations of spirit. If in conceded homage and deference they occupy an eminence heretofore unknown, let them acknowledge it with the fragrant courtesy of their nature. Above all, I would counsel them against being misled into that false theory, the worst of our time, which implies antagonism between the sexes. Women are not a class; they are co-ordinate factors in the divine problem of immortal being; they are elements in the systems of the world, out of which they can neither be decomposed, nor be resolved into independency of existence. The accord between the sexes is the accord of mutual supremacy and of mutual allegiance.

"The woman's cause is man's. They rise or sink
Together, dwarfed or godlike, bond or free :
For she that out of Lethe scales with man
The shining steps of Nature, shares with man

His nights, his days, moves with him to one goal,
Stays all the fair young planet in her hands—
If she be small, slight-natured, miserable,
How shall men grow ?
. let her make herself her own
To give or keep, to live and learn and be
All that not harms distinctive womanhood.
For woman is not undeveloped man,
But diverse: could we make her as the man,
Sweet love were slain : his dearest bond is this,
Not like to like, but like in difference :
Yet in the long years liker must they grow;
The man be more of woman, she of man ;
He gain in sweetness and in moral height,
Nor lose the wrestling thews that throw the world ;
She mental breadth, nor fail in childward care,
Nor lose the childlike in the larger mind ;
Till at the last she set herself to man,
Like perfect music unto noble words.
Then comes the statelier Eden back to men;
Then reign the world's great bridals, chaste and calm,
Then springs the crowning race of humankind."

ALEXANDER HAMILTON.

ADDRESS AT THE UNVEILING OF THE STATUE IN NEW YORK, NOV. 20, 1880.

I RECALL, as if it were yesterday, that forty-five years ago, in one of the vacations of a schoolboy visiting New York for the first time, I strayed into the Merchants' Exchange on Wall Street. It was the hour on 'change. From the confusion of tongues all about me my attention was at once attracted to the marble image which stood there, divinity of the place. The light falling from above gave to it the warmth of life, and brought out its features in the beauty and grace of intellectual supremacy. I needed not to be told it was the statue of Alexander Hamilton. Amid that din of merchants, to whom those lips spoke only through the inspiration of art, the mind of a stranger wandered backward over half a century to the memorable convention on the Hudson, where

“ His voice drew audience still as night
Or summer's noontide air,” —

where he spoke the words which gave to New York her commerce and her merchants, which gave this great State to the Union, which gave the Union to the family of nations. A few months afterwards that marble crumbled in the fire which swept over the lower end of your city, and until now has not been reproduced. In the mean time, in Massachusetts, where Hamilton in his lifetime had so many and foremost friends, where his memory is still cherished with a fondness not surpassed by that which is felt for any other, the

public spirit of a private citizen has erected his statue in the choicest avenue of Boston; thus anticipating for the capital of New England the honor and distinction which New York now rightfully appropriates in a special sense to herself. Not to you alone, but to the citizens of other States it may well become a subject of felicitation, that the filial piety and patriotic enterprise of a son of this illustrious man to-day crowns a lengthened life by kindly enabling us to unite with him in paying these honors to his father.

The fond interest with which Hamilton was regarded while living, quite apart from other public men of his time, found extraordinary expression at his death and has survived to this day. His career has much of a charm like that of romance. A fascination attached to his life and character, which, though it was felt by the large throng of his friends, was yet so subtle and delicate as in part to elude the pen of history and biography. Amiable beyond the usual lot of great men, with a frankness that was artless, a temper that was always open and never concealed, a warmth of feeling which averaged a tropical birth with a northern residence, a sincerity that did honor to a Huguenot origin, he excited such extended and lasting friendships as are rarely grouped around a man of public affairs. These qualities were set in him with a manliness which began with his youth, and were accompanied with that lofty sense of personal honor which always wins among mankind. He retained the honor of a soldier upon every field of his civil fame. Exhibiting these qualities in his public life from the start, and breaking upon the attention of his countrymen at an age when most persons are just beginning to master their early study, he awakened among the supreme men of the day an admiration and affection which after three-quarters of a century still lingers as a tradition, like the mellow glow upon a distant horizon. The attachment of his contemporaries was spontaneous, it strengthened with every fresh development of his power, it overlooked his infirmities, it sympathized with him in his dreams

of glory. Eminent rivals were regarded with such respect as attended William Pitt, while Hamilton excited such affection added to respect as followed Charles James Fox. The correspondence which has come down to us abounds with this impression, and reveals how Meade and Tilghman, how Laurens and Harrison, how Sedgwick and Sherman, how all those who knew him best, manifested in their relations the ardor and devotion which they would have bestowed only upon a noble nature charged with magnetic attractions. La Fayette upon all occasions addressed him in such terms as belong only to the largest confidence of the warmest friendship. The great heart of Washington went out to him and stayed by him, from the first year in which he knew him till death separated them. The last letter from Mount Vernon was written to Hamilton. And when he fell there was, from New Hampshire to the Carolinas, an effusion of universal grief, heightened by keenest sense of personal loss, which in all that was tender and impressive was second only to that which followed the death of Washington. Thousands in every State gave expression to their feelings in the words of Fisher Ames: "My heart penetrated with the remembrance of Hamilton grows liquid as I write, and I could pour it out like water." In dedicating this memorial the citizens of New York are paying their tribute to a character who interested the admiration and love of their fathers as no man before or since has done, even of all the eminent sons of this imperial State.

Of the statesmen of the last hundred years I cannot at the moment recall one, save the second Pitt, who resembled him in so early display of intellectual powers, so steadily increasing in volume and richness as to disappoint expectation only by their continuous growth to the end. It is this prematurity, which surprised an age familiar with wise and great men, which eighty years after the close of his public life still attracts us as a revelation overshadowing all the ordinary laws of mental development. We scarcely

know that he had any youth. He rose to conspicuous observation, he rose to fame in this city, in the morning of his days. Only recently landed on this shore, but having already given his heart to his new home, we find him at seventeen in the Great Fields engaged in public speech on non-importation, exciting that rapt attention which continued to fasten upon him more closely and more closely still for thirty years till his life was over. At eighteen, he wrote those papers for the public press which brought this discordant colony nearer to its final purpose, which were quite the wonder of the day as to who the author might be, which now make a volume of a hundred and fifty pages of striking maturity and completeness. A year later he threw off the incognito of an anonymous writer and appeared under his own name as commander of artillery, instructing the assembly of this province in the necessity of supply and discipline. We behold him at twenty taken into the military family of Washington, who judged men as no one else knew so well how to judge them, and intrusted with duties most arduous and delicate. His correspondence for three years in that office is itself a monument. You will find there letters written at the age of twenty which cover all questions of war, which explain and unfold the necessity of that Fabian policy which history has since accepted as one of the pillars of the military renown of Washington. At twenty-three, a young man in camp and having been in no position of civil experience, he wrote the remarkable letter to Duane, which mastered the problem of arms, of finance, of political powers, of the gaping defects of the Confederation, of the dread need of an executive ministry. He then scented as by intuition our later union. At twenty-four, when gloom hung over the land, he prepared the still more remarkable paper for Robert Morris on the financial situation and remedy, exhausting the subject of commerce, of taxation, of a National Bank, and shadowing forth the relief of the lessons of history to the distress of the States. We behold him

after Yorktown returned at twenty-five to New York and serving a term in the Confederate Congress, where he left deep and lasting impressions; in the Constitutional Convention at thirty, dividing the time between his service there and his professional duties here; at thirty-one, the chief representative of this city in the Convention at Poughkeepsie, and by his individual prowess carrying the decision of that body, so vital to the success of the Union and so imperial with results; at thirty-three the most important member of the first Cabinet, the organizing spirit of this Government, conceiving, building up a national system of credit and finance; and through a period of four years the counsellor and guide of Washington, preparing opinions which traversed ground before unexplored and which fill volumes that have stood the severe test of time. I know of nothing in any quarter like these amazing labors and results, which were crowded into the brief space between the age of twenty and of thirty-three. "I doubt," said Rufus Choate, "if Pascal, if Grotius, if Caesar, if Napoleon, had so early in life revealed powers vaster and maturer."

And in this short period, at intervals snatched from the public labors, he had established his fame as a jurist. While he was illustrating in camp what Washington declared to John Adams that Hamilton possessed,—"qualities essential to a great military character,"—while he was acting the part of first advocate for the adoption of the Constitution, while he was acting the part of first organizer and methodizer of the government of the United States, he found time to become also first of lawyers. Sheathing his sword at Yorktown, he came back here to the law, to the amenities of citizenship, to the delights of domestic life. He was then but twenty-four years of age. During the next nine years, and the nine years after retiring from the Cabinet, he rose on the broad field of a national reputation to a rank not second to any lawyer of the United States. What a public life that must have been from 1775 to 1800, of which three fifths was de-

voted to official and two fifths to private station, which found him at the opening of this century at the head of the roll of constitutional lawyers, of financiers, of statesmen, and of publicists. In office or out of office he was at the head of the roll of that party, not less brilliant than patriotic, which gave the first prestige of durability and power to the Government. We all know how Ames and Cabot, Pickering and Otis, Morris and Bayard, Charles Carroll and John Jay, Theodore Sedgwick and John Marshall, turned to him as the master spirit of the high political fellowship which surrounded the Constitution through its first twelve years. We know how great must have been his reputation and ascendancy, since his foes as well as his friends ascribed to him so large a share in the policies, the measures, and personal directions of the first two Olympiads of the Government. Truly did they confirm the language of Jefferson, that Hamilton was a colossus to his party, without numbers a host within himself. Truly did they, one and all, alike by their friendly and their unfriendly acknowledgment of his leadership, manifest their concurrence with the Father of his Country, that the judgment of Hamilton was intuitively great. He was a partisan only as he was a patriot. He passed through much of opposition and animosity, but no disappointment or displeasure moved him from devotion to the public interest as the constant magnet of his heart. "This in my eyes is sacred." His discussion and argument was copious, exhaustive, and vast. He was a master of style, a model for all who seek to know the art of enlightening and convincing. "In his speech wisdom blended her authority with her charms." It is pleasing to read his argument, a clear flow of thought, without strain or conceit, broadening and expanding over the farthest scope of the question in hand, in language easy, natural, and transparent, massive with simplicity and flexible with grace,—

" Though deep, yet clear ; though gentle, yet not dull ;
Strong without rage ; without o'erflowing full."

Born amid the influences of a foreign tongue, he possessed a style of English, at seventeen, which surpassed the heads of the schools. His letter from camp on the Hudson, giving to his friend Laurens an elaborate and familiar narrative of the affair of Major André, contained everything which history has since recorded, in language of simplicity, sweetness, and pathos, which makes it one of the curiosities of our Revolutionary literature.

In two eventful stages of our annals, distinct though intimately connected, Hamilton proved himself a chief pillar of the public security. In token of the part he bore in establishing the Constitution of the United States, New York should preserve and decorate his monument while the Union lasts. Although your State by a majority of its delegates opposed the Constitution in the great Convention of '87, and actually retired in disgust from that body before the final action, he remained to uphold the hands of Washington and Madison, and at the close implored the members to unite with him in affixing their signatures to the instrument. Not without hesitation as to some of its features, he had yet supported it by the whole force of his reasoning and eloquence. And when that scene was closed and the Constitution was sent out into the States for their approval, one peril having been overcome only to open the way for another of greater violence and more doubtful issue, he advanced to the struggle in the full action of all his intellectual powers. Here in New York, where the chances were two to one against the Government, he took this whole undertaking upon his own shoulders. It was the task of convincing a reluctant people by the highest attribute of human nature, by the force of pure reason. He used the instrumentality of the written and spoken word, each in its highest form. Of the serial papers, *The Federalist*, which were read in every State, more than three quarters were the product solely of his pen, are still cited as a legal classic in courts and senates, and known wherever our language is spoken. Seventy-five years ago the

Edinburgh Review, calling the attention of Europe to these papers of Hamilton, pronounced them "a work which exhibited an extent and precision of information, a profundity of research, and an acuteness of understanding, which would have done honor to the most illustrious statesmen of ancient or modern times." These labors reached their acme in his service as delegate from this city in the State Convention at Poughkeepsie, which was to determine whether ours should be a nation and a government. In the discussions of that body, of which a large majority of the members had assembled with sentiments hostile to the Constitution, he exerted himself with every variety of argument, with every form of eloquence, with every art and grace of persuasion, which the gravity of the occasion demanded, and which his marvellous endowments enabled him to supply. At length the assembly, which in its earlier stages would have dashed to the ground the last hope of a national life, reversed its purpose and cast the weight of New York into the scale for the Union. Your own great Chancellor Kent, who had then but recently opened his office in Poughkeepsie, who was a witness of the forces which acted on that historic scene, afterwards declared that the decision of New York must forever be attributed to the influence of Alexander Hamilton.

And now, after ninety years of life under this Constitution, we are enabled to look back to the part he acted, to the interpretation he gave of the public necessities, and to pronounce that experience has vindicated his judgment. Every one of the excitements which have been called crises since the Virginia resolutions of '98, seeming at the time of their occurrence to be a test of the strength of the Government, has illustrated the acuteness and breadth of his discernment as a civic interpreter. He forecast the nullification of 1832. "It is inseparable from the disposition of bodies who have a constitutional power of resistance, to examine the merits of a law." Daniel Webster in the Senate and Andrew Jackson in the Executive office repeated the doctrine

of Hamilton. The present occasion affords neither time nor desire to enter upon enough of detail to meet the cavils of those who cannot speak well of him,—if any such there be,—but it is fit to recall to-day in a general sense the importance of his lessons. He was the champion, he was the father, of Nationalism against Statism. The honor and power of the States he sought neither to disparage nor to obscure. In a notable speech in the New York Convention he pictured the expanding glory of the States within their sphere, and of the Union as the central security for all. He saw national success only in national sovereignty, under which national laws should operate on individuals as directly as the laws of the States. The denial of his doctrine, the theory of Statism, for two generations having control of the Government, brought many trials upon the people of this nation, and at length brought them face to face into the presence of a revolt which threatened the overthrow of their Government. That crisis now past and that danger now escaped, it is wisdom as well as justice to remember our obligations to our prophets and our guides. To the instructions of Hamilton, which lodged in the minds of three generations some just conceptions of this nation, clothed with full powers to develop and embellish all its parts in peace, clothed with full powers to defend and save itself against the levy of any of its parts in war,—to the instructions of Webster, who, when Nationalism and Statism presented their rival pretensions under questions which menaced the peace of the Union, delineated to the people with new and yet clearer light the constitutional division and distribution of powers,—to Alexander Hamilton and to Daniel Webster, the citizens of this country are largely indebted for the political education and political faith which enabled them to stand, and endure, and prevail, when the conflict of arms was thrust upon them.

His later and more conspicuous service to this nationality, which will ever associate his name with our Government, was given to its first administration. To aid him in imparting

life to a government which had come to his hands only as yet a body of barren formulas and theories to be developed, applied, and enforced,—to summon into being as by the stroke of the enchanter a system of national credit without which the heroic attainment of fifteen previous years would have passed away as an illusion,—Washington called to his side a young man of thirty-three years. The work committed to him was the work of creation. From chaos he was to evoke methods and systems. In the presence of a vast public debt, the heritage of war, of unascertained and crippled resources, of a moral sense of obligation which had already begun to degenerate under the pressure of distress, of the discordant jealousies of the States long wedded to the worship of their own divinities, of men not now united as in the council of '76 but divided by sectional rivalry and personal ambition, he was to create and organize a body of public credit, supported by public revenue, which, if it were to be good for anything, must place the new nation in the confidence of the world. We honor the head of the Treasury in our own time if he so adjusts the liabilities and resources of a great and affluent nation of fifty millions as to give it an equality of credit with old and tried governments. But ninety years ago, with but three millions of inhabitants, without any system of taxation and revenue, without knowledge of the public capacities or possibilities, surrounded by a dis-united council, Hamilton was called to fit to such a situation a newly created sense of honor in the nation, a newly created system for funding an immense debt, of revenue internal and external so pledged as to challenge the faith of the world, of a fiscal agency which should melt thirteen separate systems into one of national unity and energy. It was the era of the beginning of a great nation, and it is one of the providences of our history that the era produced a genius equal to the exigency. He laid the foundations of our national honor in his own consciousness. American credit, never since doubted on the globe, was prefigured and provided in his own capa-

cious mind. So long as that credit shall continue untarnished the remembrance of him who conceived and established it will continue to awaken a glow in the heart of every American citizen, and the words of his eulogy spoken by Webster will meet a response from every generous mind: "He smote the rock of the national resources, and abundant streams of revenue gushed forth. He touched the dead corpse of the public credit, and it sprang upon its feet. The fabled birth of Minerva, from the brain of Jove, was hardly more sudden or more perfect than the financial system of the United States, as it burst from the conceptions of Alexander Hamilton."

This extraordinary man was wafted upon our shore at a time which was rich in strong and original men, such as are apt to be the product of a period deeply thoughtful and revolutionary. He had none of the advantage of his peers of native birth, none of the inspiration of their early youth, and none of the promise which sprang to them from the ties of American kindred. But the endowments of his nature quickly made good to him a fulness of compensation, and in seventeen years from his landing at your wharf, an obscure mercantile correspondent, there was no reputation on this continent which threw a shadow over his. The strangely and harmoniously blended currents of his Huguenot and Scottish descent, warmed in the tropics and tempered under these northern skies, supplied a quickening sensibility and enthusiasm to his ambition and his patriotism. Throughout a career which, through an excess of frankness that verged on imprudence, stirred the asperity of rivals, he held to the last the confidence of the public, the friendship of the best men in all the States; and the pang of national loss is still recalled at the mention of his name.

THE CENTENNIAL OF THE MASSACHUSETTS CONSTITUTION.

PREPARED AT THE REQUEST OF THE PRESIDENT OF THE AMERICAN ANTI-
QUARIAN SOCIETY, AND READ AT THE SEMI-ANNUAL MEETING OF THE
SOCIETY, IN BOSTON, APRIL 27, 1881.

THE Colony of Massachusetts had hardly secured a firm foothold here as a permanent settlement, exercising the functions of government, when the colonists began to make a demand for a formula of securities or liberties, the equivalent of which is nearly expressed by our term "constitution." The Englishman, removed to a home in Massachusetts Bay, passed at once under the elation and expansion of a conscious freeman. The records of that time reveal to us, as clearly as any history can disclose the consciousness of a generation of men two centuries and a half after their existence, that the freshly arrived immigrant felt the traditional restraints of his European life falling from him, and was consciously invested with new dignity and hope, with new resolve and power. Within four years after the coming of Winthrop the settlers became impatient that their liberties should be registered in clearly defined form and ordinance. This impatience manifested itself as early as 1634 in palpable proceedings, which aimed at having their rights reduced to the letter and form which should limit even the magistrates who had their highest confidence. Having already obtained the right of popular representation by deputies, they secured in 1635 the appointment of a commission, as we should now call it, which should "frame a body of grounds of laws, in resemblance to Magna Charta, which should be received for

fundamental laws." This commission, several times changed as to its members, finally secured in 1641 the enactment of the code of a hundred laws, called the Body of Liberties, of which a copy was discovered in the old Athenaeum in Boston by Mr. Francis C. Gray about sixty years ago. This first American code of public and private securities, the Magna Charta of that day, may in a certain sense be termed the first Constitution of this Commonwealth; or rather, reading the articles in the light of all which has happened since, I should venture to call them the Massachusetts Institutes. A perusal of this code cannot fail to vindicate the claim of its author, Nathaniel Ward, minister of the town of Ipswich, to our grateful remembrance for having brought to America great benefits from his study and practice of law in England; and I am sure that every thoughtful reader of this Puritan pandect will cordially concur in the opinion, which forty years ago Mr. Gray pronounced before the Massachusetts Historical Society, that it manifests a quality of wisdom, equity, and public adaptation far in advance of the time in which it was written. To this opinion I will add, that after allowance for that portion of these Institutes which was derived from the Pentateuch, and which must be accepted as the reflected sentiment of a theocracy which is scarcely appreciable in our own time, there are other parts of this constitutional breviate which bear the marks of bold and statesmanlike originality fit for the affairs of a complete modern commonwealth. That they may be regarded as having been the forecasting of the coming state is attested by some of them having since been incorporated into our present Constitution. Although these Fundamentals were adopted for only a term of three years, yet the more important of them passed into the volume of enduring colonial legislation, and aided largely in the gradual framing of the beneficent fabric which now overshadows us with the safety which everybody feels, but which not everybody traces to its simple and august beginning.

During the one hundred and forty-four years which intervened between the founding of the colony and the first decisive act of Gage at Salem in 1774, which heralded a new era, the people of Massachusetts continued under the government of the charters. But during the whole of this period there was a constant though varying accumulation and cohesion of the elements of a sovereign and free state. Ours was in many respects a free republic from the start, and our provincial annuals abound in prophetic signs of coming independence. The spirit of this independence was never in profound sleep, from the first and singular fortifying of the harbor, five years after the advent, to the day of the first levy of arms in the next century. In many of those years kings were so deeply engrossed in home pleasures and home politics, and in many other years the Puritans were so deeply engrossed in their own civil and religious strifes, that the reader of events is often diverted from observing the undercurrent which was steadily bearing the state towards the only ultimate result. This province was at no time without statesmen grounded in the learning of the English Constitution, and in all the progressive stages of the rising local republic their discernment was fully equal to every changing situation. In that school of trial they were practising themselves for their purpose more rapidly than they knew, and were practising a more profound policy than was known by their kings. Their purpose as freemen was frequently held in reserve by a masterly suppression, and their assurance as prophets was frequently held in check by a masterly diplomacy. Under Cromwell the Massachusetts Puritan moved in straight lines towards independence, under Charles restored the Massachusetts Puritan was politic as a Machiavel or a Talleyrand; but under every reign he was constantly advancing in the grooves of destiny, sometimes a little tortuous and sometimes very direct, always towards his freedom. Such drift and purpose must sometime reach its end, and when a king so resolute and obstinate as George the Third sat on the

throne, and a Puritan so resolute and obstinate as Samuel Adams directed Massachusetts, the end could no longer be postponed.

The adoption of the Declaration of Independence in 1776 introduced in the several States new forms of government which were without precedent or example in the world. When colonial dependency was annulled and autonomy took its place in thirteen republics, a new method of formulating the will of states came into use and became henceforth distinctively THE AMERICAN SYSTEM. Written constitutions, framed by the people for their own government, and made unalterable even by themselves save in most indubitable and solemn manner, accepted as the only source of power to all administrations and absolute criteria of security to all subjects, have now been in use here during a century and have set us apart from the other peoples of the globe. The adoption of the American plan was a logical necessity. The dissolution of dependency cast Americans upon their own capacity for government, with no guidance except their knowledge of history and their own shackled experience. They had grown up in the knowledge of the muniments of the British Constitution, but the elemental principles of that constitution for public and private liberty lay spread over five centuries and a half since Magna Charta, had never had any existence as a code, and had neither the unity of one fixed interpretation by continuous generations nor any sanction of immutability. Since English constitutional liberties had been in their origin concessions from the crown, given in times of exceptional popular awakening, even the repetition of the demand and concession from reign to reign had scarcely given the ease of repose to the mind of the subject. According to the authority of Professor Creasy, in his work on the English Constitution, the terms of Magna Charta itself have needed to be confirmed by kings and parliaments upwards of thirty times. Even in the present day of established construction, in which the English Constitution has

attained a complete solidity of crystallization, if we seek to find its rise and growth we have to read with collating care the histories of Hallam and May, extending over a period of nearly five hundred years; and after all the reading we come to no such muniments as those of our own written Constitution, founded in a universally acknowledged social compact, "the whole people covenanting with each citizen and each citizen covenanting with the whole people;" so unshackled in outline, so solid in framework, so solemn in sanction, as to be beyond every fear short of revolution. The term "unconstitutional" as it is used in England bears a signification altogether different from its meaning in Massachusetts. "By the term 'unconstitutional,'" says Hallam, "as distinguished from the term 'illegal,' I mean a novelty of much importance, tending to endanger the established laws," — a definition which scarcely reaches the incisiveness of a decree of unconstitutionality pronounced by the highest judicial tribunal of an American state. It is true that many of the constitutional guaranties which the people of this State a century ago ingrafted upon their form of government had been inherited by them, and had become so sacred by tradition and use that no tribunal would ever after have been likely to deny them; but for their double assurance they resolved to re-define them, to reduce them to a system and a code, to add many things which could have had no existence under a monarchy, and to throw about them safeguards of their own creation.

This necessity for a written constitution was reinforced by another consideration. The advance in modern thought on government had at that time reached one important conclusion on this side of the water never before fully recognized on the other, nor indeed recognized there now to anything like the extent of the American opinion. I refer to the strict division of government into co-ordinate branches, each exclusive of the others, nowhere else expressed as in the American constitutions. There is no one feature of our

government which so clearly insures the security of public or private rights as the setting the judicial power solemnly apart as a governing organ of the constitution, beyond the reach of the arm of the executive and legislature; and this was a stage of advancement which had not been made in a degree of perfection anywhere before the American Revolution. The men of Massachusetts saw the necessity of making this eminent consecration of the judiciary certain and enduring by a fundamental liberty recorded in written and unmistakable words. They had seen in the parent country the ultimate decision on judicial appeal lodged in one of the houses of the legislature, and they saw no way of closing the door upon this exposure to abuse, but by a written constitution which should shut off and protect a pure and fearless judiciary against encroachment from any quarter. Englishmen themselves have learned to regard the American plan, under which each co-ordinate power is protected from every other power by registered constitutional language, as the conservator of every right and interest, of every class and condition; and during their excitement over the Reform Bill fifty years ago, when the upper house barely escaped being swamped by the crown, their conservative statesmen did not hesitate to acknowledge the superior safety of the written constitutions of our States.

The statesmen of Virginia have justly boasted that theirs was the first written constitution, formed by a free and sovereign state, which the world has possessed. The State convention from which this instrument emanated assembled early in May, 1776, several weeks before the subject of recommending new governments in the States was acted on by the Continental Congress at Philadelphia, and that ancient State may rightfully wear in its coronet this high historical distinction. No other State has the power, no other State has the desire, to dispute this impressive priority in the noblest group of governments of modern time. But the truth of this history is only fully completed in the statement that nearly

two years before that time Massachusetts had initiated proceedings which had the same purpose in view, and had already set up self-government over its domain. On the 17th of June, 1774, the date of practical independence in Massachusetts, the last day of any other government and the first day of its own government on its own soil, the House of Assembly, in session at Salem, with its door locked against the Governor, while the decree of its dissolution was read on the stairs outside, provided for a provincial House of Representatives to take the place of the General Court which was never again to be convened. Massachusetts was launched, somewhat unceremoniously to be sure, but none the less certainly, the first autonomous republic in America; and Samuel Adams was the master and guide of the event. Before any counsel could come from Philadelphia, because it was before there was any Congress at Philadelphia to give counsel, he commanded the situation at Salem on that historical day, and he first in America turned the key on monarchy. The history of self-government in this Commonwealth thus starts with the fact that its people for the space of a whole year were without any direction beyond that of this provincial Assembly and of the Committee of Safety, and that all the while, without any regular executive, and in the presence of hostile arms, they maintained civil order and brought no scandal on liberty or justice. This provincial Assembly, stimulated to take another step forward by the affair at Lexington and Concord of April 19, proceeded on May 16, 1775, under the counsel of General Warren, to ask the advice of the Congress at Philadelphia upon the best method of exercising the powers of civil government; on June 9 the Congress advised that the colony, accepting the singular hypothesis that the office of governor was to be treated as vacant, should clothe a newly chosen council with the executive power "until a governor of his Majesty's appointment would consent to govern according to its charter;" and only ten days afterwards, on June 19, a call was made for the election of a

provincial assembly, which only thirty days later, on July 19, convened in Watertown. In their anxiety for the maintenance of the civil functions of society the people moved with a rapidity and quietness which illustrated their earnestness of purpose and their solemn sense of responsibility. This body at once elected a new set of councillors to act in the double capacity of legislative and executive administration, with James Bowdoin as their president; thus planting a provisional government upon a fiction of law which was the ultimate as yet reached by the wisdom at Philadelphia, and upon an anomalous confusion of the organs of government which was destined to continue four years longer. Although civil process and appointments were issued in the name of the king, the commission of John Adams as Chief Justice being conferred in that style, the public endured this anomaly with patience until May of 1776. On the first day of that month, now as before acting in advance of the Congress at Philadelphia, the processes and commissions of Massachusetts were ordered by its leaders to run in the name of its "government and people," in lieu of that of the king. This was two weeks before John Adams succeeded, on the 15th of May, in carrying through the Continental Congress his celebrated resolution for the suppression of every kind of authority of the crown, and advising the several colonies to establish their own governments; which resolution itself was adopted two weeks before the question of declaring independence came to its sublime decision, and which he proudly named the cutting of the Gordian knot. Now for the first time our own legislative assembly took the preliminary steps for forming a State constitution. Entering upon the subject in June, 1776, the Assembly decided on the 17th day of September to advise the people to choose their deputies to the next General Court with full power to frame a constitution; and this advice was repeated May 5, in 1777. Although in the interim after the dissolution of this Assembly the people in several public conventions, notably in the county of Worcester,

and in many of their town meetings, had insisted upon the calling of a special convention solely for so grave a work as the framing of a new government, yet a majority of the representatives came together fully authorized to enter upon this great business; a joint committee of the Council and Assembly agreed upon a constitution, which was approved by the two bodies, February 28, 1778, and was sent out in March for popular ratification. It is one of the omissions in our annals that the proceedings of this committee were never given to the public inspection.

But this constitution, which required the assent of two thirds of those voting on it to secure its acceptance, received only two thousand of the twelve thousand votes which were returned; partly perhaps because of its imperfect delineation and division of government powers; in part no doubt because it was not accompanied by a Declaration of Rights, on which at that time the popular heart was strongly set; and chiefly because of the general conviction that our organic framework of government could properly come only from a convention chosen solely and sacredly for that one piece of work. This first form of a constitution, contrasted with the orderly and stately instrument afterwards framed and adopted, exhibits most glaring defects, whilst some of its incongruities reviewed in the light of the subsequent experience of a century would now fail to command respect. The Governor and Lieutenant-Governor were to have "a seat and a voice in the Senate;" the Governor was to be president of the Senate; and in the distribution of the functional powers of government "the Governor and Senate" are spoken of in a manner corresponding to our present municipal phraseology of "the Mayor and Aldermen," in strange mingling of the executive and legislative departments. The instrument contained no provision for an executive council, and the high power of executive pardon was lodged with the Governor, Lieutenant-Governor, and Speaker of the House of Representatives, or "either two of them." Senators for each district were to be chosen by a

vote of the whole people of the State. All persons not of the Protestant religion were made ineligible to either the executive, legislative, or judicial orders of the government. The dignity and independence of the executive were very inadequately provided. It is unnecessary to pursue the subject with further detail. The vote of the people showed that they deemed the structure of this constitution an utter failure, and only one-sixth part of the ballots were given in favor of its acceptance. A remarkable demonstration in the canvass of its merits was made by a convention of many towns of the county of Essex held at Ipswich in April, 1778, which appointed a committee to report upon the true principles of government required for the public safety. At an adjourned meeting of the convention in the following month this committee reported an exhaustive treatise on the whole subject, which became known as "the Essex Result." This argument, understood to be the production of Theophilus Parsons, afterwards the eminent Chief Justice of the Supreme Judicial Court, was marked by the intense grasp and comprehensive generalization, by the power of statement and of clearly drawn distinctions, which in later years distinguished his published opinions, and it must have contributed essentially to the defeat of the proposed constitution. And the people of the State were still without an established government.

Mr. Charles Francis Adams has advanced the opinion "that interests had already grown up, in the period of interregnum, adverse to the establishment of any more permanent government;" and he finds color for this suggestion in the fact that when the Legislature in the next year, 1779, took steps for another trial for a new government, it put to the people the composite question, first, whether it was their will to have a new form of government, and second, whether they would authorize their representatives to call a convention for the sole purpose of framing one. Nor is this suggestion by any means without extraneous support. Massachusetts was moving on its daily life under the momentum of tradi-

tional observance of law and order which had grown up under the charters, which had now been modified in practice to a degree that answered the needs of all functional routine through four years of experience ; and the conservative force of popular inertia, even amid public crises, is attested by the fact that a very large proportion of the citizens made no return of any action whatever upon the preliminary questions in both attempts for a constitution. Rhode Island lived on under its charter sixty years after the resolution of the Continental Congress had suppressed it, and it remained a mooted question in Connecticut until the year 1818 whether its people had any constitution or not. But the return of the votes upon the question referred to them showed that a majority of our people favored the call of a convention, and on the 17th day of June, 1779, precepts were sent out for the election of delegates, who should assemble in the following September. Accidentally the conjuncture of dates links the beginning and the end of this high enterprise with a day forever set apart in the Western world by the opening battle of the Revolution. On the 17th day of June, 1774, the representatives of the State took at Salem the first step for self-government ; on the same day in the next year every retreat was cut off by bloodshed at Charlestown ; and on the same day five years later their successors ordered the completion of the work. As the constitution now to be created did not go into effect until October, 1780, it appears that from the eventful day at Salem more than six years were to elapse before the Commonwealth should come into possession of a genuine government. It is a tribute which history will ever pay to the heroic energies of that generation of men, to their capacity for government, to their innate reverence for law and authority, to their strong and enduring sense of nationality, to their love of liberty moderated by their love of justice, that they carried on a free republic through all that period by their unaided self-denial and self-control ; that, rather than act hastily in a matter so grave to themselves and their

posterity, they endured for six years the uncertainties and inconsistencies of an illusive and baseless fabric of government; that they deemed the benefits of a perfect constitution within their own borders might come only too soon, if attained by abating one jot or tittle of devotion and sacrifice to the common cause of all the States.

The convention which framed the Constitution under which we now live assembled in the meeting-house in Cambridge, September 1, 1779, and after seven days took a recess till October 28, having first committed the task of preparation to a committee of thirty; it re-assembled on the 28th of October, and on the 11th of November took a further recess till January 5, 1780. On that day it met in the Old State House in Boston, but by reason of the bad travelling over the State continued without an efficient quorum till the 27th; on which day the labor was resumed and went on without further interruption until it was completed on the 2d day of March. Of this body, which comprised, as I make out from the journal, three hundred and twelve delegates, James Bowdoin was elected president. Of the exalted character of this assembly no one can hesitate to concur in the opinion expressed by Mr. Robert C. Winthrop in his admirable address on the services of Governor Bowdoin, that it contained "as great a number of men of learning, talents, and patriotism as had ever been convened here at any earlier period;" and I venture to add that it has not since been equalled by any public body in the State, unless possibly by the next convention, which met in 1820. John Adams, Samuel Adams, Hancock, Lowell, Parsons, Cabot, Gorham, Sullivan, Lincoln, Paine, Cushing, Strong, are but a few of the eminent names which appear on its roll. The journal of its proceedings is exceedingly unmethodical and unsatisfactory, and by reason of the lack of reporters at that time we have scarcely any knowledge of the debates. The committee of thirty, to whom was referred the work of preparing a plan and form of government, intrusted this task to a sub-

committee consisting of Bowdoin and the two Adamses, who in turn committed the responsible labor to John Adams alone. His draught of the framework was substantially as a whole adopted by the sub-committee, and afterwards by the general committee, slightly altered, was propounded to the convention. The draught of Mr. Adams, compared with the form in which the Constitution was finally adopted, appears to have received several amendments by the convention; but the result of their labors was chiefly as he had blocked it out, and by every rightful title he must be declared the father of our Constitution. Judge Lowell said, in his eulogy on Bowdoin, that "it was owing to the hints which he occasionally gave, and the part which he took with the committee, that some of the most admired sections in the Constitution appeared;" but in comparing John Adams's draught with the ultimate result one cannot easily discover any sufficient supply from other sources to derogate from his title of chief authorship. And we owe it to the truth of history to say, that whilst the galaxy of names already mentioned warrants the belief that the absence of any one of these delegates could not have endangered the prospect of a model constitutional government in Massachusetts, the chieftainship in that creative work must always be assigned to John Adams.

And if he had left no other claim to the gratitude of the Commonwealth, this alone would complete his title. As constitutionalist and publicist all other men of his day came at long interval behind him. Madison and Hamilton were a development of the ten years which followed the full manifestation of his powers. Beyond all his associates in mastery of the whole subject of government, grasping and applying the lessons of historical studies with a prehensile power at that time unprecedented on this continent, and adding to them the original conceptions of a mind of the highest order, he proved of all his contemporaries fittest for constitutional architecture. Having discerned five years before, in advance of everybody, the solution of independence

in directing the colonies to establish local governments, he became *doctrinaire* to the delegates at Philadelphia. In the confusion and chaos of thought relating to these subjects which brooded over their minds, his counsel was sought by delegates from North Carolina, from Virginia, from New Jersey, to each of whose delegations he furnished formulas of State government; and when he came to the front in the preparation of a constitution for his own State, his mind was already stored for the emergency. His share in framing our own government, and his subsequent writings in defence of the general system adopted by the American States, in refutation of the theories of M. Turgot, this defence being published just in time to bear upon the question of the adoption of the Constitution of the United States, furnish sufficient excuse, if indeed excuse were needed, for his boastful declaration, found in the Warren correspondence recently published by the Historical Society: "I made a constitution for Massachusetts, which finally made the Constitution of the United States."

Under his direction the convention made a Declaration of Rights to precede the framework, almost wholly the work of his hand with the exception of the third article, which he did not attempt to perfect. These are the axioms which are to give direction in future interpretations. Of the eleven original States which made new constitutions,—for Rhode Island and Connecticut continued under their charters, the former until 1842, and the latter until 1818,—six adopted these Bills of Rights, and five left them out. That these declarations of general rights and liberties, most carefully and solemnly stated, and called Bills of Rights, are not to be regarded as exclusively suggestive of that period of transition from the old dispensation to the new, is shown by the fact that of the twenty-five new States admitted since the Revolution twenty-three have adopted these formularies; and of the whole present number of thirty-eight States there are still but five which have not accompanied their constitu-

tions with something like a Bill of Rights. Upon this subject the people of Massachusetts were peculiarly sensitive, and the want of a Bill of Rights is believed to have had a leading influence in causing the rejection of the first proposed constitution. Our ancestors deemed it of first importance to make, with every solemnity, declaration of certain fixed principles of reason adapted to the sphere of government, certain abstract theories of natural or civil rights of man under the social compact, as safeguards necessary to immutable liberty. Other sections of the written instrument, other provisions of law, are the outworks; these are the citadel. Secret approaches by violence, or corruption, or other degeneracy, may span the moat and scale the outer walls of government, but the life of constitutional Liberty is HERE, and will "not but by annihilating die." The conclusion of disputed principles, derived out of the usurpations and resistances of past centuries, is here registered in a single paragraph. It is but a small body of words, mere "glittering generalities," but every word glitters as a flaming sword of warning and of ward to the generations. Good words are great things with a free people. Seven words, according to Parsons and Shaw and Gray, abolished slavery in Massachusetts. "These three words," said Chatham to the Lords, "*nullus liber homo*, are worth all the classics." The journal of the Convention of 1780, barren as it is of anything dramatic, shows that the masters of the period resolved to follow after the Commons of 1688, who gave the word of halt to the Lords in settling the crown upon a new dynasty until a bill of fundamental liberties had first been assented to. And the earliest motion of business in our own convention related to the Declaration.

In all these formulas of rights adopted by the several States, there is a general resemblance of substance and phraseology, but it by no means follows that the first in time was literally progenitor of the common affinity of thought which pervaded them all. Undoubtedly the Bill

of Rights of Virginia, which was the first promulgated, was in several particulars largely copied into the others, and by its priority in time, as well as by its excellence for a model, it has laid three generations under tribute of admiration. It was almost solely the production of George Mason, one of the sainted heroes in the history of American constitutional government. Four times since that day Virginia has adopted new constitutions, but, excepting the addition of two or three articles made necessary in 1870 as results of the Civil War, the original work of Mason has stood and now stands, after the lapse of one hundred and five years, as it came from his hands. The Massachusetts Declaration is more extended and enunciates more in detail the investiture of the liberties of the citizen-subject; and though I must unavoidably be suspected of bias, I am free to express the opinion that, as a whole, it is superior to every other similar form in existence, for its comprehensive projecting of the eclectic lessons of history over the future of a new commonwealth, for its repeated inculcation of the duties of religion and education as the primary agencies of civilized states, and for its own simple and solid literature. With the exception of the third article it is the work of Mr. Adams, though in the convention it took on considerable changes in the grouping and the phraseology. It would be difficult to find among the English landmarks of right, in Magna Charta, in the Petition of Right, in the Habeas Corpus, in the Bill of Rights of 1688, any public or private security which, though here modified to fit the modern situation, is not as well stated in this all-comprising Declaration. In the annals of English legislation we often come upon the historian's phrase — "encroachment upon constitutional principles" — whilst to learn what the principle is that was encroached upon, one must be well read in five centuries of kings and parliaments, and accept perhaps at last an interpretation from varying schools; but in the simple and elemental aphorisms of the Massachusetts Bill of

Rights there is for many of the questions of constitutional encroachment the assurance of speedy and indisputable solution. In the eleventh and twelfth articles, protecting personal liberty and property, which Mr. Hallam sums up as covering the two main rights of civil society, we have repeated the thirty-ninth and fortieth articles of the fundamentals of Magna Charta with more circumstantial definition, but not without some loss of the Gothic strength and grandeur of those ever-memorable sections. The thirtieth and concluding article, defining the separation and protection of each one of the three departments of government from the other two, which was reduced to its present form by changing Mr. Adams's grouping, has not its superior in the terminology of modern constitutions; and its success in expressing the leading thought he aimed to impress upon our Constitution is one of the choice felicities of the whole body of the Declaration. Mr. Rufus Choate, speaking of this clause, once said: "I never read without a thrill of sublime emotion the concluding words of the Bill of Rights,—'to the end this may be a government of laws, and not of men.'" With the change of only a single article the entire thirty sections have stood the test of a hundred years, and they still challenge the same tender observance and care from the present generation, which Lord Coke claimed for the best chapter of Magna Charta: "As the gold refiner will not out of the dust, shreds, or shreds of gold, let pass the least crumb, in respect of the excellency of the metal, so ought not the reader to pass any syllable of this law, in respect of the excellency of the matter."

There are some half-dozen of these articles, promulgating the supreme and fundamental principles which form the groundwork of free government, which are substantially copies from the Declarations of Virginia and Pennsylvania. But since Pennsylvania copied after Virginia, to the last-mentioned must be accorded the historical honors. John Adams was perfectly familiar with every circumstance and

detail of the history of the proceedings in both of those States. He himself said that the Bill of Rights of Pennsylvania was taken almost verbatim from that of Virginia, which was made and published several weeks before; and in conversation with M. Marbois in June, 1779, just before he came home to find himself elected a delegate to our convention, he gave the names of the four men who framed the Pennsylvania Declaration. Much has been said and written in our local historical circles about the authorship of the Massachusetts famous first article, "All men are born free and equal," etc.; but it would seem the product of all these inquiries and speculations must lie at last in the simple conclusion, that this section has come to us in the sole personal draught of Mr. Adams, and that he in turn had before him the same in the original as it came from Virginia. This is one of the conclusions established by Mr. Charles Deane in a recent paper published by the Historical Society. The record ought to be conclusive. But it would be quite unphilosophical to suppose that the primordial conception of the idea of the congenital freedom and equality of men belongs exclusively to any one of these forefathers. Not to George Mason, nor to Thomas Jefferson, nor to John Adams, do we owe an inheritance of this thought. It was in the air of that day. It is said there are climates of opinion; and I may add there are epidemics of phrase. From time far back there have been periods of the public consciousness of the rights of man, and it would be difficult to find a time when human nature has not been conscious of its rights; and these rights have found expression in one epoch only to be paraphrased after long interval in a following epoch. The central thought of the twelfth article of the Massachusetts Bill of Rights, expressed by Mr. Adams in 1779, may be seen as well expressed by Nathaniel Ward in the first article of the Body of Liberties in 1641, and it was set forth with a strength superior to both in the thirty-ninth article of Magna Charta of 1215. These are not inherited rights; they come to us from our Creator.

As to concrete form they may be traced to an origin among the customs of the English people and the English barons, and as for their phraseology in expression it is a matter rather of curiosity than of utility whether we take rest from our inquiries in Locke or Sidney, in Filmer or Bellarmine.

There is a curious coincidence in the conduct of George Mason and John Adams of their respective Bills of Rights relating to the subject of religion, and in the public results which flowed from that conduct. Mr. Mason reported, in his sixteenth article, toleration for all forms of religion, when Episcopacy was, so to speak, the state religion of Virginia. The youthful James Madison, then making the first step in a brilliant and beneficent career, contested the language, and obtained an amendment predicated on the natural right of all men to the free exercise of religion, excluding the idea of toleration. This action resulted in the speedy legislation which put an end to the advantage of any one sect of Christians over another, and left the whole domain of religious thought in Virginia without a trace of compulsion or restraint. Mr. Adams assented to a compulsory support of religious worship, reported in the third article of our Declaration, when Congregationalism was, so to speak, the state religion of Massachusetts, though he disclaimed personal responsibility for the article; and this article, subsequently made even more narrow and stringent by the convention, enforced a religious compulsion upon the people of Massachusetts which it took half a century afterwards to repeal.

Following the Declaration of Rights came the plan or frame of government. On this field Mr. Adams had the opportunity to apply, in clear and enduring formulary, his matured conceptions of a government fit for a free republic, which he summarized in the provision for three organs of governing power, a legislature, an executive, and a judiciary. Five years earlier, in his conferences with public men at Philadelphia, he had met with a quite common preference for

one sole legislative assembly, which should absorb all functions of government, itself legislating and itself also selecting the executive and judicial agencies. This principle was adopted by Pennsylvania in its constitution of 1776, which remained in force till 1790, after the Constitution of the United States had been ratified; and a similar form of government was created by Georgia in 1777 and continued until 1789. Though no other of the thirteen States accepted this theory, it has been made evident that in 1775 and 1776 it had a strong support in high quarters. Dr. Franklin favored it, and according to the authority of Mr. Adams, his colleagues, Cushing, Paine, and Samuel Adams, favored it, though no evidence appears that they adhered to such opinion when called to act in the Convention of 1780. He distinctly states that when the subject of recommending the setting up of state governments was before Congress in 1775, it seemed to him most natural for that body to agree upon a form of state government and send it out to all the States for their adoption; but, he says, "I dared not make such a motion because I knew that every one of my friends, and all of those who were most zealous for assuming governments, had at that time no idea of any other government but a contemptible legislature in one assembly, with committees for executive magistrates and judges." This was very properly termed an unbalanced government, and such a theory, whether fresh from France or acclimated here, he opposed with great vigor in his reply to the disquisitions of M. Turgot. He would set up the three-bulwarks of the English Constitution, king, lords, and commons, modified in the form of governor, assembly, and senate, adding an isolated and absolutely independent judiciary, without the British imperfection which then made the upper house a depositary of judicial appeal. As far back as January, 1776, five months before the action of Virginia, six months before the action of Pennsylvania, and before any one of the colonies had taken up the subject for deliberation, when invited by the colonial legislature of North Carolina to

give them his views on government, he unfolded his system in a letter to John Penn in language which he afterwards repeated in framing the Constitution of Massachusetts; the same separation of the executive from the legislature, the same balance of dual legislative houses, the same great barriers thrown up around the judiciary. The legal literature of this country does not furnish a more impressive statement of the necessity of an elevated judicial organ in the government, of the method for obtaining it, and of the guards which should surround and protect it, than the following passage which I quote at length from this letter as a motto for the people of the State in all time to come:—

“The stability of government, in all its branches, the morals of the people, and every other blessing of society and social institutions, depend so much upon an able and impartial administration of justice, that the judicial power should be separated from the legislative and executive, and independent upon both; the judges should be men of experience in the laws, of exemplary morals, invincible patience, unruffled calmness, and indefatigable application; their minds should not be distracted with complicated, jarring interests; they should not be dependent on any man or body of men; they should lean to none, be subservient to none, nor more complaisant to one than another. To this end, they should hold estates for life in their offices; or, in other words, their commissions should be during good behavior, and their salaries ascertained and established by law.”

It is not singular that North Carolina, to which State these sentiments were addressed, in its first constitution, in 1776, ordered the appointment of its higher judges to be made during good behavior, and that this provision continued undisturbed through ninety-two years, down to the Convention of 1868, which convened under a call issued by a major-general of the army of the United States. It is not singular that these sentiments were accepted in a similar provision of the first constitutions of nine of the eleven States which framed new governments, though many of

them have since taken a wide departure from the principle. And least of all is it singular that the same sentiments were registered in the organic law of our own Commonwealth, which has enjoyed the fruitage of them through a whole century. The philosophy of the master was first directed to this subject when the British Parliament provided that the salaries of the colonial judges of Massachusetts might be paid by the king, and he then aroused the attention of the colony to scent the first approach of encroachment upon the independence of the judiciary.

The framework of the Constitution as it came from the hands of the committee of thirty underwent but few changes in the substance. Mr. Adams advocated investing the executive with the power of an absolute and unalterable negative upon the laws, which was changed to a qualified veto by the convention. Of the eleven State constitutions originally adopted, Massachusetts alone accepted this doctrine in its modern form; New York lodging the power in a joint council of the Governor, Chancellor, and two Supreme Judges, South Carolina sanctioning it for but two years, while all the other States refused admittance to the principle. Mr. Adams, having been called away from the convention upon his mission abroad, was not in attendance when his form of absolute executive power of veto was changed to the qualified form, but he wrote from Amsterdam on the 2d of October, 1780, that the Massachusetts Constitution, then publishing in the public papers of Europe, was received with general favor, and that this particular provision met with European approval and received also his own assent. The same measure of the veto power was afterwards incorporated into the Constitution of the United States, and though its exercise in periods of party excitement has been frequently assailed, and the principle itself has been threatened with repeal, it has made its way into most of the State governments and may now be regarded as a part of the American system. Whilst this State was almost alone in its original adoption, the example has

been followed by other States, until now only three of the old thirteen are without it, and of the whole number of States thirty have incorporated it in their governments, leaving but eight that disown it. For illustrating the desire of our ancestors for a government clothing the governor with full and independent powers, I may mention that in many of the towns the people voted against accepting those sections which seemed to them deficient in the strong executive prerogatives necessary for the time. The appointment of militia officers, lodged by the committee's report in the executive, was by the convention changed to election by the companies or otherwise, and though deemed an important change by the author this has caused no trouble in practical operation. The material alterations from the committee's report were so few and inconsiderable that I will not follow out the topic.

In filling up the outline of the framework to attain the comprehensive purpose of three grand, distinctive, and co-ordinate organs of governing sovereignty, balancing and checking each other, yet protecting and serving each other, the analogies of the English system and the colonial customs and laws of a century and a half were retained and modified by the access of new ideas. The king, the Lords and Commons, became our Governor, Senate, and House of Representatives, modified by our situation, but not essentially changed in elementary principles. Great Britain has been termed a republic with a permanent executive, of which last feature our system was left clear by universal consent. The British judicial life-tenure and the removal of judges by address were retained as they had come from William and Mary. The confusion of legislative, executive, and judicial functions involved in the Lord Chancellor being a politician of the Cabinet, and in the Lords being a court of appeal, were wisely rejected from our system; the Governor's Council bore analogy to the Privy Council of England, but was freed at once from the incompatibilities which

had grown up under the charter by which executive and legislative prerogatives were illogically mingled; the expression of all legislative power under the term of "the General Court" was old as Winthrop's administration under the charter; the choice of a House of Representatives was prescriptive from the earliest days of the colony in 1632, when the levy of taxes by the magistrates led to resistance; the Senate came from the ancient Assistants, being now stripped of executive and judicial authority; the check of the two houses upon each other dates backward to the civil strife which arose from the impounding of the colonial stray; the right of town representation in the Assembly had its origin in that early time when but eight towns lay about Boston, as a crescent filling with the destiny of the future Commonwealth; the two sessions of the General Court were descended from the year 1636; the requirement of local residence of the Representative came of the conduct of some recusant Bostonians who, in Phipps's government in 1694, held seats for country towns, after the manner of the British Parliament, to be rid of whom the Governor's party passed the Resident Act, now become the general practice of America; the restriction of suffrage was an English and colonial inheritance; compulsory taxation for compulsory religious worship lingered longest and last of the relics of the Puritan period, in which the idea of a perfect church and the idea of a perfect commonwealth were inseparable. I will not pursue the thought of the sources of derivative supply to the Constitution, since I shall have to touch upon some of them in speaking of the changes which the century has made in this venerable instrument; but one subject, to which was assigned pre-eminent importance, cannot be passed over by any citizen who seeks to find in government one of the chief fountains of public virtue and stability.

The second section of chapter fifth, relating to "the encouragement of literature," etc., is a distinguishing feature of the Massachusetts Constitution. The earlier provisions

in the governments of other States for education were meagre and unworthy. In most of them there was no injunction whatever relating to this subject, and in the few which noticed the matter at all, with a single exception, the only inculcation of the kind was degraded by the remarkable precaution of requiring "instruction of youth at low prices," a phrase used in at least three of these constitutions. The treatment given by the following section to this duty of government raises the subject to a plane of elevation fitly occupied by a State which established a university and a system of public schools in the infancy of its settlement. It has stood through a century without the change of a syllable, and it deserves to be cited at length at this starting-point of the second century under the Constitution :—

"Wisdom and knowledge, as well as virtue, diffused generally among the body of the people, being necessary for the preservation of their rights and liberties, and as these depend on spreading the opportunities and advantages of education in the various parts of the country, and among the different orders of the people, it shall be the duty of legislators and magistrates, in all future periods of this Commonwealth, to cherish the interests of literature and the sciences, and all seminaries of them; especially the University at Cambridge, public schools and grammar schools in the towns; to encourage private societies and public institutions, rewards and immunities for the promotion of agriculture, arts, sciences, commerce, trades, manufactures, and a natural history of the country; to countenance and inculcate the principles of humanity and general benevolence, public and private charity, industry and frugality, honesty and punctuality in their dealings, sincerity, good humor, and all social affections and generous sentiments among the people."

The incorporation into the Constitution of this concise and unique summary of the higher obligations of government covering the whole domain of general and special education, of ethical and social sentiment, of all the humanities and benignities necessary to the best attainable social

condition, was many steps in advance of every constitutional provision hitherto known, and was original and without a precedent. This episode in constitutional precepts at once made a deep impression upon the public mind. In their answer to the first message of Governor Hancock the two houses of the Legislature quoted largely from this now celebrated section, and gave assurance, for themselves and their successors, of a faithful practice of the precepts. I need not say how truly legislation has followed this organic instruction, in grants from the public domain and from the treasury to colleges, academies, and the free schools through three generations; in developing the capacity of the soil; in building up a system of public charities and reformatories of which the outlines for models are visited from afar; nor can I fail in my observation to trace back to this source of inspiration somewhat of the endurance, patience, and encouragement which has sustained a Howe, a Mann, a Sears, all our high workmen and benefactors in the interests of philanthropy and education. The unfolding of that narrative would be too large for the present occasion. Mr. Charles Francis Adams, in his fourth volume of the works of his ancestor, has made public the curious private history of this epitome of the moral duties of government. The author was in Europe when this section was voted on by the convention, and he felt apprehensive lest the injunction to cultivate "good humor" among the people might be struck out by the delegates. It happened singularly enough that this section was copied into the Constitution of New Hampshire, adopted in 1784, and again in its frame of government of 1792, where it now stands, in each instance with the "good humor" left out. The author was also solicitous lest the "natural history" might be rejected by the convention. His own amusing account of the origin of this phrase of constitutional duty, traceable to the interest he took in a certain collection of American birds and insects he visited at Norwalk, Connecticut, on his journeys to and

from the Continental Congress, and afterwards in similar collections in Paris, rises to the height of forecast and prophecy when considered with the illustrations of our subsequent history. The collection at Norwalk was suggestive of results which he probably then little apprehended, for in carrying out this provision of the Constitution Massachusetts has passed beyond all other American States in developing this department of "natural history." To illustrate this I need only mention, among the works published under authority of the Legislature, the reports on the fishes, reptiles, and birds of Massachusetts, the first two written by Dr. Storer, and the last by W. B. O. Peabody; the reports on our herbaceous plants and quadrupeds, the former by Chester Dewey, the latter by Ebenezer Emmons; the report on insects injurious to vegetation, by Dr. Harris; the report on our invertebrata, by Gould and Binney; the great work of geological survey, by Hitchcock; a report on the trees and shrubs natural to our forests, by George B. Emerson; the munificent endowments by the State of the Society of Natural History and the Institute of Technology; and last, but by no means least, its generous contribution to the broad foundation and subsequent support of the Museum of Comparative Zoölogy at Cambridge, in which the Commonwealth may be said to have entered into partnership of fame with the illustrious scientist whose name will forever be associated with the institution.

On the 2d of March, 1780, the finishing touches having been put to the Constitution, it was finally adopted by the convention and ordered to be submitted to the people for their judgment, and the delegates adjourned to meet in the Brattle Street Meeting-house on the 7th of June, to ascertain and declare the result. Although the instrument made the suffrage dependent on a property qualification in the future elections of State officers, yet it had been provided that in the vote upon the adoption of the Constitution itself all free male inhabitants, twenty-

one years old, might cast their ballot. Upon re-assembling and counting the votes upon all the propositions the delegates declared the entire Constitution to have been adopted. The form of government of Massachusetts under which its present population, rapidly nearing two million souls, enjoy a degree of comfort and contentment not surpassed by the same number elsewhere on the globe, was "ordained by the people,"—using the language of John Quincy Adams,— "that is to say, by more than two thirds of about fifteen thousand persons who voted upon it, out of a population of three hundred and fifty thousand, or one vote for every thirty-five souls." On the 25th day of October, the first elected chief magistrate, Governor Hancock, took the oath of office in the presence of the two houses of the Legislature in the Old State House, proclamation being made from the balcony by the Secretary and repeated by the Sheriff of Suffolk; and we are assured that "joy was diffused through the countenances of the citizens," that three companies paraded State Street, that volleys were fired, and salvos of cannon from the castle and Fort Hill and on board the shipping in the harbor. At the services which followed in the "Old Brick Meeting-house" Dr. Cooper preached a sermon from Jeremiah: "And their congregation shall be established before me; and their nobles shall be of themselves; and their governor shall proceed from the midst of them." After which the executive and the members of the two houses were escorted to Faneuil Hall, in which a feast with thirteen toasts completed the simple and frugal ceremonies of inaugurating a new government and a new age for the Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

During the century which has since elapsed the three branches of the government and the people themselves have in the main acted in good faith towards their form of government; and the steadiness and intelligence which have marked these mutual relations reflect equal honor upon the wise provisions of the Constitution and upon the character of the

Commonwealth, which has thus far measured to it the whole duration of its civil life. There has been no appreciable abandoning or dropping below the criterion established by the founders; and now entering the second century it is permitted us to say that the original spirit of the Declaration and framework has constantly inspired the three practical functions of its legislation, interpretation, and execution. Very early after this government went into operation an occasion arose to test the fidelity of its administration to the Declaration of Rights. Under the supreme clause of the first article of the Bill of Rights slavery was abolished on the first opportunity. There has been at different times much inquiry in relation to the share this first article bore in the decision of the case in Worcester County which, in 1783, put an end to slavery in this Commonwealth. On the one side it has been said that the words "all men are born free and equal" were one of the phrases of the period, having no more relation to slavery in Massachusetts than the same language bore to slavery in Virginia, whose Bill of Rights first introduced it there. And singularly it occurs that this hypothesis receives support from a letter upon the subject of slavery, written by John Adams himself to Dr. Belknap, March 21, 1795, recently published in the Belknap Papers by the Historical Society, in which the father of the Constitution says of slavery, "It is a subject to which I have never given any particular attention." There being no judicial reports of the time in which the Worcester case was decided, the question has been held to some extent open as to the direct and tactical bearing this first article may have had upon that decision. Chief Justice Parsons, himself a member of the Constitutional Convention, declared, in 1808, that "in the first action involving the right of the master, which came before the Supreme Court after the establishment of the Constitution, the judges declared that by virtue of the first article of the Declaration of Rights slavery in this State was no more." Chief Justice Shaw, in a subsequent case, seemed to doubt how far the

adoption of the English opinion in Somerset's case, and the first article of our Declaration, may have respectively shared in the decision referred to. But I think great weight is due to the suggestion of the present learned Chief Justice Gray, contained in a paper recently presented to the Historical Society, reminding us that Chief Justice Cushing and Associate Justices Sargeant, Sewall, Sullivan and Sumner, sitting in the case, and Lincoln and Strong of counsel, and Paine for the government, were all members of the Convention of 1780, which adopted, and all but three members of the committee of thirty which reported, this article. It appears to me, therefore, that however difficult it may be to determine how far the intention of the framers of the article related to this particular question, the weight of reason and authority is decisively in favor of the conclusion that the judges decreed the abolition of slavery in Massachusetts as one of the effects of the Bill of Rights. Judicial interpretation of the constitutional effect of an article must be final, though the field is never closed to archæological curiosity as to the intention of its framers. And whilst the court may have justly given to this article an interpretation lying beyond the thought of its framers, so it is still competent for the curious searcher to maintain with Dr. Belknap that it was public opinion which abolished slavery in Massachusetts.

The sense of constitutional responsibility of administration was soon brought under the most severe ordeal of our history in the Shays Rebellion, which occurred in 1786 and 1787. Both the beginning and the suppression of this memorable revolt may, in one sense, be ascribed to the lofty integrity of the early magistrates, and their resolve to hold the government and the people in full accord with the standard of the framers. The discontent which ended in arms grew up out of the exhaustion of finance and hope, public and private, and out of the vast debt, State and national, which were consequent upon the war; and it combined all those elements of popular sympathy which spring from a depreciated currency,

from widespread poverty and despair. It has seemed to me quite likely that a timid, hesitating policy on the part of the administration, a little lowering of the constitutional tone, a little yielding and weakness and false promise, might have put off perhaps indefinitely the shock. But the wise constitutionalists of that day saw that weakness in such a crisis would lead to fatal degeneracy. At a time when depression was at its worst, in 1785, Governor Bowdoin, who had presided over the Constitutional Convention and borne a responsible share in its great work, on taking the chair of state uttered no uncertain sound, but insisted upon such measures of taxation as should maintain unimpaired the public credit. In his address upon the life of this magistrate Mr. Winthrop has not too strongly illustrated the service he rendered by impressing on the Legislature and the people the benefits of keeping faith with the Constitution by practising the highest public morals in the darkest period. The same spirit spread to the other functionaries of administration. There is no passage in the annals of the State more dramatic and sublime than those which have recorded the firmness of the judges in that time of threatened anarchy, in which a Justice, who had served with honor under a high commission in the war of the nation, now crowned that distinction by upholding the Constitution and laws in the presence of armed insurgents. After the interval of nearly a century it behoves us to recall with gratitude the conduct of these men in giving to the first operations of the government a character which has not been lost in the lapse of years. Their determination, their tone and temper, passed into the next era ; and, though they personally suffered from temporary disparagement and obloquy, the force of their example survived to the next generation and even to our own time. The Commonwealth which under Bowdoin in 1786-87, in behalf of a public credit which should be perpetual, was reduced to the necessity of borrowing money of citizens of Boston to enable it to defend the Constitution against open insurrection, afterwards still

proved its steadfastness to that early lesson, when, seventy-seven years later, in the midst of flagrant national war, it paid its principal and interest in gold, whilst depreciation reigned in many other quarters supreme. The example of good faith to the Constitution, taught by the fathers of the government, has survived the century.

The Convention of 1780 provided that after the expiration of fifteen years, in 1795, it should be submitted to the people to say whether they desired to call another convention for revising the form of government, and that if two thirds of those voting on the question should respond in the affirmative, such convention should be chosen and convened. Acting in conformity to this provision, the people decided in 1795 against the proposition, and through a period of forty years from its establishment the Constitution remained without any alteration and without any provision for its future revision. In 1820, by reason of the district of Maine having been set off as an independent State, a constitutional convention was duly ordered by the Legislature and the people, and assembled at the State House on the 15th of November. This was one of the most celebrated bodies of men which has ever assembled in this Commonwealth, alike for the standing of the delegates and the ability and decorum of the debates. The list of its members comprised such names as John Adams and Daniel Webster, Story and Parker, Shaw and Wilde, Lincoln and Hoar, Jackson and Prescott, Quincy and Blake, Savage and Hubbard, Saltonstall and Hale, and many others then or afterwards eminent in the State and nation. The journal of this convention is among the things lost, and the Commonwealth will ever be indebted to Mr. Nathan Hale for a complete record of its proceedings and discussions, made up at the time, comprised in a volume of nearly seven hundred pages of inestimable value. Mr. Adams was chosen president, but in consequence of the infirmities of age, he being then in his eighty-sixth year, he declined the position, and Chief Justice Parker

was elected to the office. This convention continued in session until the 9th of January. In perusing the report of these remarkable discussions one can scarcely fail to observe, that if supremacy or superiority should be assigned to any one among so many civil masters, the convention itself appears from time to time to have set that distinction upon Mr. Webster. He was then thirty-eight years old, and then for the first time he came foremost to the front in Massachusetts. It was during the sessions of this body that he pronounced his address at Plymouth which placed him before all others for a kind of eloquence which bears within itself the assurance of durability. One other convention assembled in 1853 to consider amendments of the Constitution, of which the proceedings and discussions were reported in three immense volumes; but as the result of its deliberations was altogether rejected by the people it does not come properly under the survey of this paper. Any careful reader of the debates of these two public bodies of 1820 and 1853 will readily perceive that in the former it appears to have been difficult to induce the members to accept any change in the organic law, whilst in the latter it appears to have been difficult to prevent the acceptance of any alteration. The one deliberated at a time in which no party strife existed, whilst the other was itself in some degree the out-growth of party strife, and its deliberations reflected strongly the party politics of the day.

In the last sixty years twenty-seven amendments have been incorporated into the Constitution, many of which may be grouped together in this paper for simplicity and brevity of statement. Several of these require only mention without comment. Such are the following, numbering them in the order of their adoption: First, a bill or resolve, if not signed by the Governor nor returned with his veto, is not to become a law if the Legislature adjourn within five days after the same has been laid before him; second, the Legislature is empowered to constitute city governments in towns

having twelve thousand inhabitants ; fourth, the appointment of notaries public is transferred from the Legislature to the Governor ; fifth, minors enrolled in the militia are clothed with the right to vote in election of company officers ; eighth, certain officers of the State and of the United States are excluded from executive and legislative office in this Commonwealth ; twenty-seventh, instructors of Harvard College are made eligible to the Legislature ; the twenty-third, limiting the enfranchisement of certain naturalized persons of foreign birth, is annulled by the twenty-sixth. These eight articles have failed to impress the public mind as much affecting any grave principles of the government. Articles sixth and seventh greatly reduce and simplify the oath of allegiance formerly taken by civil and military officers of the State, and rescind the declaration originally required of the executive and legislative officers of their belief in the Christian religion. The remaining articles of amendment bear a more important and appreciable relation to the original frame of the Constitution.

The third amendment, framed by the Convention of 1820, and the twentieth, adopted in 1857, made a radical change in the qualifications for voting at elections. The original Constitution required on the part of the voter a freehold estate within the Commonwealth of the annual income of three pounds, or any estate of the value of sixty pounds. This restriction of the suffrage to the possession of property was in some measure an inheritance of the people of this country, though greatly reduced from the extent prevailing in England, and in their original constitutions I believe all the States except three had similar requirements of freehold or other property. This limitation continued in Massachusetts forty years, and in the social condition of that period it worked no especial hardship. There was here a yeomanry at that time, and a spirit of simplicity and contentment. But the change of industries and activities incident to the advance of a more commercial age made the restriction difficult of application, and it

was stated in the Convention of 1820 that it had in practice become to some extent a farce and a mockery not conducive to public honesty. Accordingly, in conformity to the whole drift of our time, suffrage was thrown open to all male inhabitants of twenty-one years, by whom or for whom a State or county tax has been paid within two years in the State, having resided in the State one year and in the town six months, paupers and persons under guardianship excepted. The other change in the qualification for voting was made by the twentieth amendment, in 1859, which excludes from the right of suffrage and of election to office every person who is not able to read the Constitution of the State in the English language and to write his name. Thus it was the purpose of the one amendment to enlarge suffrage as to the possession of property qualification, and of the other amendment to bring it under a new restriction as to the possession of intelligence. This last article has now been in existence more than twenty years, and whatever doubts may be entertained on account of its limited and artificial method of application, it seems to be regarded as the settled policy of the State.

These restrictions of the right of suffrage are frequently criticised in party discussions in the Congress of the United States, but rarely with an intelligent understanding of their limited effects in practice, and still more rarely in a spirit of justice towards the motive and purpose which induced their adoption. But more strange still are the strictures sometimes published by theoretical writers here at home in relation to the great reduction which has been made in the property qualification. It has been spoken of by pessimist writers as equivalent to universal suffrage, and our system of popular elections under this rule has been pronounced a failure. And this is said in Massachusetts at a time in which no man of observation and candor can fail to perceive that from its legislation and from its judicature the spirit of intelligent reform and progress, of equity and justice, of liberty regulated

by law and law tempered by liberty, is reflected in at least as clear and broad light as at any former period; at a time in which, as we believe, all the characteristics of an advanced civilized state, so happily grouped in John Adams's memorable Fifth Chapter of 1780, are here more generally and securely enjoyed than in any other quarter.

There is a group of ten articles of amendment, adopted by the people at different times, of which some were afterwards annulled by the adoption of others, all of which may be briefly stated by their subjects, which are nearly related. These articles are the tenth, twelfth, thirteenth, fifteenth, sixteenth, seventeenth, twenty-first, twenty-second, twenty-fourth, and twenty-fifth, and it is only necessary to state the effect of them. 1. They have changed the political year from May to January, and have established one annual session of the Legislature instead of two, and have transferred the time of the State election to the month of November. 2. They have fixed the number of councillors as eight, and have constituted the same number of districts in which these officers are severally to be chosen by the people from their own number. 3. The number of senators has been established as forty, and the Commonwealth is divided up into the same number of senatorial districts, determined by the number of legal voters, who shall respectively elect from their own number the forty senators, thus doing away with the former apportionment to the counties as senatorial districts. By these alterations also have been swept away the original restriction of election as senator to persons having a freehold of three hundred pounds, or personal estate of six hundred pounds in value, and the restriction of eligibility to the House of Representatives to persons having a freehold of one hundred pounds, or ratable estate of two hundred pounds. And furthermore, under these amendments, the old provision of property basis for the Senate, that is to say, of apportioning to the senatorial districts their respective number of senators according to the proportion of public taxes paid by said districts respectively, disappeared

in 1840. The original provision, placing the Senate basis on property, was debated in the Convention of 1820, with perhaps greater vigor and eloquence than any other question, the late Governor Lincoln being in the lead of the champions on the side of the popular right, and Mr. Webster defending the property side by most elaborate reasoning, aided by Judge Story in mingled argument and declamation, and by many others who shared in the discussion. The old-time reasoning, that the Senate was the citadel of property and the House of popular rights, was worked and almost overworked in the discussion, and prevailed with the delegates. Strangely enough, this debate, which was perhaps the ablest of all the debates in that convention of men so eminent, could not now easily be made palpable to the appreciation of a tenth part of the three hundred thousand voters in the Commonwealth, and was so far forgotten, only twenty years afterwards, that an amendment basing the apportionment of senators upon the simple number of citizens qualified to vote, was accepted by the people as one of the ripe fruits of modern experience. The only State whose constitution contained this, or any similar provision, was New Hampshire, in which, unless annulled within the last four years, it still remains unchanged; but to what extent it is carried out in practice, a stranger may not be presumed to know. 4. These articles have, one after another, entirely altered the number and apportionment of representatives to the General Court; and the last article, adopted in 1857, has reduced the House of Representatives to two hundred and forty members, and has provided for the apportionment in representative districts, abolishing the system of town or corporation representation, which had existed two hundred and twenty years. No other question in our annals has been so frequently and fully discussed as this, and the debates upon it, if compiled, would fill many ponderous volumes. Representation by towns was one of the earliest things established in the first days of the colony, and as far back as 1641 this right was registered as the sixty-

second fundamental in the constitutional code of the Body of Liberties. The history of the subject illustrates the cumulative force of custom, and the difficulty of overcoming traditional practice, even after it has become incongruous and impracticable. If, in the days of Winthrop's administration, any other than the town system of representation had been fixed upon, it may be presumed there might have been a less strenuous adherence to it; but the long enjoyment of the right by the several small and homogeneous communities in the townships endeared it to them as a thing almost sacred. The customs, the *consuetudines*, of the Anglo-Saxon race have for six centuries been among the things least susceptible of change. The method of election by districts, which has now been in use for twenty-four years, may be deemed one of those steps of reform which are rarely reversed, and it is in accord with the principle adopted by all of the States of this Union, except the five other States of New England, which still adhere substantially to the traditions of the period of the early settlements. 6. By the same group of amendments the Secretary, Treasurer, Auditor, and Attorney-General, usually termed executive officers on the ticket with the Governor and Lieutenant-Governor, are made annually elective by the whole people from their own number.

By the fourteenth amendment, 1855, in the election of all civil officers of the State, provided for by the Constitution, the rule of plurality of votes has taken the place of that of a majority. The general decree, not merely of acquiescence, but of satisfaction, which has been manifested for twenty-five years under the operation of this provision, adds another to the hundreds of illustrations of the general truth, that whenever in administering government two systems are in question, both artificial or arbitrary as to any fundamental principle, prejudice of attachment to an ancient practice must give way to the convenience of modern communities.

The eighteenth amendment, 1855, has made it a part of the

organic law of the State, that all moneys raised by taxation in the towns and cities, or appropriated by the Legislature, for the support of public schools, shall be applied only to schools which are under the superintendence of the constituted municipal authorities, and shall never be appropriated to schools maintained by any religious sect. I have not observed that this provision has as yet been adopted by any other State. Its acceptance by the people of Massachusetts, twenty-five years ago, has given a conclusion in advance to questions of which the agitation has since threatened to spring up out of tendencies which have rapidly made headway toward the establishment of parochial and denominational schools. The authorship of this article belongs to the late Chief Justice Joel Parker, who was its mover and foremost advocate, aided by the late Vice-President Wilson, in the Convention of 1853; and although it was rejected by the people, in that year, as an integral part of the general body of amendments which were framed amid the excitement of party politics, it was promptly taken up by the next Legislature and easily passed through all the constitutional stages.

The nineteenth article of amendment, 1855, has transferred from the chief executive of the Commonwealth to the people of the counties and districts, the selection of sheriffs, probate registers, clerks of the courts, and district attorneys, annulling a principle which had been in existence since the foundation of the Government. The same thing was attempted in the Convention of 1820, and was summarily voted down. The sound and solid reasons against this proposition are too obvious, and have been too frequently elucidated in discussion, to warrant their present repetition. The history of its adoption is the history of the mingling of a constitutional question of enduring importance with an ephemeral question of party expediency. It had been carried through the Constitutional Convention of 1853 by one political party, and after its rejection by the

people it was taken up by another party on its return to power, and adopted as one of the conditions of appeasing its opponents and of its own continuance in power. It was an unseamanlike instance of throwing a tub to the whale, after the whale had disappeared in far water. It was a propitiatory offering by a noble party in the weakness of its last days, sacrificing an elemental principle of the Constitution, but bringing not even the expected advantage to its authors; for in the same year the party itself took its departure from American politics. I have heard judges say—judges, the mention of whose names awakens respect and confidence over the Commonwealth—that the practice under this new system has indicated a degeneracy from the better condition under the old system. Attempts have since been made to restore the ancient constitutional method, and may it not be hoped the people of Massachusetts will yet return to it?

The eleventh amendment is that of the third article of the Bill of Rights, the only instance in which those Rights have been touched by the hand of change in the entire century. The original third article is the only one in the Declaration of which John Adams was not the author, but he had the credit of it, at least to some extent, in other parts of the United States. In the recently published Warren letters, already mentioned, written in 1807, he himself gives a curious account of an interview with him, sought by the pastor of a German church in a town of Pennsylvania, while on his last journey to Washington, pending his second candidacy for the presidency; during which the minister made known that there was a general belief in that section that Mr. Adams had influence enough in making the Massachusetts Constitution to establish here the Presbyterian (Congregational) religion and make all other sects of Christians pay taxes for the support of it; and Mr. Adams states that this report "had an immense effect" among many religious sects, "and turned them in such numbers as decided the [fourth presidential] election." This memorable

third article was so unlike anything contained in the constitutions of most of the other States, and so strongly in contrast with the aim and scope of religious thought after the Revolution, that it awakened general attention and criticism outside of New England. The precise posture, both towards the past and future, of public opinion on this question within this Commonwealth, was justly stated in a letter of Dr. Franklin, written to Richard Price in October, 1780, immediately after the ratification of this instrument:—

“Though the people of Massachusetts have not in their new Constitution kept quite clear of religious tests, yet, if we consider what that people were a hundred years ago, we must allow they have gone great lengths in liberality of sentiment on religious subjects; and we may look for greater degrees of perfection, when their Constitution, some years hence, shall be revised.”

A similar forecast of subsequent experience was made on the other side of the ocean by Dr. Paley. My attention to the following passage from his “Political Philosophy,” published in 1785, has been drawn by the very instructive discourse upon the Centenary of the Constitution, delivered in January, 1880, by the Rev. Dr. Edward E. Hale:—

“The only plan which seems to render the legal maintenance of a clergy practicable, without the legal preference of one sect of Christians to others, is that of an experiment which is said to be attempted or designed in some of the new states of North America. In this scheme it is not left to the option of the subject whether he will contribute, or how much he shall contribute, to the maintenance of a Christian ministry; it is only referred to his choice to determine by what sect his contribution shall be received. . . . The above arrangement is undoubtedly the best that has been proposed upon this principle: it bears the appearance of liberality and justice; it may contain some solid advantages; nevertheless, it labors under inconveniences which will be found, I think, upon trial, to overbalance all its recommendations.”

This article made it the right and the duty of the Legisla-

ture to require of the people support of public worship and of religious teachers by compulsory taxation, and to enjoin attendance on Divine worship. The address of the Convention of 1780, recommending to the people the result of its labors, which has been said to have been written by Samuel Adams, states that this article was passed with more than common unanimity; but a large vote was returned against it, and, pending the question of the ratification, it encountered the general opposition of the citizens of Boston, who assembled in Faneuil Hall and adopted hostile resolutions with almost unanimous consent. The proposition was the natural product of the blending of the civil and ecclesiastical functions of the State under the Puritan *régime* in the formative period. As early as 1638, a law subjecting to "assessment and distress" all who should not voluntarily support the ordinances in the churches; a similar act in 1654, when the colony had become large; in 1693, when under the new charter there were upwards of eighty churches, an act requiring every town to support a Congregational minister, and assessing therefor all inhabitants of whatever society relations;—these may be singled out among the many instances of the stern policy which continued, at times somewhat relaxing, into the latter half of the last century. The reactionary sentiment relating to this subject, which sprung up about the time of the Revolution, was not sufficient to prevent the adoption of the third article; but large and increasing numbers became at once restive under its operation. The opposition to it afterwards grew more intensive by reason of great changes in the number and mutual relations of Christian sects and parishes, to which judicial decisions added further elements of public dissatisfaction. The Convention of 1820 contended with these difficulties through long and grave deliberations, and after exhaustive discussion proposed a modification, which proved unsatisfactory to the people and failed of ratification. The agitation of the question was resumed and continued until

the year 1833, when the present amendment was adopted. Of the many legislative reports upon the subject, the last was made in the Senate by Mr. Samuel Hoar, in 1833, who stated that, "as the alteration would liberate the citizens from liability to compulsory taxation for the support of public worship, in the existing state of the ecclesiastical societies in the Commonwealth," it was expedient it should pass. The experience of almost fifty years under the change has been accompanied by general content with its provisions; and all that now remains of the famous third article, upon which volumes have been written and spoken, is comprised in the three simple propositions, (1) religious equality to all denominations, (2) the right of every religious society to raise money for its expenses, and (3) the right of every person to be exempt from sharing in the expense unless he voluntarily enrolls himself as a member. The prediction of Dr. Franklin has been fulfilled, and the principle of absolute religious liberty, sometimes called the freedom of the mind, sometimes called "soul liberty," traced by some to the philosophy of Descartes, adopted as a political policy by Roger Williams in Rhode Island before Descartes had published any philosophy, has now been a part of the Constitution of Massachusetts nearly half a century.

The only amendment which remains to be mentioned is the ninth, which I deem most valuable of all. After 1795, and prior to 1820, there was no provision in the Constitution for its revisal. The convention of that year, on the report of Mr. Webster, adopted this article, which provides that any amendment approved by a majority of the Senators and two thirds of the Representatives voting upon it in two successive years, and then being ratified by a majority of the people voting on it, shall become a part of the Constitution. And this article was ratified by the people, although it appears that they were so adverse to opening any door for alterations of the organic structure of their government, that nearly one third of all the votes cast were

given against even this well-guarded provision. It was the object of the convention, in providing this method for possible changes in the Constitution, to forestall any necessity for calling conventions, and to discourage a practice, since not uncommon in some of the States, of educating the people in the exercise of constitution-making. The admirable success of this provision is shown by the fact that, of the whole number of amendments made in the last sixty years, all but the nine which were initiated by the Convention of 1820, that is to say, eighteen of the twenty-seven, have come to us in the manner thus provided. The greater safety of this method over that of conventions made easy and frequent, is obvious to reason, and it received the signal approval of the people themselves in 1853, when they rejected the whole catalogue of amendments offered to them by the convention of that year, including six which only two years later they ratified when coming to them through the stages pointed out by the Convention of 1820. It may now be regarded the settled conviction of the people of Massachusetts that they prefer to obtain amendments of their government in the more slow, more calm, more conservative manner herein indicated. The Convention of 1853 offered to the citizens of the State a policy of such frequent conventions for constitutional revisal that now, after subsidence of the excitement of that day, it may fairly be pronounced unprecedented and grotesque. The folly of its proposed treatment of a supposed chronic distemper in the body politic, only from the dispensary of frequent and periodical constitutional conventions, was graphically exposed by Dr. J. G. Palfrey, in his clear and analytical address to the people. "Florence," said Dr. Palfrey, "before her frolics of this kind were brought to an end by the Grand Ducal despotism, had at one time, if I remember aright, five constitutions in ten years. It was not the way to a quiet life."

An analysis of the several amendments accepted in the last sixty years discloses that we live under the same sub-

stantive form of government which was established one hundred years ago. But five of all the amendments have introduced any new subject matter in the Constitution; all the rest of them have been modifications,—some of them repealing others; many of them susceptible of being grouped under a single head as affecting the machinery of the election of the executive and legislative officers; a portion of them merely formal; and only a small part of the whole number touching any elementary principle of the government. Since the establishment of this Constitution, the population of the Commonwealth has more than quintupled, and there has been more than a corresponding advance in its aggregated wealth, and in the diffusion of competence and comfort among its subjects. With rare exceptions, the generations have carried out in good faith the intent of the framers. Under the high and inspiring tone which they transfused into the Constitution there has been, there is now, constant advancement on every field of "literature and the sciences, of humanity and general benevolence, of public and private charity," of legislation, of judicial interpretation, and impartial administration of the laws. The later change of the homogeneousness of our population by the admixture of races imposes upon men of education and authority a constantly increasing duty to impress upon the people the value of this Constitution, and the importance of protecting it from every unnecessary alteration. And upon no body of men does this duty rest with higher responsibility than upon the Historical Societies of Massachusetts, in the archives of which the names and the fame of its authors are treasured and guarded.

There is no technical science of government, and there can be none. The history of free nations has illustrated the truth that governments are growths, springing from necessities and conveniences suggested by experience; and they approximate to the highest dictates of reason, according to the growth of communities in intelligence and virtue.

The principles essential for the groundwork of government for a free and virtuous commonwealth are few and elementary, and the world has never beheld them so well applied or so happily illustrated as in the governments of the States of this Union. Of all these States, I may be pardoned for selecting Massachusetts as a type for the sound principles embodied in the foundations, and for a steadfast adherence to them through a hundred years. And yet, how simple the essential parts of all this framework are, has been well stated by John Adams, the framer-in-chief:—

“Representations, instead of collections, of the people; a total separation of the executive from the legislative power, and of the judicial from both; and a balance in the legislature, by three independent, equal branches,—are perhaps the three only discoveries in the constitution of a free government, since the institution of Lycurgus. Even these have been so unfortunate that they have never spread: the first has been given up by all the nations, excepting one, who had once adopted it; and the other two, reduced to practice, if not invented, by the English nation, have never been imitated by any other except their own descendants in America.”

JAMES A. GARFIELD.

MEMORIAL OBSERVANCES IN THE CITY OF WORCESTER, SEPT. 26, 1881

MR. MAYOR AND FELLOW-CITIZENS :

I HAVE no words, I have no capacity for words, fitted to this occasion of distress and sympathy. The pall which hung suspended in mid-heaven well-nigh three months, has at length dropped and thrown its shadow over all. Never before, for a similar period of time, have the sensibilities of fifty millions of people, having in accord with them the hearts of all civilized countries, been so stirred each morning and evening by alternations of hope and despair,—by one common, universal emotion of sympathy for a national victim suffering with a heroism patient and sublime; by daily bulletins of scenes of domestic devotion and tenderness of rarest sweetness; by an all-pervading anxiety, which found then its only relief in a nation's prayers, which reaches now its natural termination when the sense of anxiety is supplanted by the sense of desolation. Such has been our intensified consciousness and experience for a period of three months. The drama is over. The strain which this prolonged and anxious suspense has laid upon our emotional nature has given way to the last tidings and to the last grief.

The President has passed from the scene of daily bulletins, and henceforth he is at rest. The memory of his life and character will be embalmed in our hearts by the memory of his sufferings and death. Never before, in the annals of the race, on so large a field of observation, have a whole people

been brought so closely and tenderly around the death-bed of their ruler. From the East and West, from the North and South, from the ever-memorable 2d of July to the memorable 19th of September, every American was brought by the electric cords into an intimate acquaintance with the President,—an acquaintance which has been enriched, endeared, and sanctified by the pathos of each succeeding day. He was struck down at the moment of starting on his first official excursion, designed that he might become better acquainted with the people of his care in New England; but they know him far better now than would have been possible from his passing through their villages, even with all his magnetic power in life. And what a scene for acquaintance that has been, which we have all, as it were, witnessed! His submission to the first shock, without repining; his serene acceptance of the slight hope which was held out to him for living; his calmness and fortitude through these eighty days, alternating with light and darkness; his thoughtfulness and inquiry for the public service amid the weariness and depression of his sinking condition; his affectionate intercourse from the couch of languishing with his family, his kindred, and his friends; his resolute determination to live for his country, if it might be possible, but readiness to depart, if such were the Divine will; his almost triumphant gazing upon the sea, “the emblem of eternity, the throne of the invisible,” with which his spirit fell into sweet and solemn harmony; his last evening upon earth, when in the presence of those most dear to him, and of the kindly refrain of the ocean, and of the constellations shining over him, his soul ascended above the constellations, attuned to the apostrophe of the pious Doddridge:—

“Ye stars are but the shining dust of my divine abode,
The pavement of the heavenly court where I shall reign with God.”

Ah, my friends, these scenes have made up a treasury for the memory, for the instruction, for the frequently recurring

sympathies and affections of the American people for many years to come. And so long as they shall continue to lament the blow which cut him down at the very opening of a brilliant national career, their affections and susceptibilities will group themselves around these scenes of mourning all the more tenderly because of the personal virtues which diffuse such fragrance over his untimely end.

But in this hour of our grief and depression let us take heart that, while the Lord removes the workman, he will carry on the work. As the late President himself observed, when, sixteen years ago, his martyr predecessor was in the same manner taken from us, it becomes us to remember that God reigns and the nation lives. Kings and Presidents die, but the State is immortal. Some of you have gazed at the window in the vast palace at Versailles, where, in former days, when the French monarchy lived, the state herald stepped out at the moment of the death of a king, proclaiming, "The King is dead; hail to the King." It was giving form and expression to the impressive truth that, while rulers are mortal, the nation is perpetual, under the protection of the Most High. I was impressed by a remark which was made by the late Lord Beaconsfield in the House of Commons, upon the occasion of the death of President Lincoln. He said that he had noticed that assassination had seldom affected the current of history. The remark is largely true, and is fraught with historical encouragement. The Lord in his wisdom permits the assassin to play his foul part; but it stops with one life, and he is not permitted to obstruct the august purposes of Providence in the affairs of the world. Gérard inflicted what seemed a mortal blow upon the hopes of the Low Countries in the assassination of William the Silent; but there was still left a Ruler above, and the people of those stricken states continued on in their struggle till they conquered independence of the Spanish King and deliverance from the Spanish inquisition. Ravaillac gave a terrible shock to the spirit of the French people by the murder of

Henry the Fourth; but the irresistible wheels of Providence continued to revolve propitiously over progressive and beautiful France. And, at a most critical stage of our own history, Booth startled the human race from its confidence by the death of Lincoln; but the American people took affairs into their own hands, and reconstructed and reconsolidated what, by common consent, is now the foremost nation of the world. This same instruction is repeated by the present calamity. It is among the inscrutable and mysterious dealings of Divine Providence that our chief magistrate, so noble by the temper of his mind and heart, so invested with promise to this country by his broad experience and attainments, so certain to become an exemplar for any future age by his purity of character, should have been allowed to fall by the hand of the assassin. But the mystery goes no farther; and it has been assured to us, by the manifestations of God in history, that the consequences of the crime cannot reach the life of the Government. No,—let us not be afraid of any disturbance of the American Government, which is allied to the throne of Heaven and to the hearts of fifty millions who trust in the God of their fathers.

And, in this moment of our bereavement, it is important that we take one thought more into our reflections. It is important that we should guard the fountains of the moral sense of the nation, which is the only source of the public security. When the disorganizer is a conspicuous factor of the social problem, let the Christian conservator take heed of his own responsibility. Every virtuous magistrate, every minister of our holy religion, every public or private teacher, every man and woman of sobriety of thought,—let him, let her, in every word of the mouth, in every lesson to the young, be set firm against the socialistic doctrine,—that doctrine of shame and horror,—that the assassin may be a legitimate instrument of reform. To the assassin, if to any one in the whole universe of God, should be appropriated the Latin phrase of the law of nations,—*hostis humani generis*,—the

enemy of the human race. Americans who instil the opinion that some particular national ruler may pass rightfully under the stroke of the assassin, give that support to this enemy of mankind which may commend, nay, which has already commended, our poisoned chalice to our own lips. The sovereign of the great empire in the East—the only crowned head in all Europe who was our true and steadfast friend through every crisis of our late civil war—had scarcely been struck down by a band of assassins, and voices of approval uttered in the free speech of this country had scarcely died away from the lips of many persons, native and foreign-born alike, when the dangerous lesson fell with horrible application at our own door. There can be no tribunal in all the earth which may establish a boundary between justifiable and unjustifiable assassination; and whenever or wherever, in Europe or in the United States, the assassin is about to proceed to his work, he himself alone becomes the judge of his justification. If in our time there be any doctrine which above every other is abhorrent to Christian sentiment, and is loaded with peril to social order, it is this. Let the American people, in the interests of religion and humanity, for their own salvation and security, visit upon every such or kindred instruction their indignation and condemnation. It is fit and proper that we inscribe this lesson upon our hearts as we bend in reverence and humiliation before the inscrutable dispensation which has visited upon our country one of the signal horrors of the age. We cannot supplicate the protection and blessing of Him who holds in his control the destinies of this nation, unless we nerve ourselves to the duties which He has imposed upon us as free agents of an organized Christian government.

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